

IN THE PATH OF LIGHT

AROUND THE WORLD



To Clara Morse

with appreciation of Christian Endeavor loyalty,
Yours

Rev. & Mrs. John C. Haavig.

November 23, 1917.



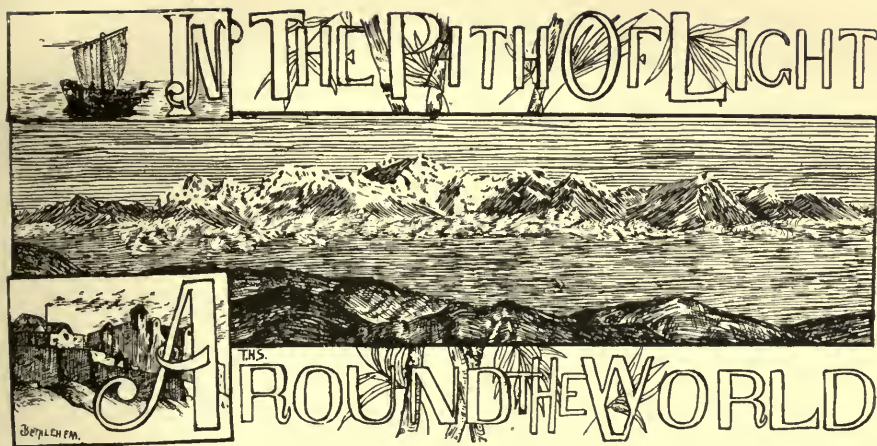
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With the kind regards of
Thomas H. Stacy.

Peaks Island Me.
August 1917





BY

REV. THOMAS H. STACY.



COURT OF CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER.
"Washing Feet of the Greeks."

IN THE PATH OF LIGHT

AROUND THE WORLD

A MISSIONARY TOUR

BY

REV. THOMAS H. STACY

ILLUSTRATED

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

CHICAGO

NEW YORK

TORONTO

Publishers of Evangelical Literature

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TO THAT PEOPLE, EVERYWHERE,
WHO HOLD THE GREAT COMMISSION OF JESUS,
“GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD, AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO
EVERY CREATURE,”
THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE

To publish in a book an account of my missionary tour was not my intention originally ; hence the lapse of time between the tour and this publication. I kept an extensive day-book for my own benefit, and contributed to different periodicals for the benefit of others ; but at the solicitation of warm friends of missions, I have consented to gather my observations into "The Path of Light," hoping that they will accomplish all the good expected from them.

While many are going over the same ground, both personally and in literature, one great value of their observations is in the fact that each one states things as he sees them. Different persons see things differently ; each comes in contact with facts which others do not see. I simply deal with facts as they appeared to me, and draw my conclusions therefrom.

The chief value which I claim for this work is this : it deals with missions in Bengal and Orissa which were established nearly three quarters of a century ago, and whose work has not been presented to the world in this form before. I spent more time in these missions than in any other, and devote about one quarter of this book to an account of what I saw there.

The illustrations were nearly all gathered by the way ; many of them photographed or sketched by my own hand ; so that I can vouch for their accuracy.

The title "In the Path of Light Around the World," is given because I take the reader back with me to the starting point ; because I traveled, for the most part, in a path lighted by the preceding gospel ; and because I held it as a sacred privilege when in the shadows of sin to manifest "the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

For the good that it may do, in the love of Christ, I send it forth, on the wings of the Holy Spirit.

With best wishes of
Thomas H. Stacy



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CHAPTER I.

CONCEPTION AND PREPARATION.

IN early childhood a desire was awakened within me, in common with many others, to visit Egypt and Palestine, the lands of all most interesting because of their association with the patriarchs, prophets, priests, and kings of God; and especially because they were identified with the life and work of Jesus. When I began to think seriously of the fulfillment of my desire, and to plan for it, my mind was led to India also, in whose people I had become deeply interested through my work for the Free Baptist Foreign Mission Society, of which I had been corresponding secretary since 1882.

But I could not stop with India. Why should I not examine the work of the different missions of the world, look into the condition and needs of people on different parts of the globe, and thus be enabled to accomplish more for that great majority of the human family — those with no experimental knowledge of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I had the conviction that God would open the way for me to do this, and I patiently prepared for the time of departure.

It came upon the second day of October, 1890, after two years of special prayer and preparation. The care of the Foreign Mission work was placed in other hands temporarily; the Court-street church of Auburn, Maine, of which I had been pastor four years, generously granted me a leave of absence for six months, for which time God provided excellent

hands for it to fall into. Consequently, upon this day, with baggage devoted to indispensables only, and a camera which was to be my silent but most impressible associate, I was prepared to join my traveling companion, the Rev. F. W. Sandford, of Great Falls, N. H., with whom I had planned and arranged this missionary tour.

RESOLUTIONS.

I would advise every traveler in foreign lands to drive down a few stakes before he starts, from the stand-point of principle. I made four resolutions, and they all stood me well in hand.

First, I said that I would make the best of all that came to me, and not grumble. Several reminders of this resolution came in the form of the ceaseless rolling of the ship for days and nights, and then about the same length of time used up in her attempting to spear sharks with her bowsprit; deceptive hotel clerks, insolent travelers, omnipresent clamorers for *backshish*; the plagues of Egypt which apparently came in



FROM CARLO DOLCI'S IL SALVATORE.

Moses's time to stay; and other things all of the same color, concerning which it was always well to remember that God permitted them to come for some good purpose.

Second, I resolved to get all the good I could from every source. Some of the sources were people naturally repulsive, either because of physical or moral corruption; some were in God's providences, which held up tender encouragement or stern reproof; every day had something by which I could profit.

Third, I resolved to do all the good I could. Countless and unexpected were the opportunities to do good pecuniarily, morally, and spiritually. And when the selfish thought came, "Those people are nothing to

me," the answer would come back, "They *are* something to you, and here is an opportunity to do good."

Fourth, I resolved not to take any intoxicating spirits, but to be filled with the Holy Spirit. Friends had told me that one could not travel in Oriental countries, or on the continent even, without drinking wine and other beverages, because the water is so unhealthful. But I have proved this to be false. I went completely around the globe without tasting any liquor, either distilled or brewed, with one exception, and that was at the *communion table*. I am sorry that it occurred there, but I am confident that I tasted fermented wine at one communion service. Water is frequently bad, but limes or lemons can be found in every country; tea and coffee are plentiful. At Jaffa I was taken ashore from a wreck, numbed with cold and nearly exhausted from exposure; if I ever needed cordials, it was then, and although they were freely offered me, I concluded that I did not need them. After all, the reason for drinking abroad is really the same reason which people have for drinking at home; namely, because they want to.



MADONNA. BY ANDREA DEL SARTO.

CHAPTER II.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE START.



WE were fully a week in fairly setting out upon our journey ; pleasant good-bys and expressions of tender regard were uttered at the church ; then we stopped by the way to commit into tender hands the one bond which more than all others bound us to the human family. At New York we tarried a few days at the Christian Alliance convention then in session, and we went from it with a holy benediction resting upon us, and the grateful promise by Mr. Simpson, Mr. Frank, and others to pray for us daily. A few days at the Free Baptist anniversaries in Brooklyn followed, where we formulated some plans for work while in India ; then we took the day boat for Albany.

The day on the Hudson was one of delight amid scenery both natural and artificial, the beauty of which would not be excelled in a tour around the world. The fields and sloping lawns were still emerald green, but shrubs and trees had hung out their autumnal banners to wave in the breeze with all the colors of a summer flower garden. It was dark when we reached the capital of the Empire State, but we were soon at the nearest hotel ; then came supper, and a stroll through that magnificent monument of vanity and expenditure,—the capitol building,—then sleep.

October 10 we awoke refreshed, though conscious as never before that we were really going away from home. Here a dear friend and member

of our family circle who had accompanied us to this point, turned back, and we set out in earnest, to see the dear ones of home next time from the other side of the world.

ON TO CHICAGO.

At Fairport, N. Y., we were met at the station by a company of happy people who had been our parishioners nearly eight years before. The greetings and benedictions hastily spoken were full of good cheer; and had it not been for the little ones present, whose advent succeeded our departure, we might easily have imagined that we had been away only on a brief visit.

We reached Chicago on Saturday evening, October 11, after passing through the fertile Mohawk and Genesee valleys; Michigan, with its fruitful fields, zigzag fences, and broken timber, which reminds one of the scripture, "Where the tree falleth, there it shall be." We remained in Chicago until Monday, confident that we should get back at our appointed time, even if we waited over upon the Lord's day, when possible.

On Sunday morning we worshiped in one of the delightful churches on Michigan Ave. A lady at the door kindly invited us inside; we had a good seat, enjoyed the sermon, but failed to find any recognition after the service, even as strangers; but we were thankful that we knew God. In the evening we attended a spirited meeting in Mr. Moody's church, corner of Chicago avenue and La Salle street. We were glad of an opportunity to engage in an after-service, and to see seven step over the line.

Monday, after a pleasant visit upon my friend, Wilbur F. Messer, general secretary of the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association, and putting in a little stock of religious helps to distribute in foreign lands at Fleming H. Revell's, where Mr. Sandford purchased two Bibles for our use on the way, we took the train for a continuous journey to San Francisco.

MOUNTAINS, RIVERS, PRAIRIES, AND DESERTS.

Had I time, I would like to tell you of many interesting and funny sights and sounds; of the colored porter on the train who made us think of the judgment day when in sepulchral tones he called out, "Las' call for supper in de dinin-room car, nex' car'n the rear,—las' call"; of flocks of quail; herds of horses, hogs and cattle; endless prairies, great cornfields;

women driving spans of horses in the fields; prairie schooners; great ricks of hay and straw, and corn-bins containing thousands of bushels of corn. Randolph impressed us as a place containing one house and three parts of houses; Kansas City as a great railroad center, for here at one glance we saw cars marked "Wabash," "Burlington Route," "C. C. C. C.," "El Paso," "Toledo," "St. Louis," "Topeka and Santa Fé," "Chicago, Missouri, and Nebraska," and other names. From Kansas City to To-

peka we came on the Union Pacific road.

Just outside Kansas City we were delayed, and our uneasiness was not the least diminished when a brakeman came to the rear of the last car, where I stood, saying he must look out for a U. P. train just behind, that would soon come "sailing out." But much to our relief, we soon showed our heels



TRANS-CONTINENTAL SCENES.

to the U. P. train, and kicked up such a cloud of dust and autumn leaves that she didn't once come in sight of us. On through the land invaded by the "bushwhackers" of the Civil war, and more recently by the "James gang,"—the land once the haunt of that animal formerly so common but now almost extinct in the United States,—the wild buffalo, through a warm, sunny atmosphere into a snow-storm and through it; for at 8:15 our time and 6:15 the porter's time, we looked out upon a broad prairie covered with snow, the white sheet broken only here and there where a ranchman's hut stood, a solitary refuge, or a few trees had defied loneliness, or herds of cattle were huddled together, bellowing for shelter and food. To the northwest Long's Peak, surrounded by a bold breastwork of foothills, stood sentinel for the country behind us, reflecting the sun in amber.

How many changes in a brief time! they led our thoughts to the unchangeable, and we said over and over again : —

“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

At the station in Denver, they were shoveling the snow. How clear and bracing the air was! The waiting travelers looked cosmopolitan; here was one with crutches, there one with canes; yonder a group of cowboys with leathern breeches and slouch hats; people from the East, and from the West, some shivering in furs, others shivering without furs. Denver has an elevation of 5196 feet, and a population of more than 125,000; but our stay there was necessarily short. We took the narrow gauge — the broad gauge being within a few weeks of completion — and went on in sight of Castle Rock, thirty-two miles from Denver; stopping at Palmer lake, on the summit of the divide and 7238 feet above the sea level, where we were tempted to turn away from the beauties of nature by a generous piece of pie.

Soon we got our first view of Pike's Peak, the grand summit of the Rockies. All day we caught occasional glimpses of this mountain giant, until late in the afternoon we



GRAND CAÑON — COLORADO.

entered the Grand Cañon. Who can describe this cañon, especially that part called the Royal Gorge? The crested crags rise to a height of 2600 feet, and hang over a gulf of air, whose somber shadows the sun has never penetrated; treeless, the beetling cliffs menace the intruder, and stand stolidly above the madly-rushing, pent-up Arkansas and the train that clings to a shelf in the rock almost too small to notice. What grand scenery! What engineering! No wonder the poet said concerning this place:—

“Mortal, ere you enter here,
Pause and bare thy brow before Him.
You are entering a temple which the mighty One did rear;
Put thy shoes from off thy feet,
And with sacred awe adore him.
Throned in awful might and majesty, the great One dwelleth here.”

How cheering was the open fire at Salida, as we hurried into the station out of the cutting mountain air! How beautiful the clouds of vandyke and amber hanging over the peaks! Between the mountain gaps, and in a sky of amber, blue, and violet, the evening star and delicate rim of the new moon shone with marvelous brilliancy. They were our messengers of blessing to the Atlantic Coast.

We ascended Marshall Pass in the evening, reaching the summit at nine o'clock mountain time. In ascending one mile, we traveled twelve, on a grade of 211 feet to the mile at times. We wound in and out, leaving on the precipitous mountain-sides behind us a serpentine track. Sometimes the rear car was side by side with the pair of engines which, snorting and blowing fire and smoke, climbed with us to the top. We passed through several snow-sheds near the top and stopped a few moments, not to rest our panting horses, but to pass a train. Our descent was more rapid, and we went to sleep thinking of what a nervy man our engineer must be, and that we had been —

“Like soaring birds above the world.”

October 16 we awoke in good season, got breakfast at Grand Junction, changed to broad gauge, hurried on a hundred miles between the Grand and Green rivers, and then plunged into the great desert of Utah. This waste of sand, crested with alkali and scattered sage, was relieved only by an oc-

casional herd of cattle, driven by mounted cowboys, or the distant snowy summits of the Sierra La Sal and the San Rafael to the south, and the richly colored Book Cliffs to the north. Thompson's Springs had three little dwellings, one store, and the inevitable saloon; farther on a lonely sign-board was marked, "Solitude;" we suppose it was a station, but,—

"O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?"

We passed through Castle Gate, with castellated rocks on either side, one five hundred and the other four hundred and fifty feet high; on by lonely dugouts, and flocks of sheep, moving like a tumultuous sea on the hillside, two thousand in a flock, led by a burro, flanked by cowboys and shepherd dogs, while teams and an emigrant wagon brought up the rear; through Spanish Fork Cañon, past Utah Lake, to Provo, Salt Lake City, the seat of the Mormon Church, and to Ogden, where we waited for the Union Pacific express, which took us to the Pacific.

Saturday morning, October 18, I awoke before sunrise as we were skirting the eastern side of one of the Sierras; we had left behind the saltiest sea in the world next to the Dead Sea, herds of antelope bounding over prairie-dog mounds, prairie wolves looking shy and sulky, hundreds of cattle lying where they had perished in last winter's blizzard, squaws with papooses, and lazy bucks lounging at the stations for what passengers might leave with them.

In the meantime we had been entertained by an English clergyman and his companion, who reminded me of Arthur Donnithorne and his pastor in "Adam Bede;" by a gentleman and two ladies who got on at Salt Lake City, whom my companion declared to be Mormon polygamists, but who turned out to be Gentile cousins going to the Pacific Coast for the winter; by a soul-stirring and hair-lifting nightmare volunteered by Mr. Sandford; and by a touching history of the personal adventures of two friends who left Chicago for California and the gold regions in 1851, related by a traveling companion from Chicago.

Sunrise among the Sierras is a marvel of beauty; but we hurried by glints of water, great purple depths, mountain-sides ragged with arrowy-pointed tree-tops, snow-sheds, mountain homes rude and rough; and under

the reddening sky made haste for the Sacramento valley, with its acres of vineyards, fruit orchards, and grain fields.

At Benicia our train was pushed onto the "Solano," the largest transfer-boat in the world, which took us to Port Costa; here we were joined to the rails of *terra firma* again, and went on to Oakland. The station at Oakland is also ferry-house, and we easily found the boat which was to take us to San Francisco. So the continent was crossed and thirty-six hundred miles of our tour traveled.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Denver seemed cosmopolitan, but San Francisco more so; here nearly every nation of the civilized world is represented, and every condition is seen, from the opium joints of Canton to the luxury of millionaires.



A SAN FRANCISCO PALACE.

On Lord's day morning, October 19, we attended the Free Baptist Church on Bush street. It was the second Lord's day of a new pastor; his sermon was searching, and full of the Holy Spirit, for which we were led to thank him. One other person besides the pastor spoke to us as we came out.

In the evening we attended the Mariners' Church, where everybody seemed to "pitch in" for good results. The gospel service which pre-

ceded the sermon was well attended ; any lack in refinement was more than made up in adaptation and earnestness. The sermon was in a large room which must have been very attractive to seamen. It was sealed with wood as a ship's cabin would be ; the platform was the stern of a ship painted white and scrolled with gold, while in front of the pulpit—a pilot-house—was the wheel. Below the pulpit, upon the stern, was a dove with olive branches, and underneath, the words, “Mariners’ Church.” Over the pulpit were these words, “And He sat down and taught the people out of the ship.” Luke 5 :3.

The sermon from the text in Ex. 32 : 26 was simple, plain, and direct. As the preacher finished, a company of young people stepped forward and sang, while Christians went quietly and quickly into every part of the house to converse with the congregation. It was a precious hand-to-hand work for God, and for souls that were soon to be out upon the wide sea — some perhaps never to see land again.

CHAPTER III.

FROM AMERICA TO JAPAN.

GOOD-BY AND AFTERWARD.



CTOBER 21, we sailed on the "Belgic" of the Occidental and Oriental Line at 1:22 P. M. Three times the gong sounded, then the bell struck, the plank was lifted, and the span between us and our native land must widen for many a day. None but those who have had a similar experience know with what emotions we watched the company on the dock waving their handkerchiefs to our departing ship, and with what eagerness we scanned the right-angled streets over and across the hill, the forests of masts, the light-house; how we looked back through the Golden Gate, and then to the receding hills of "the fairest land the sun ever shone upon." A few moments of waiting for our pilot to climb over the side, and then our prow was unmistakably set toward the "land of the rising sun."

The "Belgic" is a good, staunch ship, not speedy, but especially adapted to rolling. The state-rooms are clean, the table is excellent. Her captain looks well to his ship, but is not fond of missionaries or ministers; the crew is of Chinamen and the ship is managed with precision. There are on board seven hundred and fifteen Chinese in the steerage, and thirty-nine first cabin passengers, among them being Rev. R. W. Pitcher, a missionary returning to Amoy, China; Rev. E. Z. Simmons and wife; Mrs. L. A. Davault and child; and Miss Lulu Whilden, all missionaries returning to Canton; and Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Rollins, missionaries to Japan. These men and women of God are pleasant friends with us, and very soon we feel quite at home, and learn much of the places to which we are going.

My resolutions are a benefit to me here, for while I have company that helps me, I find that I ought to help others. There are seven experienced miners on board going into the North of China, three hundred miles above Tien-Tsin, to open a silver mine. One of them feels very sad at leaving his family in New York ; but the most of them do not require any sympathy — their expenses are paid and they have a good salary. Why should the missionary be so loth to go and carry the Pearl of great price to perishing souls? If love of souls were as great as the love of money, there would be more missionaries.

Saturday, the 25th, I felt condemned when I heard one of the miners say he thought it strange that the missionaries aboard were no more sociable. In the evening I had a very pleasant talk with three of them about Jesus Christ and our need of him, after several of us had sung gospel hymns on deck.

Sunday, the 26th, I wrote thus in my journal: "This is the Lord's day ; there is a strong wind, the long rolls are giving way to chops and white-caps. I am glad that I am to speak to the people this morning. God has heard my prayer, and given me something to do here." At 10:30 the bells struck for the service. Not a large company gathered, but all the missionaries, three of the miners, and one young man for whom I had had a special burden of prayer, were among them. Mr. Pitcher of the Dutch Reformed Church took charge of the English service ; some understood it, and some did not ; the people responded feebly to the prayers and self-depreciations which fit all alike. We sang "Sun of My Soul," "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and then I spoke from Mal. 3 : 16-18. The Lord blessed the service. Mr. Sandford and I sang "The Riches of Love," and the meeting closed. Mr. Simmons preached to the Chinese in the afternoon.

In the evening I talked with one of the miners. He told me that he had been a Christian, and even the superintendent of a Bible-school in New York, but that he had begun to wander. He said it had been a serious question in his mind, whether he would confess to the men of his company that he was a Christian, and try to hold Christ up to them and help them, or say nothing about it, and be a man of the world among them ; but the morning service had led him back to God ; he had already laid all upon the altar, confessed Christ to his companions and determined, by

the help of God, to live among them a Christian. I lent him "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," and retired satisfied with the work of the day.

The peace of God abode with me, although a rough and stormy night gave us a great variety. The whistle of the man on the bridge; the run of the sailors to and fro; their "yo-ho" to unify their pull upon the cables; the stroke of the bells; the beating of the rain; the howl of the wind and the swash of the sea; the tinkle of an electric bell denoting the distress of some passenger; the groan and creak of the heaving, pitching, rolling, twisting ship; and the consciousness of being only one third the distance across the Pacific;—all these made the night real; but God was more real than all.

A POINTER.

One day while in the reading-room, my attention was called to a Chinese porter who was trying to open a bottle of beer for a man in front of him. The cork of the bottle was toward the thirsty Anglican, while the Mongolian was trying to start it. The thirsty *un*-gentleman was afraid of the stopper, while he craved that which might force it out, so he abused the agitated porter with oaths and threats. Meeting the porter later, he asked me if I heard the abuse, and further remarked: "*He Christian*. I rather be heathen, rather be Chinaman, rather be anybody." I began to see how we can influence the heathen who come *to us*, and how they call all Christians who come from Christian lands, having no power to discriminate between Christians and Christ-like ones.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

When we crossed that mysterious, magic line which steals away from us a day, it appeared to be most convenient to drop Lord's day; but some of us could not afford to wait two weeks for service, and so we obtained permission to hold service on Monday. Rev. Mr. Simmons took charge of the service, Mr. Sandford preached from Acts 26:29, and we sang "Nearer my God to Thee," and "There Is a Fountain." Upon the following Sunday, Mr. Rollins preached from Luke 16:25. - We sang "The Gate Ajar," "I Need Thee Every Hour," and "How Sweet the Name of Jesus

Sounds." In the afternoon Mr. Simmons preached in the steerage, and we sang gospel hymns and committed these benighted souls to God.

Some of the Chinese go home to invest the money which they have gained, some to die—for they all think that their bodies must be buried in the home land. One died after we left San Francisco; they embalmed his body and put it into one of the great coffins which the ship carries for such emergencies. With curiosity we watched his friends pass around a large tin pan with a dough-like looking substance in the bottom of it called "funeral bake-meats," to receive a collection to pay for embalming and the funeral. There were many dimes, dollars not a few, and five-dollar gold pieces, all new and shining.

We were often entertained by watching them at dinner; every huge dish of boiled rice with accompanying dishes of relishes, such as sausage, cabbage, stewed meat, boiled melon, shrimps, or baked beans, had a hungry group about it, each with bowl and chop-sticks. The bowl was filled with rice, and soon emptied to be filled again, the Chinaman placing the bowl close to his mouth and pushing great quantities of the soft rice from one opening into the other, and then taking a bit of meat or a baked bean to his mouth between his chop-sticks as safely as though it had been speared with a fork.

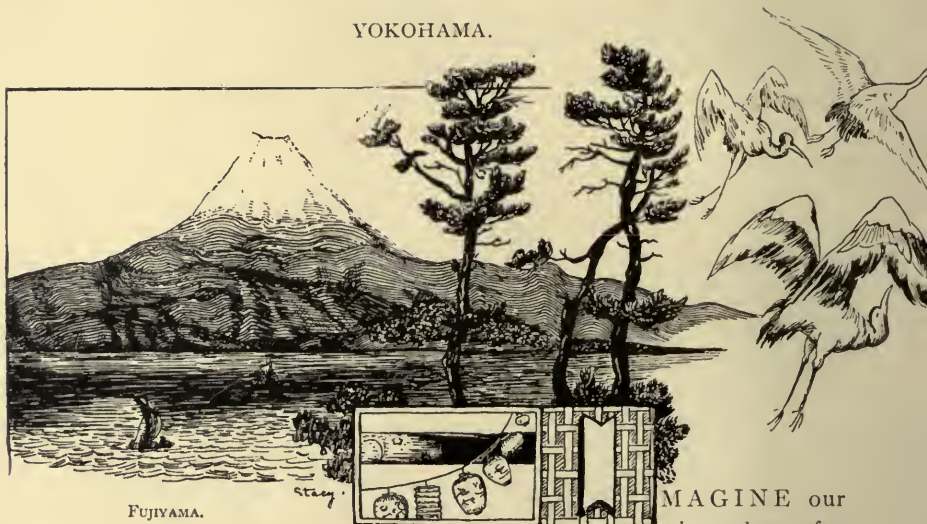
We had plenty of time for writing and reading. Among other books, "A Social Departure," by Sara J. Duncan; and "Among the Holy Hills," by Henry M. Fields, D. D., gave me pleasant anticipations of what was before me in some quarters.

We approached Japan in a storm, after a variety of wind, sea, and weather; sometimes it was soft and balmy as summer, sometimes cool, stormy, and rolling, so that we thought we might have to roll one another after reaching shore, in order to sleep, until we got used to the change.

CHAPTER IV.

NIPPON.

YOKOHAMA.



FUJIYAMA.

IMAGINE our
joy, when, after

a stormy night, the clouds broke away, the rain ceased, and it was announced while we were at breakfast that Japan was in sight. We preferred this vision to our breakfast, and hastened on deck. Far away on our port the masts of a vessel appeared, which proved to be a Russian man-of-war bound for Yokohama—the first vessel we had seen since we left our pilot-boat by the Golden Gate. On our starboard the long line of hills, serrated like a great saw, grew more distinct; occasional groups of angular pines with sparse foliage were scattered over them; rice terraces climbed their sides; while here and there fishermen's villages of low, straw-thatched houses nestled close to the water. Up the bay, sixty miles deep

and from ten to twenty-five wide, we go, past the light-nouse, the pretentious but foolish defenses of the bay ; fishing junks, which look as though both ends were sterns, sometimes with straw matting for sails ; and then the famous "bluffs" where foreigners live amid the beauties of a semi-tropical fairy land ; on, apparently to a village which they tell us is Kanagawa. But no, we turn to the left as the "Belgie" clears the throat of her grum whistle for the first time since she left her American dock, and among the ships from many nations (one of which is the "Omaha" from the United States), the sampans, the junks, rafts, manned by sinewy, half-naked and naked, shouting, and struggling human beings, we are anchored to the buoy, out in the bay, having made our voyage of five thousand and ninety-seven miles, in nineteen days and eight hours.

My taste was for Miss Britton's Missionary Boarding-house, but Mr. Sandford felt that his taste would be better satisfied at the Club Hotel, so to the Club Hotel we immediately went, or Mr. Sandford did, for I was detained at the custom-house on account of my camera and dry plates. The custom-house is close to the *Ha-to-ba* (landing place), so my landing and detention were about simultaneous.

From office to office I went with an old fellow who could do nothing in English but grunt and laugh. I purchased a paper to fill out, which cost one sen (about a cent), The nearest I could come to it was a nickel, and the man took it all. At length a snappy-eyed official came who talked some English, and when I told him the value of my camera and plates, he put on a third more, and said, "Cheap enough at that." Five per cent on the value was increased to ten per cent, because the "Belgie" had not



YOKOHAMA.



CLUB HOTEL—THE BUND.

registered; and after going out to get money changed, and paying duty, I departed for the hotel, always to remember my first two hours in Japan.

The Club is on the Bund, a street occupied by foreigners, facing the bay, and having buildings in architecture and substantiality not unlike what you might

see in a medium-sized city of America. However, I prefer the Bluff.

We hastened to meet some of the missionaries, after first visiting the American consul to get mail, and request passports. To do this we took our first jinrikisha ride. How odd it seemed to get into this little two-wheeled chaise and be trundled about by a coolie! At first it seemed inhuman to put a man in the place of a brute, but we soon got used to it, and imagined ourselves a grown-up baby in fairy land. To be sure, we had to walk up the hill, but that was a part of the novelty. We passed through streets lined with little bamboo shops having their wares plainly in sight of the passers-by, lanes with feathery bamboo hedges, with here and there a bed of elegant chrysanthemums—the flower of the mikado's empire. At “2 Bluff” we found the home of Miss Britton, a haven of rest for many an outgoing and incoming missionary. In common with most of the houses on the Bluff it is surrounded by a maze of floral and wooded beauty peculiar to this land. Just below is the city of funny-looking houses; to the east lies the bay; to the northwest the eye runs over hills apparently turned inside out, until high over all is the snow-crowned Fujiyama—Japan's sacred mountain. From “2” we went to “212,” and found Miss Helen Kinney, a missionary of the Christian Alliance, who was stopping with Mrs. Pierson

and Miss Crosby, of the Woman's Union Missionary Society until she should secure a passport for some inland work.

This was the first of several delightful and profitable visits to this very successful mission home. The work of these missionaries is with girls, through a school and Bible women; formerly it was largely confined to the Eurasians, and several of these are among the present pupils.

We were permitted to spend some time with our friend Mr. Pitcher, of the "Belgic," who was stopping with Mr. Booth, principal of Ferris Seminary, a mission-school, well officered, in a substantial and well-equipped building. Mr. Booth has been several years in Japan, and aided us very much in understanding the genius of the education going on there. His lady assistants are from America.

At the Seamen's Mission we found a valuable accession to Yokohama missionaries in Rev. and Mrs. Austion from England. Mr. Austion was ill, but we dined with the family, and participated in two meetings held in the Seamen's Hall. At one of these I was led to speak of the personality of God and our definite work for souls. I met here several sailors; Mr. Wallis, who is first engineer on the British man-of-war in the bay, and who is a very earnest Christian; and a Mr. Buckan, a ship's first officer. I would that there were more such men. I was fortunate in finding an old acquaintance of Dr. O. R. Bachelier's, of Midnapore,—Miss Kimball, formerly of the Doremus Mission in Calcutta, but now working with the Protestant Methodists. I find that she has left most of her heart in India. Especially fortunate was I in meeting with the venerable J. C. Hepburn, D. D., of the Presbyterian Mission, one of the first missionaries



CANAL IN YOKOHAMA.

in modern missions for Japan ; he has been in the country over thirty years, and has witnessed the progress of religious work from the beginning, also the change from feudalism to the present constitutional monarchy. He laments the slow progress of Christianity here, seeing much that is real only in appearance, but he has faith in the final triumph of the true faith over Buddhism and Shintoism.

LORD'S DAY.

On my first Lord's day in Japan, I attended the Union church at two services. The Japanese service was at 10 A. M. The house, which probably holds three hundred and twenty-five, was full ; we, coming a little late, had to stand. The native preacher was deeply in earnest, and although we could not understand a word he said, we felt his spirit, and saw that he held the closest attention of his audience. The people were clean and well dressed. They arose for the benediction, then sat again, bowed their heads in prayer, and then one after another, as they chose, came quietly out to slip on their sandals which they had left in the vestibule, and go home, never forgetting to recognize us as they passed, by the characteristic Japanese bow.

An English service followed, at which Rev. Mr. Bennett of the Baptist Mission preached from the last two verses of Jude. The service closed in the same manner as the former one, and I could not but wish that it might prevail in America in place of the organ postlude and bustle of the departing congregation.

AMONG THE PEOPLE.

Some of the public buildings are after the English or American style, and quite substantial, but buildings are usually made "to give," and thus withstand the earthquakes. Farm-houses are made of bamboo and sods, with straw thatching, and become more or less substantial, according to the size of the place. Delicate straw matting usually covers the floors of houses in the town ; paper forms the window panes, and separates the apartments ; indeed, paper is used for many things. It is made into napkins, fans, sun umbrellas, and the same oiled for rain umbrellas. The lanterns are all of paper ; and streets hung with them always seem in gala-day attire. The light of the coolie's hut is a paper lantern, and the chan-



THE JINRIKISHA.

deliers of the grandest temple are paper balloons beautifully decorated. A street of moving jinrikishas at night, swiftly dodging from side to side, looks like a lane of fireflies in August; for each jinrikisha man carries his paper lantern. Instead of putting the candle into the candlestick, they put the candlestick into the candle, the former being a sharp spike in the bottom of the lantern. The jinrikisha man wipes perspiration from his brow with paper handkerchiefs, while those in higher life not unfrequently produce a soft paper to blow their nose in.

The politeness of the people is proverbial, and is not wanting even among the coolies. The slightest favor receives its *arigato* (thank you). The bow of the people is not an American nod, but *con espressione*, a placing of the hands upon the knees, and a bending of the body at the waist until the face nearly touches the ground; this is done over and over again, even among themselves, until you wonder which will hold out the longer after the *sayonara* (good-by) is said.

The coolies have but little dress upon them. Hotel waiters wear a blouse and tights of dark blue, so tight that you would wonder if their legs were not melted and run in. The great toe is separated from the rest, making you think of the cloven-footed. Some men and women wear American costumes, but they look better in their flowing kimono, with the elegant obi (sash), wooden sandals, and bare heads. The art of Japan is more in decorating than in designing, although the lacquer, satsuma, and cloisonné are rich both in design and composition. Her artists seem able to give to their objects a touch of life that is very rare. Fujiyama, the sacred mount-



WRITING A LETTER.

ain, and domestic scenes enter largely into the decoration. Photography is done most excellently, and pictures on silk are beautifully wrought both in silk thread and water colors. Some of the ladies are quite pretty ; married woman paint their teeth black, and usually keep their mouths open.

Everywhere the people are happy and full of fun. In the country, life is very simple ; men and women work together in the field. I saw only two

intoxicated persons, although saki (a native drink) and foreign drinks were common.



TEMPLE OF HACHIMAN.

KAMAKURA.

Kamakura is eighteen miles from Yokohama, and it took an entire day to visit the ruins of this city, the capital of Eastern Nippon for four hundred years. There were three of us, Mr. Pitcher, Mr. Sand-

ford, and myself, in jinrikishas, with two men to a carriage. The ride was charming ; we went through rice fields, among thatched farm-houses, frequently halting to expose with my camera, or to rest our coolies at some quaint village.

HACHIMAN.

Just this side of Kamakura is the temple of Hachiman, set upon a stately terrace, with well-arranged grounds in front of it, reached by a lofty flight of stone steps. In these grounds are several buildings, a lotus-pond, and three large willows said to be seven hundred years old. The main temple is surrounded by a square colonnade, painted red ; and in front of all

is a mile-long ruined avenue, leading to the sea. It must have been beautiful originally, for the third tori-i is half a mile down the avenue. Hachiman was the Mars of Nippon, and this temple was much frequented in feudal times.

DAIBUTSU.

The great image of Buddha is about a mile from Hachiman, seated in the midst of beautiful grounds, at the end of a tree-fringed walk. It is very striking, and said to be the largest image in the world, being 49 ft. 7 in.



DAIBUTSU.

high, 97 ft. 2.2 in. in circumference, with a length from knee to knee of 35 ft. 8.4 in.; the thumb is larger than Mr. Pitcher, who stood upon it when I took the accompanying picture, being 3 ft. in circumference. The width from ear to ear is 17 ft. 9.2 in. The eyes are of pure gold, and the silver boss on the forehead weighs 30 lbs. avoirdupois. This image, formed of sheets of brass, cut separately, brazed together, and finished with a chisel on the inside, Satow thinks was cast in 1252. The inside forms a chapel. How different from our God who is greater than Daibutsu, and who is in every place !

TOKYO.

We made two visits to Tokyo, one to go through the temple of Asakusa and the chrysanthemum show, and the other to see the Shiba temples.

ASAKUSA.

The Buddhist temple of Asakusa is large, rich, and filled with worshippers. A long avenue leads to it, lined with stalls filled with curios. Passing through a two-storied, red, wooden gate ornamented with ugly images, we stand among prayer-wheels, beggars, and peddlers. The great hall is one hundred and two feet square, and surrounded by a wide gallery; gigantic lanterns are everywhere; pigeons roost on the gilded beams.

The chancel is separated from the nave by a wire screen. Images rest upon the high altar, resplendent with lamps, sacred vessels, flowers, damask, and gold. Many worshipers stand before a long box into which they throw money, then clap their hands with a loud report, bow low often, and whisper their prayers. Wire screens surround some of the gods; to these prayers were tied, or sometimes chewed up and flung at the god, who is sure to answer if the spit-ball sticks (?). The god of health, which is said to heal when the hand of the invalid is placed upon his afflicted part, and then upon it, had his features nearly all rubbed off.

SHIBA.

The temples of Shiba are very elegant, and next to those of Nikko, the finest in Japan. What a combination we find here! There are gardens; woods; courts; pagodas; oratories; avenues of stone daimiō lanterns, "like miniature light-houses in broad-brimmed hats;" magnificent gateways carved in dragons, birds, lotus and crests; chapels with tombs of the shoguns wrought in elaborate arabesque, red and black lacquer, and blazing with gold. Galleries and passages are often made of lacquer, over which no one is allowed to pass until he has removed his boots. We must not come away without visiting the Hakkakudō, the octagonal hall containing the tomb of the second shogun, the most magnificent specimen of gold lacquer in Japan. We persuade the priest to leave his smoking, and with his iron keys he leads us through a winding semi-paved way among white and pink japonicas and tall cryptomerias. The

heavy door swings and we enter ; the walls are gilt over lacquer ; eight pillars covered with gilt copper plates cover the roof ; gilt open work carvings are on the upper part ; Chinese enamel pieces are on the sides ; inside is an effigy and a funeral tablet, the body being below the pavement. Just outside are two curiously carved stones, the subject of one



NIKKO TEMPLE.

being the entry of Nirvana, or death of Shaka, and that of the other, the five and twenty Buddhisattvas coming with Amitabha (Amida) to welcome the departed soul.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

No one sees the chrysanthemum until he goes to Japan ; it is her national flower, and is seen in size, variety, and manner of training as nowhere else. In its season a piece of land like a fair-ground is separated into booths, each having one or more scenes from history, mythology, or local matters, represented in chrysanthemums of various sizes and colors ; it is

novel and beautiful. I was fortunate in going to Tokyo with Mr. Booth, Mr. Pitcher, the Misses Kinney, Brokaw, and Inouye-san; the latter is Miss Kinney's teacher. She was very busy distributing tracts to, and talking about Christ with, whomsoever she might meet. Ueno Park, with its lordly Tokugawa Shogun tombs, its museum, zoölogical garden, its Daibutsu, and stately trees; the Tsukiji, where foreigners congregate; the curio shops and bazaars of Tokyo—all these are of interest. How strange seemed this city of low, tiled-roofed buildings, all much alike, containing 1,300,000 people. Among these are three thousand Buddhist and Shinto



SHRINE AT HOMMOKO.

temples; but, thank God, we find here missionaries who are making an impression.

Hommoko, a little village by the sea, revealed to us much of the natural habits and tastes of the people.

KOBÉ.

We sailed for Kobe, in a storm, November 18, on the beautiful ship, "Kobe Maru," in which we found pleasant officers, pleasant travelers, not excluding "Billy," a domesticated deer, and a pleasant home all the way to Shanghai. We stopped at Kobe, Shimonoseki, and Nagasaki. Up to

ten o'clock, the storm increased with desperate fury, drenching our state-rooms. The following day was delightful, and sent us happily up to Kobe and Hyogo at the head of the Inland Sea. We found Rev. Mr. Thompson, a Scotchman, of the Baptist church; quite at home here, and successful, having been here several years. Rev. Mr. Lawson and his good wife of the Southern Methodist church welcomed us to their vineyard. Here we found Mrs. Rollins, who crossed the Pacific with us; she and her husband were expecting to be stationed near here quite soon, and Mr. Rollins was away looking up the prospects. Rev. and Mrs. Ludlow of the Christian Alliance were in charge of the Seamen's Mission. Although Mr. Ludlow was away, his good wife heartily welcomed us to their real Japanese home, and in company with her and her son Theodore we visited some of the ships in the harbor, and left some tracts with the crew. How good it seemed to speak to these voyagers of the deep, of some of God's promises!

Mr. T. J. Ballard and his family, of the Missionaries' Home, received us kindly, and we felt quite at home there, not only because of this, but also because my uncle, Dr. Farnham, had found this a resting-place on a vacation from his work in Shanghai. Mr. Ballard is an Englishman, and although he has spent much time in China, he understands the inhabitants of Nippon.

The work of Dr. Lambuth, who came here from China, has been quite remarkable; he has been here four years, and in that time has added four hundred members to his church; beginning with four helpers, he now has twenty-one foreign workers. Praise God for such a victory!

I was sorry to learn that my old friend, Capt. Merriman, from Maine, had just sailed from Hyogo for San Francisco. All about here, as elsewhere in Japan, are temples and shrines dotted over the hillsides, in quiet valleys, beside the sea, and everywhere you turn stands the torii; if you pass through it and follow the path, you will find a shrine. Inside and by the way there are images of stone and wood, while some of the more pretentious temples of the cities have numerous and costly idols. One temple in Kyoto has thirty thousand gods in it; and one temple now being constructed is to cost five million dollars, yet the common people whose offerings build it, are in poverty. They bring jewels, money, wood for the

building, and human hair for cables. In one temple in Kyoto, there are twenty-four coils of rope, perhaps four inches thick, made of human hair presented by the faithful. Enough for twenty-nine others was brought, which have been worn out in use. Those remaining are 4428 feet long, and weigh 11,567 pounds. Think of this, you who have believed that idolatry was waning and temples crumbling,—you who withhold your offerings from the true God!



TORII AND SHRINE.

Behind the town of Kobe, above the beautiful water-falls—one forty-two and one half feet and the other eighty-three and one half feet—2490 feet up, is the Maya San (Moon Temple), to which many worshipers love to climb. The population of Kobe is 130,000, including natives and Europeans, there being some six hundred of the latter.

THE INLAND SEA.

The Inland Sea can hardly be described. The channel twists about among beautiful islands, which present to the view hills pushed up out of the sea by volcanic action in years ago, and now covered with feathery bamboos, stunted pines, or rice terraces; sunny vales sloping seaward,

with orchards of oranges or persimmons, and ending with a fishermen's village or a sandy shore. Fishing-junks are all about ; for a great variety of fish abound in the waters about Japan, Nagasaki being one of the best fishing ports in the world. Fishing and farming are the chief industries of the forty million people of this country, most of whom live in a very humble way.

SHIMONOSEKI.

We reached this place at midnight, after stemming some strong currents in narrow straits. Our "siren whistle" informed the coal heavers that we had come for our three hundred tons of coal, and us that the goddess of sleep has gone ashore, to find some quiet bower among loquats and feathery bamboos. But here they come,—the coal junks,—the center piled high with some of the best coal in the world, and the heavers perched upon the sides like a flock of vultures. There are both men and women, clothed with short, dirty tunics, all jabbering, and each holding a basket by which the coal is transferred. How my heart went out to these poor, half-civilized creatures ! and how plainly I saw that the physical condition of a people depends very largely upon their religion ! They are very superstitious. Some natives came aboard with crabs for sale ; they said the marks of a human face were upon the backs of the little creatures. The legend runs that the princess of Japan once conquered Korea, and that her son went into a mountain, and, Alexander-like, wept because there were no other countries for him to conquer. Then tying a stone about his neck, he jumped into the sea ; so the crabs hereabout are said to bear the impression of his face on their backs. These simple folk do not know that crabs in America look just the same.

Only three foreigners live here among the twenty-five thousand people,—Mr. and Mrs. Holsey and their child, of the Baptist mission,—and although this is not a treaty port, these missionaries are slowly accomplishing much good for the people.

NAGASAKI.

We proceeded to Nagasaki, Monday, November 24, almost sorry to leave the beautiful Inland Sea. Our last day among its picturesque islands and barren rocks was rendered the more delightful by unruffled waters and

serene skies; and the beauty of the heavens when the sun dropped into the Yellow Sea, leaving a sky of amber and violet, changing into crimson, gold, and cerulean, with amber and purple clouds, was beyond the power of words to describe. Our attention was soon called to a magnificent phosphorescent display in the water, as between seven and eight o'clock we sailed by the historic Pappenberg, into the loveliest harbor in the world. On all sides, hills rise to the sky, forming so complete a basin that we could hardly see how we had found an entrance. Lights flashed from the ships at anchor, and from the city and scattered villages; and we seemed to be afloat in a monstrous, half-filled dish, ornamented with tropical scenery and brilliants.

Nagasaki is a treaty port, the nearest one to China, and contains about sixty thousand people. Its mission history is the most remarkable of any in Japan. Francis Xavier, with his wonderful zeal and magnetic power, established a mission here in the sixteenth century; but very soon the spirit which has always characterized the Jesuits showed itself. The Japanese feared that the conversion of their people meant the conquest of their country, and with a mighty determination they rose up in a spirit of self-defense and put an end to their Catholic evangelizers by violence. From vall  y to hilltop the company of native martyrs were pursued three hundred years ago, until from the summit of the Pappenberg they were flung into the sea. One of the older missionaries told us that twenty-one years ago he saw hundreds massacred in Deshima, a little island village at the head of the bay, and in plain view of the town. The past has made the present harder for the missionaries, but they have good courage, and their work, especially that of their schools, is prospering.

Sunday morning I went ashore to church, in one of the clean, gondola-like sampans peculiar to this port — perhaps patterned after a relic of Italy's industry of three hundred years ago. Who can describe this hillside? A few hotels, banking-houses, a custom-house, and a post-office are upon the Bund, all built of substantial material; the consulates, distinguished by the national flag, are somewhat more pretentious than the native homes. We must climb (and who could not?) among bungalows in fairy gardens, over rustic bridges, along half-paved ways filled in with moss, and lined with blooming hedges or over-arched with the waving feathers of slender

bamboo ; up winding, time-worn, stone steps a hundred deep, which look as though arranged half by nature in some far-off time, stopping anon to look over the tiles and trees to the bay with its ships, and to the hills beyond. At length we found ourselves in the rear of an English church clinging to the hillside like a bank-swallow.

The sermon, by one of the teachers in the Presbyterian school, told so much of the condition of Japan that I venture to reproduce the substance of some of it. His text was John 7 : 16, 17, and he admirably paved the way to emphasize the authority of his work in Japan, by declaring that Jesus was a teacher, taught not in the schools, but of God. He taught that he was the Messiah, and that he was to be believed. Jesus showed his credentials, and invited the people to test them. His religion was tried personal experience as truly as love is tested by experience. The preacher's authority, he said, consisted in his fidelity in holding up this same Christ, and saying to the people, "Let us try Him." He asked for faith and obedience, declaring that theories fail ; he called attention to the fact that Japan, in common with old Rome, has believed that all good comes from knowledge, and for about twenty years has tried to change Japanese character by Western schools. She has also introduced the philosophy of Confucius and moral science, but is disappointed in them all. She is beginning to see that the religion of Jesus Christ is not in profession but in change of character, and that this is the only hope of her people.

The sermon came like a benediction, after my varied experience in trying to measure the outlook. Awhile I sat in meditation, gazing out through the plain glass window before me, more beautiful to me that day than the finest cathedral design of Munich ; for just outside a feathery bamboo threw its branches across the clear panes ; magnolias and loquats gently dipped their leaves to the flecking light ; between and beyond, the blue bay lifted its sheeny breast ; and still beyond, the hills, over which the early Christians were pursued to Pappenberg, stretched away, clasped in each other's arms. To-day serenity rested down upon the whole scene and upon myself ; for had not the preacher just told us that Japan is awakening to a sense of her real need ?

Thank God there shines through all these scenes the light of the gospel ! May its brightness increase ! In quiet mood I threaded my way

through this labyrinth of enchantment, back to the Ha-to-ba, and the Kobe Maru, to sail out in the afterglow,—past Pappenberg with its summit a hundred feet high, crested with a few stunted pines—into the Yellow Sea ; and with eyes fixed upon the last receding headland of Nippon, under the stars, to send back by the vesper zephyrs my tender—

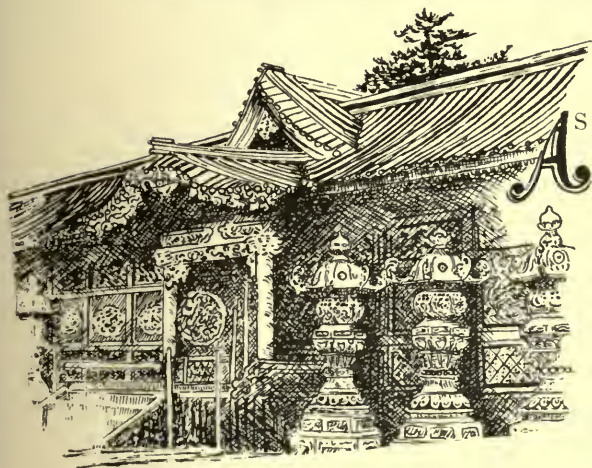
“SAYONARA.”



НОММОКО.

CHAPTER V.

A TRACTABLE PEOPLE WHOSE AIMS ARE TOO LOW.



SHIRA TEMPLE.

AS we leave Japan, we must form our humble conclusions concerning what we have seen and heard. The general aspect of the country is exceedingly novel to us, partly because it differs so much from our own land. The homes and gardens of the people make it more so. The houses are usually of bamboo or light wood, straw-thatched

or tiled, separated into compartments by paper partitions, and entered by sliding doors. Delicate straw matting covers the floors. Gardens are miniature landscapes, suggesting most beautiful scenery, with bridges, ponds, summer-houses, lanterns, and dwarf trees, six or eight inches high and one hundred and twenty-five years old, or, if a foot high, five hundred years old. These are not only in the gardens, but are also used for dining- and drawing-room ornaments. The land is free from weeds, and carefully cultivated, every crop but rice being planted in straight rows. Men and women both work in the field, their chief agricultural implement being the bog hoe, the blade of which is four inches wide.

From the blind massage operators, who blow a double whistle and make a doleful cry in the streets at night, to the highest official whom you meet, you will find politeness of the rarest sort.

Men and women appear everywhere in the common affairs of life on equal terms. In the home the family seems happy; indeed, the people are happy in disposition. The Japanese child with toeless sandals engages as joyfully and successfully in hop-sotch as her Eurasian competitor with American boots. The coolies, with muscles of steel, naked and perspiring, take a load which we would relegate to a horse, and cheer one another when climbing a hill by alternating their "hi," "ya," "ho;" even the funeral procession, with its black and white streamers and white car borne on men's shoulders, does not appear sad.

The people are plucky and ambitious. This is manifest in the jirikisha man, who often falls breathless and unconscious rather than give up. The doctors tell us that the mortality among this class from heart disease is heavy. Pluck is often manifest in the police. Two of these little fellows have been seen to arrest a churlish British soldier in the street of an open port, and bring him to terms and to the station. The national weapon is the short sword. The Japanese have, in the present war with China, demonstrated to the world the fact that they are plucky; but their victory over China proves nothing as to their strength compared with civilized and progressive nations. Their vigor of intellect is not equal to that of the Chinese or of the Anglican. They have shrewdness but not logic, and in international matters would fall behind Western nations in diplomacy. The Chinamen monopolize the banking operations in most of the bazaars of the open ports. Money is not plenty, and the credit of the country is not large.

I believe that the moral standard of the people is low. Bawdy-houses are licensed and inspected by the government. Street after street in Yokohama is devoted to these entirely, and they are among the finest-looking native houses in the city. A lattice usually incloses a corner or portion of these houses toward the street, inside of which the girls sit in a row upon a raised platform. Decked in their jewels and finery, they sit there until called out one by one. The sight was to us a most revolting one, and we were told that in Yokohama alone, there were four thou-

sand of these girls licensed to this hellish existence. We were also told that it was not regarded as dishonorable for a girl to resort to prostitution for the means to support her friends. I was led to believe that many travelers to Japan leave their morals behind them. I had been in my hotel scarcely an hour when a peddler, professedly with curios, came to my room, and very soon turned his panoraina into an exhibit of lewd pictures. I am confident that if I had allowed him to go on,



MRS. L. A. PIERSON'S BIBLE WOMEN.

he would have revealed himself to be an agent for some immoral house ; and these things are done in an innocent spirit, apparently.

The political aspect of the country has been undergoing a change during the last quarter of a century, in which time the government has changed from a feudal system to a constitutional monarchy. Formerly the Shoguns and Daimios possessed the land and controlled the people, flattering the secluded Mikado that he was only an object of veneration ;

but now the Mikado takes the reins of government, and lets the late lords live in obscurity, sell their family heirlooms as a means of subsistence, and worship something else.

The students at home and those who have traveled and studied in America and Europe have progressive ideas. They clamored for the people to have a voice in the government, and ten years ago the Mikado promised this; eighteen months ago he promulgated a constitution for the people. They have had their election, and now their representatives form what is called a Diet, quite like our House and Senate. On November 25 they have their first session, and it is a noteworthy fact that there were sixteen native Christians among them in 1890.



THE MIKADO.

One of the dangers of Japan is her fickleness; she tires of things, and wants a change. Another danger is her readiness to receive the customs and spirit of other people. In habits of life, institutions, and politics, she readily accepts much from America and more from the continent of Europe. She insists in setting these innovations down at home, forgetting that to benefit her people, customs, like food, must be assimilated, and become a part of themselves. There is danger that, like their *satsuma*, these things will become to them only decorations, and that they, losing their own individuality, will drift into confusion.

To me this is obvious in the work of education and religion. Japan was eager twenty years ago to be like Western people. Thinking that she would be if she adopted their dress, machinery, politics, and schools; she sent to America for teachers to go into government schools. Mission societies thought it providential, and sent missionary teachers. The aim was too low. Teaching, and not evangelization, had its own fruit; and I may say here that I solemnly deprecate on the part of a Christian people, the education of the idolatrous, apart from their evangelization. That education is a power for evil as well as for good, both Japan and India are learning, when boys get an education only to be qualified for business,

and girls simply to become better qualified for intimate relations with foreign men. Japan is indeed finding out that the school system of the Occident is not supplying her need. Decoration of character does not really better it any more now than in Christ's time. The Japanese, as well as the Israelites, will fail of perfection on that plan. There must be a transformation. To lay great stress on what have been called "entering wedges," and stop there,—to allow these "entering wedges" to be ends and not means,—has been to fall short of the mark. To say that Japan is likely to become a Christian nation suddenly by an edict of the mikado, is unreasonably enthusiastic. A nation is not made Christian by a proclamation, or development through civilization. Constantine tried the former, and failed; Hans Egede, a noble missionary from Denmark to Greenland, tried the latter for fifteen years, but saw no fruit, and left the field, sadly disappointed, while John Beck, his successor, had remarkable success by working only at evangelization. Bishop Colenso tried civilizing some Zulus into the kingdom of heaven, and admitted that it was not a success.

Professor Drummond in one of his lectures says: "To secure ten men of an improved type would be better than if we had ten thousand more of the average Christian distributed all over the world." In another lecture he says: "No organic change, no modification of environment, no mental energy, no moral effort, no evolution of character, no progress of civilization, can endow any single human soul with the attribute of spiritual life. The spiritual world is guarded from the world next in order beneath it by a law of biogenesis: 'Except a man be born again, . . . except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.'" This is the teaching of both Scripture and experience. The history of missions everywhere proves that nothing but Christ in the life transforms permanently, and produces Christ-likeness. A few Christians in Japan, of the real type, are better than the whole nation only nominally Christian. Japan will become a Christian nation only as one by one the people are convicted of sin, and repent and accept the one true God through Jesus Christ. She must begin *ab initio*.

This genuine and much-desired work will be hindered every time a native comes to a Christian country, and finds the standard lower than the one which the most spiritual missionary holds up to him in his

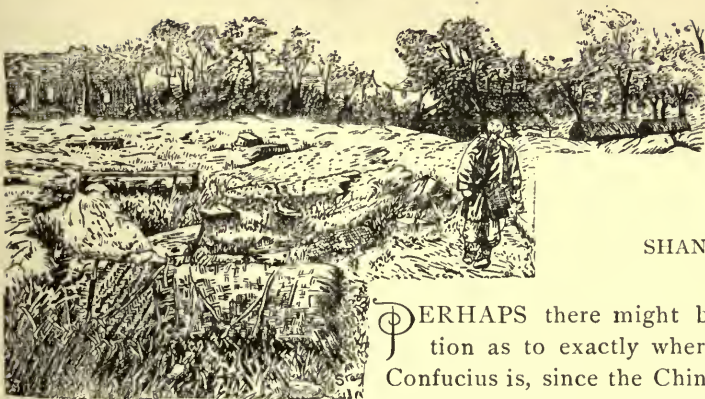
own land; every time a foreigner goes there leaving morality and integrity at home; every time the missionary fails of a high spiritual standard in the work which he presents. It may furthermore be remembered that although a great deed was done when, in 1854, Commodore Perry opened treaty relations with Japan, there were only a few treaty ports,—seven or nine,—and to the other places missionaries could go only on travelers' passports, frequently renewed, or remain on passport as teachers—not preachers. The recent treaty between the United States and Japan, in which protection is promised to Christian preachers in all parts of the country, will promote a general diffusion of the gospel there. The two religions of Japan—Buddhism and Shintoism—have a strong hold upon the people; and strange to say, the ranks are most unbroken among the lower classes, perhaps because there has not been any great effort to reach them. Out of the forty million people, Christianity claims between thirty and forty thousand only, but we believe the speedy evangelization of that people possible; though it will come only when the deep spiritual life of the church convinces them that they must be born again, and that the religion which we represent makes better lives than that to which they are devoted.



FUJIVAMA.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAND OF CONFUCIUS.



GRAVE-YARD NEAR SHANGHAI.

SHANGHAI.

PERHAPS there might be some question as to exactly where the land of Confucius is, since the Chinese are in almost every land; but without doubt no land is so Chinese as China. It is the hot-bed of egotism, poverty among the lower class, bad odors, and impudence. Galatians 6 : 3 describes them fully from a moral and religious standpoint. We reached Shanghai Tuesday, November 25, after a delightful sail across the Yellow Sea and up the Yang-tse and Wangpoo rivers. On the sea we met a fishing-boat which had been without water for two days. What a hard-looking set the men were! and how eagerly they drank the water that our steward gave them! Ah, I thought, if they would only take the water of life as eagerly, how freely they might have it! but they could not understand us, and they pushed their boat away, and we went on, to meet no more in time. God help them! Towards its mouth the Yang-tse-Kiang varies in width from sixty to one hundred and fifty miles. The water is thick and dark yellow with the wash from the soil a hundred miles out to sea, and as far south as Hong-Kong. We came into

this swash in the night. The morning is foggy; now and then we see a junk, with its eye; for the Chinaman says, "No got eye, how can walkee?" As the sky clears, low on the western horizon a dim line tells us that the flat lowlands of China— so different from our first view of Japan's serrated hills — are in sight.

At the junction of the Yang-tse and the Wongpoo rivers is the village of Woo Sung, where an adobe fortification rises, and runs along three quarters of a mile. Here are a few old war-junks, gaily painted but not formidable, although the dragons on their prows are showing their teeth and their "eye." We wait for the tide to rise sufficiently for us to cross the bar. We are glad to learn that our position in crossing has been designated by engineers, else we should have felt, when our pilot sighted from landmark to landmark, that we were to take a short cut for Hong-kong across the marsh. Little huts jut into the river on stilts here and there. What are they for? Presently a human being comes out of the door of one of them, and elevates a huge net by a rope over a pulley; there is nothing in it, and he goes back to rest awhile and smoke. He is a fisherman; by the way, I saw many of these "fishing tackles." but never saw any fish in them. What are those mounds of various sizes scattered in all directions?—A gentleman standing by says they are graves. Some are ten feet high, and large enough to hold half-a-dozen coffins; most of them are smaller, and contain only one. Here and there caskets lie out, covered only with matting; occasionally one is open, with a portion of a limb hanging out which has been left by the dogs. The Chinese worship their ancestors; but they are not over-careful in regard to their bodies; frequently leaving them upon the ground unburied. For miles around large cities there are millions of these mounds, some of them emitting the most nauseating and malaria-breeding odors. It is often a godsend to the country when the rivers overflow their banks, although many bodies which have a fair amount of earth upon them are swept away with those more exposed.

We wind up the river for twelve miles, passing Goff Island — all of which has been formed during the last twenty-five years; the Point Hotel; the Shanghai cotton-mill, the first cotton-mill in China, and superintended by Mr. Danforth, formerly of Lowell, Mass. We also pass a dry-dock, a silk-filature, a paper-mill, the empire brewery, the water-works; and then we

come to our dock at Shanghai, which has seemed more and more like a southern approach to Chicago.

The dock is finely arranged for landing ; but what a babel of voices ! What a crowd of Celestials, with flopping queues, blue-drilling tunics, and short flowing pants of the same material, ready to take us and our luggage in a jinrikisha (they say "rickshaw" or "shaw") or a wheelbarrow. I expected to meet my uncle, J. M. W. Farnham, D. D., but waiting some time in the rain, and concluding that he had failed to get my last letter, we decided to go in search of him, little knowing how indispensable a *com-*



BUND, FROM THE RIVER.

prador is in China. So we said good-by to Captain Haswell ; to Mr. Devenish, the first officer, to whom we became much attached on account of his genuine manhood ; to our steward ; and committed our luggage to a wheelbarrow-man and ourselves to two "rickshaw" men, who nodded to every inquiry and especially when asked if they would take us to 36 Broadway. Of course they knew all about it, and with great composure we rested in our easy vehicles as our steeds pranced down the Bund with long strides, their hirsute appendages flopping over their backs, while the wheelbarrow always managed to keep in sight.

We turned to right, we turned to left, but on we went, halting at length at a canal crossing. What they were going to do with us was hard to tell ;

they succeeded, however, in getting my companion out of his "rickshaw," but he declined to get into another made ready for him. Then followed a long discussion by two parties, neither of whom knew what the other said. There was at last a general understanding, however, — which was reached in some way, — that we would go on. So we proceeded, I as before, while Mr. Sandford walked in the middle of the street, followed closely by an empty "rickshaw," whose ferocious steed jabbered incessantly on a high pitch. The wheelbarrow and luggage were ahead long since, going, we



DR. AND MRS. J. M. W. FARNHAM.

knew not where. At length we overtook it in the French quarter, and stopping at the "Hotel de Colonies," found that we had come a long distance in an opposite direction from 36 Broadway. Courage stood by us, and after much use of our eyes and tongues, and with great thankfulness that several hours of daylight were before us, we reached 36 Broadway, Mr. Sandford walking all the way, with an eye out, lest his jabbering "rickshaw" man should get too near.

Dr. and Mrs. Farnham were upon the veranda, very much agitated; they did not expect our arrival so early in the day, but had been to the ship twice, and were upon the point of starting in search of us again.

They welcomed us to their home and did all in their kind hearts possible to make our stay pleasant and profitable. When explanations were made, we learned that the first "rickshaw" man had no license to cross the canal, and honestly made the exchange for our good, following us only to get the money that he had earned. How easy to misunderstand the motives of others as well as their language! Dr. and Mrs. Farnham have been in Shanghai over thirty years. At first they were located at the South Gate, then had charge of the press, and now are in the northern part of

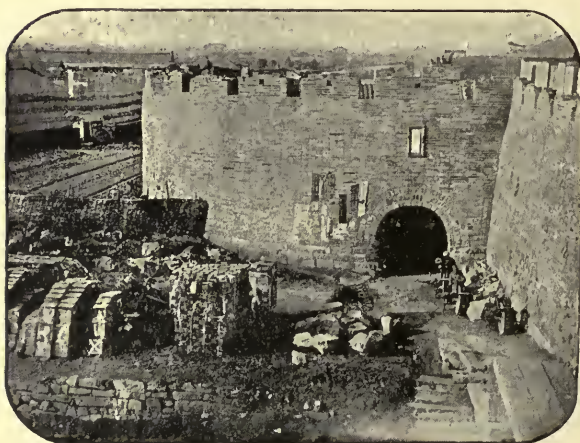


SHANGHAI—STREET IN FOREIGN CITY.

the city. They are in the Presbyterian Mission. Dr. Farnham started the *Child's Paper*, which he now edits and manages. How delightful it was to stop with old friends in this far-off land, and especially to have on the next day after arrival (November 25) a real Thanksgiving dinner! When Dr. Farnham's three daughters, with their husbands and children, gathered about the dinner table, our hearts beat thankfully for this home custom in a strange land; but nothing could check a deeper throbbing when we thought of the dear ones on the other side of the world, whose thoughts were doubtless of us.

THE PEOPLE AND THE WORK.

How to learn most about the people and the progress of missions here in our limited time was the question. We must have plenty of time to go over our field in India; and though we should spend several weeks here, we could see but a limited part of this great empire. But all the missionaries were ready to help us, and it was easy to meet representatives of many of the Societies, some having a station or headquarters here, while others make it a way-place. The natural genius of a place and



SOUTH GATE.

people is the first thing that strikes us, and China is different from anything that we have seen before.

Shanghai is about thirty miles from the coast, twelve miles up the Wong-poo, a branch of the Yang-tse-Kiang. The city is divided into two parts, the native city and the settlement. In the latter there are numerous canals,

with numberless boats and shipping; macadamized streets, lighted by gas and electricity; fine buildings, especially on the Bund, which skirts the river; churches, banking-houses, stores, and hotels. The settlement has its American, English, French, and native quarters, with the English superior in nearly every respect. We are finding that, when England colonizes, she does it in a generous and substantial manner. The Bund, with its river-front bustling with business and alive with shipping, its fine business houses, smooth pavements ever filled with a hurrying throng, its green mall with flower beds and band-stand, its Union church close by, and substantial bridges, would be an ornament to any American city.

The native city is surrounded by a wall three miles in circumference, twenty-five feet high, and fifteen or twenty in thickness, surmounted by a parapet with mounted guns ; but neither the walls nor the guns would amount to much in modern warfare. The city is entered by gateways, there being two on each side excepting the west side, where there is only one. The gates— heavy double doors, thick and iron-bound—are closed every night at dark. The streets inside are narrow, some of them being simply passages ; frequently they are dark with overhanging buildings, damp and dirty. It is nobody's business here to look after sanitary conditions. Everybody who goes through these narrow, crooked, up-and-down streets must walk or be carried in a palanquin. The shops have movable doors, and open into the cramped street or alley ; they are usually small, sometimes being little more than a counter having rows of shelves behind, with a little standing room between ; and yet the shopkeeper produces article after article, as though he had an endless quantity in some unseen corner. The shop is frequently the front part of a dwelling, with direct communication between. More pretentious homes are reached through several courts opening into one another. The sign is usually vertical, frequently of gilt on black, and very pretty. Where the sign is to attract the foreign eye, it is of this sort, "Ah-Pin," "Ah-Sing," "Ching-Fong," "Shing-Woo," "Dung-Yen," "Sung-Mon, Japanese Teas-hop" (tea-shop), "Van Foon, Carp-enter" (carpenter), "Li-Tal" (tailor, general and outfitter). These we see in the settlement. The trade of Shanghai is more than \$150,000,000 annually. The census of 1890 gives the following account of the inhabitants :—

Natives in the settlement	168,129
Natives in the French quarters	35,166
French	444
Other foreigners	3,821
Natives inside the walls	360,000
Total	567,560

Since about three fifths of these are within a wall three miles in circumference, together with multitudes of stores, manufactories, temples, schools, jails, etc., it will be seen that they are considerably crowded.

A DAY INSIDE THE WALLS.

A day in Shanghai proper is a day of novelty, with pitiful sights and bad odors—odor is not a strong enough word to name what you smell. Upon the wall we look over a sea of house-tops, all appearing much alike. Here is a boy who has found a place free from disturbance to twist his silk. It is attached to bamboo rods forty feet apart; at the end is a little spindle, with brass ball attached. The boy sets the silk twisting by twirling the spindle between two soft-cushioned pieces of board. The position of the little balls shows the extent of the twist—not a very fast machine for self-reliant China. Down in the close streets the people jostle and push each other, pedestrians and palanquin bearers, with the gorgeous vehicle of some mandarin or his wife swaying from side to side, suspended from their shoulder poles. If it contains a bride, it is accompanied by a procession, headed by musicians playing a funny tune on funny instruments; and you might as well occupy as little space as possible, as is true if the braves have a coffin instead of a palanquin, for they want all the room—in the former case on account of the swell of the occasion, and in the latter on account of the swell and length of the coffin, for these people think that their dead must have very large coffins. They look like huge logs hollowed out.

The city temple contains the most hideous idols and pictures, but the worshippers come, exchange their cash for “money paper” joss sticks, have them lighted on the altar, and go away with a kind of satisfaction. We noticed only a few beggars here until Mrs. Carroll, a lady of our party from Chicago, threw down a handful of coins to them, when immediately, from every direction, they swooped down upon us like the vultures of Malabar Hill, actually blockading our way. They were ragged, dirty, naked, and leprous. Beggars lie in the open spaces where the sun can reach them, some asleep, others pitifully clamoring for “cash” as we pass. Perhaps they have a few dirty rags about their loins; perhaps they have a cloth for the body; and, if they have life enough, they may be lessening its weight of vermin with their fingers. Here is one which leprosy has deprived of most of his hair; here is another with his limbs gashed and bleeding. The good missionary beside us says it was likely done this

morning to create sympathy. At a street corner we come to a pen, which they tell us is a jail. Inside are two ugly-looking fellows, with their heads thrust through board collars at least two feet square, called *cangues*; they have placards upon their backs stating their offense. They begged for cash, saying that they were almost starved; the government provides no food for the incarcerated; they must depend upon their friends, beg, or starve.

Here comes a real Chinese juggler. The people flock about him, but he tells them to stand back and give the foreigners a chance, for they have



SCENE IN NATIVE CITY.

only cash while foreigners have dollars. Then he rolls up his eyes, invokes the help of his favorite god that he may be successful, and that the audience — especially the foreign part of it — may be generous; then with a few sticks, a fox's tail, and a piece of cloth, he furnishes his entertainment. Quickly, as by magic, he presents a bowlful of water with a crab crawling in the bottom. This disappears as mysteriously as it came; then a bowl is produced with a goldfish swimming in it; then another appears. A jar is filled with rice and emptied, nobody sees how; then the ground upon which this is done is cleared of them all, but by some incantation

with three balls, all are brought back again. Then the juggler eats fire, and fans himself until both fire and smoke rush from his mouth.

A dentist with his table open to the sky, upon which are spread skulls and bones and teeth of animals, and by which he seats his patients and pulls their painful teeth with primeval irons, arrested our attention. We focused our camera upon this scene, at which the sufferer arose and shook her fist at us ; and I fear she would have used it, had it not been true, as in the case of Lazarus and the dead rich man, that a gulf was between us. By the way, I never understood as I do to-day that part of the parable which relates to the sores of Lazarus. The beggars, with their sores, that I saw, made it all plain.

We saw some nice silks and beautiful jade-stones, but nothing inside the walls pleased us as did the Protestant chapels and their promise. There are six of them, and they stand like light-houses amid the blinding darkness. The most that can be done is with the children, but surely that is an opportunity which must not be slighted. Could we only get the children of China, we might say with certainty what her future would be. O, when will the sunlight of God penetrate such cities as this? When will these people become clean in body and soul?—Not until their prejudice to the Purifier is overcome.

LORD'S DAY, NOVEMBER 30.

This day was one of service and blessing. In the morning I spoke at the Union church—Rev. Mr. Stevenson, pastor—from John 12:21. I believe that God made the service helpful. In the afternoon I spoke at a new mission recently started by Dr. Farnham, from John 3:16. The reply of the native pastor was both eloquent and touching. Mr. Sandford and I sang, "I've a Message from the Lord," and it was good to feel that the Lord had given me a message for this people, although I had to speak through an interpreter. We had dinner at the house of Mr. Evans, who, with his devoted wife, keeps a kind of missionaries' home. We met here several of God's devoted ones,—some who were in from their fields of labor, others who had just landed, and were soon going to their stations. After dinner we went to the Seamen's Mission, where I spoke to a company variously made up. At six P. M. Mr. Sandford spoke in the Union church.

A CHINESE COTTON-MILL.

It is like any other, only it employs Chinese help for the most part, with Chinese pay. Mr. Danforth, who has had charge of its construction and operation, very kindly took us through it. A few men in charge were from America. The cloth looks well, and Mr. Danforth told us that some of the women could do as much and as good work as an American, and that their pay had recently been raised to twelve cents a day. This is large pay for a common laborer in China; and their pay is a fair index of the breadth of their

lives. Mr. Danforth showed us many kindnesses. It seemed sad for a man to spend his life in this land simply for business. Every province in this country has its own peculiar dialect; no language is universal except the Mandarin, and what is called "pigeon

English," the latter being used for business purposes. Here is a specimen:—

“More better no wanchee talkee too muchee sorry fashion. Any man live this side b’long fool pidgin; that man makee sleep, he all same have die. Anything no b’long all same lookee see.”

It will doubtless be of interest to say that the above version volunteered by Mr. Danforth, is the first stanza of the “Psalm of Life.”



TEA HOUSE AND GARDENS.

AN OPIUM DEN.

To say that opium is a curse to China sounds trite; but it is true, and ought to be said all the way from Shanghai to England. In this land there

are as many kinds of opium houses as there are liquor saloons in a license city at home ; and there are the same variety of accommodations upon the rivers and bays. We went through one of the "high-toned" dens, a large, two-storied building, entered through a long court lined with stalls having curios and smoking apparatus for sale. Here and there men were dealing out opium and pipes as they were ordered. The opium smoked is about the consistency of thick molasses, almost black, and quite pungent. The couches were rich, made of dark wood, and the padding covered with embossed leather, the better ones having beautiful Japanese tiling at the head. Large lanterns hung all about, which cost the extravagant sum of four hundred dollars each. The upper rooms were devoted to men and women indiscriminately, but were more like stalls than rooms, while those below were open, where we saw smokers in all stages of drunkenness,—some with ghastly, staring eyes, and faces pinched and pallid. If possible, this was worse than the licensed houses of ill-fame in Japan. The men and women that we saw here made us feel that if ever the souls of human beings could be in the bodies of brutes and demons, here was an exhibition of it. Every smoker had a servant to keep his long-stemmed pipe in order, and bring in his tea, which he drank at short intervals, all of which accommodations were furnished, from morning until eleven P. M., for forty cents. Opium is worse than liquor ; it is more besotting to the sensibilities, the habit is far less easily broken, and it carries with it the same immoralities.

A MISSIONARY CENTER.

Shanghai is the great center of missionary operations in China. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union had a meeting upon the evening of our arrival, where we met several missionaries, and spoke at some length upon different phases of the work. They were deeply interested to know how the prohibitory law of Maine operated, and asked many questions concerning it. Its effects had been misrepresented to them ; and this I found to be true almost everywhere. Mrs. Dr. Farnham is president of this Union. A Young Men's Christian Association is in operation, and the question is in agitation as to whether one especially for native Christians is expedient. We called upon Mrs. McTavish, whom we had

known when she was getting her education in America several years ago, a bright Eurasian, and now the wife of a prosperous Scotch druggist. In her pleasant home and pretty family she is faithful to her Christian profession.

The Presbyterian Church, which has missions in many of the great centers, and which is eminently successful, is strongly represented here. Their work at the South Gate, formerly conducted by Dr. Farnham, is now in the hands of Rev. J. A. Silsby, who is soon to marry Miss Anna Moore, a very efficient young woman of the Christian Alliance. Here are found Miss Posey and Miss Cogdal, and a flourishing school of thirty-one girls and thirty-seven boys. Their simple lodging-rooms, and the plain chapel with stone floor, all clean and inviting, showed what was being done here.

The large work of their printing establishment is suggested by the fact that they employ about a hundred hands. Rev. Geo. F. Fitch, the superintendent, very kindly showed us through the establishment, and received us into his home. This branch is the Northern; the Southern Presbyterians are in Kiang-su. The English and Canadian branches are in other localities; while the Irish and United Presbyterians are to the extreme north.

The work of the Southern Methodists is especially strong in Shanghai and vicinity. Dr. Lambuth, so successful in Kobe, was formerly in their Shanghai work. The Northern Methodists do an aggressive spiritual work in six or eight stations between Foochow and Peking.

The London Missionary Society which sent out Morrison, has a station at Shanghai, and others at Canton, Peking, Tien Tsin and Hankow. At the latter place is the Rev. Griffith Johns, a missionary of great influence and success, to whom we had a letter of introduction which limited time prevented us from using. This society is the oldest in China, and it is among the most powerful and successful. The work of the Christian Alliance is pushing on toward the interior also.

The Southern Baptists have a station at Shanghai, also the Seventh-day Baptists, the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, the Church of the Disciples, the Women's Union Missionary Society of New York, and the Church Missionary Society. Here also are Bible Society rooms and other establishments which turn out tracts and religious papers.

THE CHINA INLAND MISSION.

No report of mission work in China, however fragmentary it is acknowledged to be, would be excusable for not mentioning the China Inland Mission whose office is in Shanghai; here the stores are kept; here the missionaries are received, and introduced to their work; here general direction is given to their great work scattered so widely over this immense empire. Those who laughed at J. Hudson Taylor twenty-five years ago when, in Chinese garb and queue, he adapted himself to the customs of the people, determined to be "all things to all men," are now glad to look to him as leader of the greatest missionary enterprise in China, both from the standpoint of faith and that of apparent results. They have about four hundred missionaries, and ninety regular stations, mostly in central China, with women in nearly all of them. At Ganking they have a school for men and one at Yangchow for women, where they prepare for their work during six or nine months. In the month of October they baptized forty converts. They receive missionaries of all denominations on equal terms, allowing those of the same denomination to be located together. All dress in the garb peculiar to the province in which they labor, and although the shoes are a little clumsy, the queue a little in the way, and the trousers a little bungling for a long-gaited pedestrian, the missionaries do not dislike it, and it has advantages natural as well as strategical.

The purpose of the mission has been, and is, to give the gospel to the unoccupied parts of the empire, and it has reached many provinces. It has no home society behind it, but depends upon the Holy Spirit's using the story of its noble superintendent among the people in Christian lands to furnish money and workers for the field, and to baptize the missionaries in the field for fruitfulness. This mission has its general management at Shanghai; and each station has its superintendent; its work being most carefully organized and systematized. The workers all have a simple, self-denying, devoted spirit, but never yet have they lacked; their needs have been constantly supplied, and never was this enterprise more vigorous, promising, or spiritual than now. Mr. Taylor was absent on a business trip to Australia, but Rev. J. W. Stevenson, his first assistant, and Mr. W. J. Lewis, secretary, gave us a royal welcome, and told us much about the

character of the mission. The building for the offices and the missionary home is of brick, having a broad front, and two extensive wings, with a court and pavilion between. It was a gift of one of their missionaries, probably costing sixty thousand dollars, and the money could not have been better expended.

The Anglo-Chinese College—Rev. Dr. Allen president—gave us a good illustration of some of the educational work going on here. There were about fifty young men students, under the best of discipline. Here we also had the privilege of meeting Professors Bonnell, Loehr, Gray, and Hill. A good illustration of what an American education will do for the Chinese is seen in the Rev. J. K. Yen, rector of the Church of Our Saviour, and vice-president of the Chinese Religious Tract Society, who was educated at Kenyon College, Ohio. He stands well in Shanghai; and although a very busy man, made our call profitable by telling us about the joy of his work.

At a missionary conference held at the house of Mr. Evans, we met about seventy missionaries, including Mr. Herring, an enthusiastic Southern Baptist; and venerable Father Muirhead, forty-two years in the harness for China, and still eager for the work. He is of the London Missionary Society, and was a companion to Dr. Medhurst. During our stay we took several excursions into the country, including one to the pagoda, a red wooden building several stories high, built, like the rest in China, not only for a place of worship, but as a meritorious offering from somebody. In these excursions we saw much of the common people, and their habits of life, passing through acres of burial mounds stretching out in every direction, going on foot, in “rickshaws,” and in wheelbarrows. These last named contrivances are partitioned through the center and have a rope looped at the sides to rest the feet in. We have seen two women enjoying one side of the partition, and two hogs stretched out upon the other. Alas, how alike is man and beast where Christ is not obeyed!

CHAPTER VII.

OFF FOR HONG-KONG AND CANTON.



PART OF HONG-KONG.

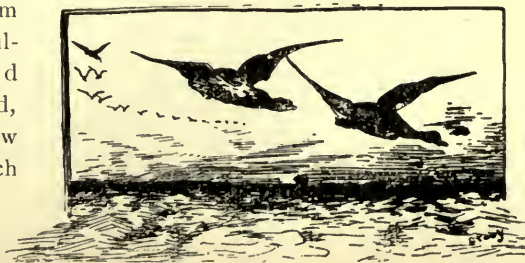
SATURDAY, December 6, one o'clock, found us at the wharf upon the steam launch "Gutzlaff," ready to sail down to Woo-Sung, and there embark for our voyage across the China Sea, one of the most rocky and dangerous parts of our trip. Everywhere we had been kindly helped by the missionaries, and in return we had helped them at every

opportunity. The homes of our dear Dr. and Mrs. Farnham, and their three married daughters—Mrs. Emmons, Mrs. Osborne, and Mrs. MacGowan—had been places of rest and comfort to us. At the wharf a company of missionaries and others gathered to say good-by. We lunched with Mrs. Osborne, and she, together with her father and mother, Mr. Silsby, and Miss Moore, sailed with us to our ship. Everybody tried to be cheerful, but it was rather an unsuccessful attempt. A few hurried good-bys and God-bless-yous on the steamer, and then the launch pushed away, bearing our dear brave friends back to their homes, adopted for the

sake of Jesus and wretched idolaters. Long we leaned over the rail, and looked with straining eyes until the last form with fluttering handkerchief passed out of sight. Very soon the "Mirzapore" weighed her anchors, and turned her prow to the sea, while clouds of sea fowl saluted us with "quacks" and "honkings." One constantly cheering thought was now ever with us; namely, every day of travel was bringing us nearer to the starting point—home.

HONG-KONG.

Both sea and sky were favorable, and we sailed into the harbor on Tuesday morning at 7 A. M. Hong-Kong harbor is larger, but not so beautiful to my mind as that of Nagasaki. It is surrounded by hills, clad with verdure, and strange to say, only London and Liverpool, of all the shipping ports in the world, have more shipping than Hong-Kong. Its annual trade is more than two hundred million dollars, with a population of about two hundred and forty thousand. The Chinese quarter is a kind of bee-hive section in the eastern and western parts of the town, while foreigners occupy the central part, sweeping from the bay up over the hill very near to the top of Victoria Peak, eighteen hundred feet high. Here again we see how substantially England colonizes. Strong and beautiful stores, hotels, banking-houses, mansions, and villas, and among them a beautiful English cathedral, remarkable for whiteness, climb the sides of the hills. A cable tram-way takes us up twelve hundred and seventy feet; at one place the incline is forty-five degrees. At the summit two large and elegant hotels were in process of construction, all the material being brought up on the shoulders of men and women. All along the winding foot-path they were busy as ants, now one carrying alone, now four struggling with a block of granite suspended by ropes from poles resting upon their shoulders. Their shoulders, and hands, and feet are calloused, and tough as leather. How these poor creatures do such



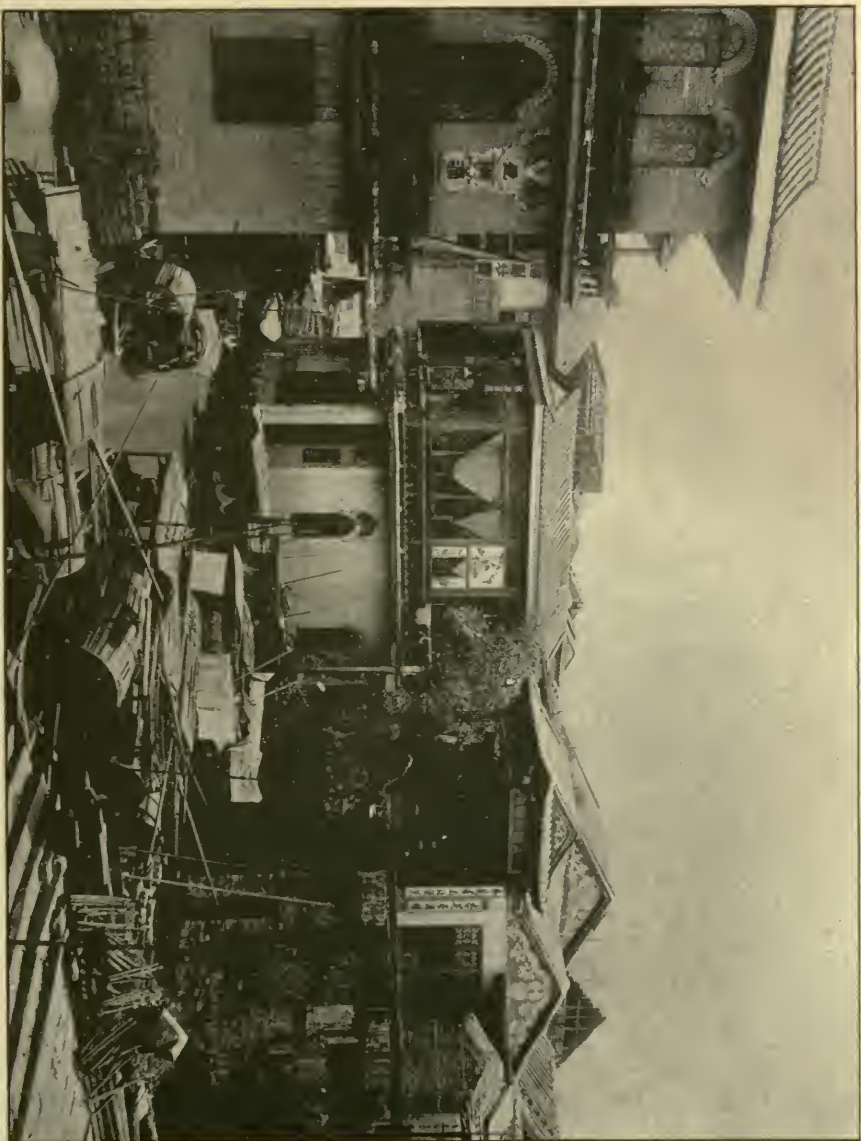
hard work on their meager diet seems a mystery. Rice and a few vegetables are their chief food. A manager who stood by told us that when hired in small numbers they were paid ten cents each a day; in large numbers, five cents; and this is regarded as good pay. What would the working men and women of America think of this? Would n't they strike at such prices?

The English barracks are models of neatness. Scotch highlanders have been stationed here for two years. They are fine-looking fellows, usually with clear complexion and light hair; the guards beat back and forth with polished gun and bayonet; the bag-piper walks up and down before the officers' quarters playing "The Campbells Are Coming." All are dressed with white buskins ending at the knee with white and scarlet plaid; green and blue plaid kilts over the hips; jackets and helmets of milky whiteness, and the bearskin and thistle hanging from the waist in front. They looked nice enough for church; never did war seem so horrible to me as when I thought of a bomb-shell bursting in their camp. I craved them for missionaries to bear the sword of the Spirit and the shield of salvation.

CANTON.

Canton is ninety miles from Hong-Kong, up the Chu river. We went up on the "Ho-Nan;" and while waiting for her to start, were much entertained in watching the unloading of the "Hankow," the consort of our boat, which had just arrived. An army of men, women, and children marched down to the warf somewhat irregularly, with long-pole "shoulder arms," and attacked the freight of vegetables, fowls, and fruit. It was a babel of voices, the struggle of a mob, and an exhibition of steel muscle. Ernest Gordon, son of Dr. Gordon of Clarendon street church, in Boston, accompanied us, having come in the same ship from Shanghai.

We reached Canton early in the morning, and before we were out of our berths, heard the familiar voice of good Brother Simmons, of the Southern Baptist Mission, inquiring for us. It did not take us long to dress, return his hearty greeting, and lodge ourselves in a sampan. The sturdy skuller soon took us to a little jetty, and after a few steps, a gate was opened in the high fence about the mission compound, and we were at the home of our dear brother. Mrs. Simmons was just the same good woman that we respected so much on the "Belgic." Miss Whilden also



HOTEL AT CANTON.

had a hearty welcome for us ; and here, too, we found Miss North, a heroic, self-supporting missionary. The public devotions in this home were conducted in Chinese ; and although we could not understand the words, we felt the spirit of a higher and universal language. The Chinese servants participated in the reading and singing, and one offered a prayer. My heart was indeed moved when I was told that he prayed very earnestly for us.

ABOUT TOWN.

Canton is said to be quite a typical Chinese city ; though cleaner than native Shanghai, her streets are, if possible, narrower. The people have an intense hatred for what they call "foreign devils"—all foreigners. The large French cathedral serves greatly to irritate the natives. Catholic despotism does not fit them well,

and a few years since it was the cause of serious trouble in this locality. A front corner-stone of the cathedral bears the inscription, "Roma 1863 ;" the opposite one, "Jerusalem, 1863." Whatever it may mean to them, to me it said, "The pope or Christ, which?"

The execution ground was disappointing—only a small place, perhaps a hundred feet deep, narrow, hemmed in by buildings, with a few rude crosses leaning against them. Evidently the sight of natives unpacking goods before us was a mild scene compared with those which had been witnessed here.

We passed the rooms where the students are confined to pass their examinations. But one student occupies each of the rooms, which are very small, and he is not allowed to communicate with others or come out



EXECUTION GROUNDS, CANTON.

until his work is finished. The examinations are rigid, and their conduct might be imitated by American colleges with profit. The Chinese need not the stimulus of fresh discoveries to keep alive their love for learning. Classical studies are their great delight. To come a little nearer Confucius is a sufficient incentive for them. Ten thousand students at one time in one of the many places for examination in the empire is not uncommon.

The archways through the city walls are very picturesque; now and then a banyan tree throws its top and branch roots out over them; but even the persistent banyan gets small chance in China-town. One arch through which we passed was built 60 B. C. From the wall the city is as queer as from the street. Black tiled roofs, concave and irregular, stretch away in all directions, covered with black water-pots constituting the city's fire company. Those dry-good's boxes (as we should call them) on poles high over the roofs are the firemen's watch towers. Here is a water clock four hundred years old, which indicates time by a water meter placed in a huge jar into which water drops, trickling down from one jar to another.

TEMPLE OF HELL.

Pekin has its "Temple of Heaven," which is said to be very beautiful; Canton has its "Temple of Hell," which is not at all beautiful. The dirty, leprous beggars about this temple gave us more torture than we desired, but the different departments of Confucian justice suggested still more. The temple itself is dark and dirty; on three sides of it are dingy stalls, each of them containing a scene indicating the punishment of the wicked. One represents different paths leading to a precipice over which they fall into a pit, where devils take charge of them with manacles, tridents, and instruments of torture. Here are some turning into cows and sheep as a punishment for eating these animals. Here a man is stirred in boiling oil, and another is crushed under a bell. Here one is squeezed in a vice, while another is beaten with a board. There one is represented as viewing his ugly face in a mirror. The last seemed the most sensible of all, for nothing in the future can be more terrible to the wicked than to see themselves as they are. No wonder that they will call for the rocks and the mountains to fall upon them. These poor temple beggars know not that there is One, looking into whose face as a glass, we are changed from character to character. When shall their blind eyes open to this fact?

WATER ABODES.

The river is crowded with house-boats for miles. They are of all sizes, and some of them two-storied. Some are used for saloons, lodging places, and opium dens ; but the larger part are very small, and used for families to live in. These little, partially-covered sampans contain nothing which can be called furniture. A straw mat is a bed ; a pot of coals is a cooking range ; a hanging basket is a flower garden ; a small cage, with one or two fowls suspended from the side, is a hen-coop ; a few ugly wood-cuts of open-mouthed gods are the ornaments. Imagine a few little fish spread out to dry on the covering of the sampan, rice cooking in the prow for the next meal while you are being sculled along,—and all in a craft thirty feet long by ten at the widest part,—and you will have the average house-boat in which from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty thousand people live at Canton, most of them never placing their feet upon the land. When a member of the family is married, the home is made on this same boat, or another like it. Three generations may live in one such as we have described.

THE SENT.

Dr. and Mrs. Graves, who live in the same compound with Mr. Simmons, greeted us kindly, and showed us their work, especially the school of young men in which the doctor is particularly interested. He has been here for thirty-four years, and is at the head of the Southern Baptist work. It was a great privilege to meet this veteran, and feel the glow of his noble, enthusiastic spirit. Nobody interested in missions at Canton ever tires of telling of the early experiences of Morrison, and the good work done by the London Missionary Society. Here, too, are the Northern Presbyterians, the English Methodists, and the American Board,—all vigorous and loyal to Christ in this, the second city of the great empire.

Our hearts were deeply moved by the self-sacrificing spirit of the missionaries whom we met in our short stay here ; and when the time came to go, we were thankful that our love for these faithful ones placed them among those for whom we should especially pray. Somehow they seemed bound to us forever.

HUSTLING.

Our prolonged parting at last compelled us to hurry. Brother Simmons directed the boatman to hasten, and perhaps he did try, but our progress

was slow. The side ways were filled with house-boats, and they passed and crossed one another's path, keeping up a constant struggle for the right of way. We seemed like a fly in a spider's web, as men, women, and children, rowed, skulled, or pushed their boats with poles reaching the bottom, all the while hallooing and jeering. Now a little girl falls into the dirty river from the stern of a boat some distance ahead of us; but nobody minds her,—it is only a girl. The boys have gourds for life-preservers tied to their bodies, but it is no matter about the girls. This one makes a brave struggle, however; and as the boat is delayed in the snarl, she clambers in, to sit and dry off at her leisure.

Imagine yourself in a Cantonese house-boat, trying to make your way among legions of others, all as eager as yourself, with a ticket for Singapore *via* a ship that sails to-morrow noon from Hong-Kong, and your only transport to Hong-Kong due to sail in a few minutes, and you unable to make your boatman understand even that you are in a hurry. "Well, after all, this is one of the 'all things,'" we said, and so settled down and really enjoyed it. At length we made our way to the ship, and got aboard, just in season, for she was off at once.

Down the river we go, past the Southern Baptist Mission compound, where we see our friends and the flutter of handkerchiefs waving us farewell until the balcony is lost to our view. God bless them and their work! Somewhere, God willing, we shall meet again.

For a long time our way was bordered with house-boats; then green fields filled with rice plots, country homes and Lichi trees, stretched away to distant hills, covered with graves. Here and there appeared a pagoda, two of which were nine stories high, with vines and shrubs growing on them to the very top. The channel gets narrow, and the way is indicated by driven piles; but at length the river grows broader, junks come and go, hills die away in the distance amid the shadows of night; lights move on the water like will-o-the-wisps, to vanish in some tributary of the Chu; and we go to our state-room and try to get warm; for we haven't yet gained the victory over Shanghai malaria. Captain La Favre was not led to open his heart toward our needs very much. It was suggested that this might be because we did not need the \$1.50 dinner (having dined before we started) which was especially his "pidgin" (business).

PIRACY.

Little did we think as we were trying to make ourselves comfortable on our way from Canton to Hong-Kong that there was any more danger without than within our ship. When we reached Hong-Kong, we were startled to see the colors on all the shipping at half-mast, and to learn the cause. Chinese pirates had taken possession of the "Namoa" the night before, looted her, and murdered the captain, a quartermaster, and one passenger. The ship had returned this morning, and the captain's wife had just gone aboard to claim the body of her dead.

The Hong-Kong *Daily Press*, Extra, contained the following in regard to the affair: "News of the most serious kind has this morning come to light—nothing less than the murder of three Europeans on the high seas. The particulars, so far as can be gathered as yet, are as follows: The coast steamer 'Namoa' left Hong-Kong yesterday about eight o'clock with, as it turns out, a large gang of pirates among the passengers. After having been out five hours, the pirates seized the opportunity of tiffin hour to begin their deadly work. One of the passengers—Mr. Patterson, a light-house keeper—was on deck, not feeling well. Receiving a bullet through the head, he at once expired. The pirates kept up a constant fire from the deck into the saloon, thus hemming in the passengers at tiffin; while a few more got to close quarters with Captain Pocock. The odds were too many for the captain, who was overcome, and met with the same death as Mr. Patterson. A Manila man, said to be a quartermaster, also received the same treatment. Several others were wounded. The pirates then looted the ship, afterwards making off. The officers returned with the ship this morning."

It is furthermore reported that they robbed the ship of about \$50,000; ate, drank and made merry; then called their junk and escaped. It is also reported that the natives at the wharf and the Chinese sailors aboard, knew what was going to be done, but kept it to themselves. The people refer to the case of the "Greyhound," pirated four years ago, and all on board murdered. This leads us to remember an occurrence which transpired while we were in Shanghai. Miss Smithey and Miss Dr. Phillips, while going to their station at Soo-chow, about seventy miles up the river, in a

house-boat, were attacked by robbers, and relieved of most of their valuables. So it turns out that dangers in China are not confined to rebellions and public outbreaks.

The London *Standard* of March 21, 1891, has the following: "Voyaging in the China Sea is not so pleasant just now. It is no very enjoyable experience, indeed, at any time; but since the late breaking out of piracy, it has become one to be anxiously avoided. Investigation of this sad case of the 'Namoa' proves that the same gang of miscreants had concerted the capture of the 'Kutsang,' a British steamer, trading between Singapore and Hong-Kong—a rich prize, no doubt. Happily the captain received warning, and took precautions. Five junks approached his vessel as it steamed by Parcel Island, and hailed it, evidently believing that the pirates were in possession, and ready to hand over the spoil, as in the case of the 'Namoa.'"

So terror reigns in the China seas. Huge iron gratings have been fixed in the steamers, to shut off deck passengers from the after part of the vessel. Soon as it leaves port, these are closed, and Malay quartermasters, fully armed, stand sentry day and night. Winchester rifles, revolvers, and cutlasses are stored in accessible spots up and down, and Malay sailors keep guard over the saloon; while passengers eat, drink, and make themselves as merry as such circumstances allow. Meantime, ten Chinamen accused of taking part in the capture of the "Namoa" have been brought before the authorities at Canton, tried, sentenced, and executed, in twelve hours. Concerning the last bit of information, we sincerely hope that the guilty parties were punished, but Chinese justice is a queer thing. In the first place, judges are said to be extremely sensitive to bribes. Then the accused has no lawyer, and must plead his own case. Contrary to our custom, he is presumed to be guilty until he proves his own innocence. The prisoner is usually tortured until he admits the crime, even though innocent, and then punishment is inflicted. In regard to weapons of defense on China Sea steamships, I noticed that the vessel upon which we sailed from Singapore to Calcutta—a vessel engaged in the opium trade between Calcutta and Hong-Kong—had quite an armory very accessible to the officers.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT OF THE CELESTIALS?



WATCH-TOWER.—CANTON.

FROM what we have seen, we are led to form some conclusions. To me there is much about China that is revolting. I could work there, and love the people; but I would not dare to attempt it without a special baptism of God for that purpose. Nevertheless the dominating civilization of this bigoted and immoral people is strong. One has said that "China is a standing illustration of what human perfection amounts to without the grace of God;" another, that "its government is at once the most

gigantic and the most minutely organized that the world has ever seen." Unlike the Vedas of India, the Chinese sacred literature is pure, and free from all taint of immorality; corrupting books are even bought and destroyed. Although the people of the small country of Manchooria, who are Tartars, conquered this great empire about two hundred and fifty years ago, the stability of Chinese institutions asserts itself, Confucian learning being the only door to office. The Manchooks compel them to wear the queue, for Confucius wore his hair like any other gentleman. We are led to be-

lieve that if any civilized power should conquer them, they would as readily submit to its authority.

The principal objects of worship in China are dead ancestors; in many provinces nearly every house and shop has a shrine with one or more tablets, before which paper and incense are burned. This tablet bears the name of some dead ancestor.

Mission work in China is very different from what it is in Japan. The difference between the missionaries in these two countries is also noticeable,



CHINA'S YOUTHFUL EMPEROR.

all of which goes to show that every missionary's work should be chosen by God and not by himself. Many times I have thought while in the presence of the consecrated workers in China, "You have a hard task before you;" and then the answer would come to me, "God has chosen his instruments, and fitted them for just the place they are in." They are as well fitted for their work as the missionaries in Japan are for theirs. No one can witness their noble and unselfish spirit without admiration. Strong men whose chief inspiration is the profit of their fellow-men and loyalty to God; old men

and women whose lives have been nearly lived out here, but who are still eager for the work to go on; timid and sensitive women, who would shrink from struggling for themselves at home, these are all here, busy for others and trusting their own lives in the hands of God.

No one can witness the vigor of the work in schools, native churches, hospitals, and dispensaries, and not have confidence in it. Already the Chinese are proving that they can make good Christians. If there were not some goats among them, they would not be like the usual flock in an American church; but it is plain that God is doing a work upon their hearts. The natives come readily into chapels, giving the missionary a good opportunity to teach them. Stepping into a chapel just off a crowded street one day, with a missionary,—only to look at it—I saw a score or more following us, largely children. No caste stands in the way, as in India.

Prejudice to foreigners is allayed by contact with all missionaries except the Roman Catholics. And they are not so much unlike other nations, after all, in having the idea that a monopoly of most excellences is theirs, and that all outside are "dogs." When a foreigner comes among them who is not a "globe trotter," who can speak their language, talk about Confucius, and show that he is civilized, he really becomes quite endurable to them.

The comparative value of native and foreign missionaries is a question much discussed in China. The missionaries themselves are divided on the subject, some believing that the time has not come to put much work into the hands of the natives, fearing that all which has been gained would be lost by so doing. Others say that the converted natives should be utilized much more than they have been. They ask us to consider what the object of the work is ; to remember that when a native is educated and Christianized, he is virtually separated from his people, unfitted for native work and his former manner of life, to a large extent, and consequently should devote himself to the work for which his training has fitted him. It is evident that foreigners will have to superintend the missions until the tide of sentiment turns in favor of Christianity, but we cannot reasonably expect any country to be Christianized by foreigners ; a religion must become indigenous before universal. This period will be hastened by calling to the aid of Christianity those natives who are able to do the work, granting to them responsibilities in proportion to their qualifications.

Let no missionary go to China who is not prepared "to endure hardness as a good soldier." One third of the human family is here, self-satisfied, haughty, priding itself upon its antiquity, the largest nation which Christians have ever attempted to bring to Jesus Christ. Let the missionary have high hope also, for Christianity has come to China to stay until Jesus comes ; her people have many excellent characteristics which when sanctified, will be mighty. When China wheels into line after the King of kings, it will be with potency and ability, for these things characterize her remarkably even while she gropes in dark idolatry.

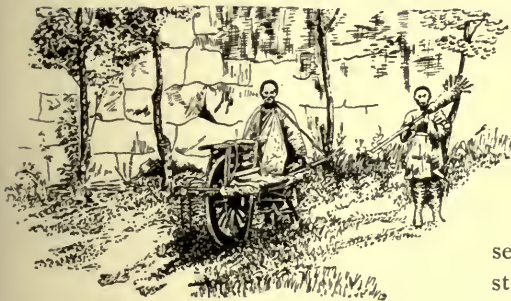
One of the wisest of living Indian missionaries has said of the enterprise which the church has undertaken in India, that it is the most glorious,

the most important, though perhaps for that very reason the most arduous, in the world. I believe that if he had known China as well as he knows India, he would have said it of her instead.

When China is brought to a knowledge of the truth, what remains for the church to do will be comparatively easy. Let us then prayerfully—for it must be of God—set up our banners, lifting them from watch-tower to watch-tower, until they shall smite the breeze all over that land, from the sea to Siberia, from Manchooria to the Himalayas.

CHAPTER IX.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.



THE WHEEL-BARROW.

FOR some unaccountable reason, when we left China, we found ourselves possessed of some of its malaria. In my case, chills and fever set in in good earnest soon after leaving Hong-Kong for Singapore. For two days the enemy seemed mighty, depriving me of my strength, and once rendering me nearly unconscious. The fact of being helpless and among strangers came to me

as never before. How I wondered if those who had promised to do so were praying for me, or had forgotten! How I thought of familiar faces, and longed to take my child in my arms for one hour! The steward was very kind. Mr. R. S. Greenlee and family, from Chicago, whom I had met in Shanghai, were on board the "Mirzapore;" and the Lord put it into his heart to come to see me often. I was also conscious of the presence of the great Physician, and when, upon the morning of the fourth day, I awoke singing, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," I knew that the power of the disease was broken.

The temperature grew warm very fast. Topis for the head, and duck and lawn garments soon took the place of somber woollens; awnings were spread over the decks, and the punkas swayed back and forth in the saloon. The sunset sky was of brass and crimson, purple and gold.

We left Hong-Kong Thursday afternoon at 1:30. Upon the following Tuesday morning I was warned by the movements of the "Mirzapore" that we were nearing Singapore, and going outside, I beheld the dead-green harbor water, and the islands of the Straits of Malacca, covered with tossing, feathery bamboo. Scores of natives came about us, swimming or in dug-outs, begging us to throw silver into the water for them to dive after. Of the money thus thrown over, not a piece was lost, but each came back in the fingers or mouth of one of the two or three that dove after it. Pennies or cash they repudiated, either because of their small value, or because they were not easily seen. One poor fellow got into a helpless condition somehow,—perhaps he was stunned,—and a boat was lowered from our ship to rescue him. He looked thoroughly water-soaked, and settled down in a helpless heap upon deck, but soon revived and was himself again.

SINGAPORE.

The island of Singapore is an English colony, and with Penang and Malacca, form what is known as the Straits Settlement. To the south is the island of Sumatra, to the southeast, Borneo; while to the north are Anam, Siam, and Burmah. At the wharf a great number of vessels are seen, representing nearly every nation of the globe.

It was the sixteenth of December when we reached there, but summer is ceaseless at Singapore, only about seventy miles north of the equator. It was not as hot as we expected to find it, the thermometer rarely rising above ninety-five degrees. There is a humidity in the atmosphere here not ordinarily felt in China or India, for there are showers almost daily. Going ashore, we found that rain had fallen during the night, and that we were in an atmosphere warm, moist, and fragrant. Here we got an introduction to several things peculiarly Indian, the first of which was a *gharry*, and a *gharry-wallah*. The *gharry* is a springless, uncomfortable, closed carriage, and the *wallah* is the driver. Small but strong ponies are attached to these vehicles. There were four of us with our baggage in the *gharry* which we took, and the pony would not have weighed more than four hundred pounds, but aided by the lash and fretful tongue of our driver he took us along at a brisk trot.

For some distance the street is lined with luxuriant foliage ; great clusters of bananas hang in the midst of flaunting leaves ; little thatched huts are scattered among jungles of plummy palms, ferns, and tangled vines, and about them naked children sport. Going through the different quarters of the town, we find a motley people with motley religions. In some sections, and out upon the country roads, we find the beautiful bungalows of English and Scotch merchants. Certain parts of the city are given up entirely to the Chinese, of whom it is estimated there are nearly one hundred thousand here. The Tamils, or Klings, of India, have brought with them much of their Indian manner of life. The natives, or Malays, are different from any people that we have seen ; they are rather short, with a flat nose, thick lips, sharp eyes, black hair, and small limbs ; they are said

to be very excitable. We saw a village of their little huts on piles over the water. They were made of palm-leaves, and connected with one another by plank or twisted-fiber walks, so that the occupants could be neighborly.

Everybody wants to go to the Botanical Gardens of Singapore, where is collected a large variety of tropical plants and trees. The grounds are laid out with both care and taste. In the hot-houses are ferns of many different kinds, begonias, lilies, and orchids, and even the marigold and cockscomb of America. Outside are a variety of palms, including the cocoanut, sago, palmyra, date, and the "traveler's tree."

The latter is also known as the fan palm, because it is shaped like a great fan, having a trunk of various lengths up to thirty feet, while the top branches spread out, in a semi-circle, each branch having one oblong leaf.



SINGAPORE CHARRY.

It is called the traveler's tree because it is such a great boon to the traveler. When a branch is broken off, or pierced near the trunk, it furnishes a quantity of nourishing drink to the thirsty. In an artificial pond, the *Victoria Regia* spreads its broad leaves, six or seven feet in diameter, and opens its great white petals, making a blossom over a foot across.

On our way to the garden we pass beautiful hedges, out of which nod great clusters of lantana, and over which beautiful varieties of *thunbergia* creep and blossom. Our gharry-wallah, whom we hire for one dollar and fifty cents a day, is a very deceptive, irritable, little Tamil of deep-lacquer color, with bare and bandy legs and a great *pugree* about his head. Not wishing to drive us through the botanical gardens, he declared that he was not allowed to do so; but we finally convinced him that he was mistaken. Whenever we set out in a new direction, he would protest and sticking two fingers into our faces, scream out, "Tue dollar;" and then with the vengeance of a Jehu he would rise up and lash his pony. He was very sober, but did smile and laugh outright, however, when he told us that he had two wives. We laughed too.

We had not far to go to get into the wildest of jungle, which I have no language to describe, where wild boars, deer, and formidable pythons are found. The most dangerous animals are not permanent inhabitants of the island now, but tigers occasionally swim over from the mainland, which is separated by a strait, only half a mile wide. The name "Singapore" is the Indian for "city of the lion." No doubt it was the lion's home before it was man's. As one looks into this jungle and the tangled mass of Johore, he thinks of primeval days; of forests, ferns, and flowers growing and dying unseen by man; of birds and beasts and reptiles that have long held an undisputed kingdom; of solitude that crieth unto solitude, while all that there abide are only known to, and cared for, by Him who never slumbers or sleeps.

A letter of introduction to Rev. W. Kensett of the Methodist Episcopal Mission takes us to his school, and he directs us to the Raffles Hotel as our best stopping-place. We find that "Raffles" is a historic name here; there is the Raffles Library, Raffles School, etc. This is accounted for by the fact that Sir Stamford Raffles made a British settlement here, and began a work which led to the purchase of the island from the Maharajah of Johore, in 1824.

Raffles Hotel is well arranged, well kept, and attractive, straw matting and cane furniture predominating. The dining-room, presided over by the *punka-wallah*, is open to the ceiling of the second story. In the upper story a balcony surrounds this opening, three of the sides of which open into sleeping apartments and one onto the broad verandah which overlooks the lawn and bay.

REST—ETHICAL AND PHYSICAL.

It was here that I obtained my first idea of the fact that in India everybody must carry bed-clothes if he is to have any. This is the case even at the Raffles Hotel where one must pay two dollars and a half per day, or any part of a day ; because “this is the custom in all the hotels of the Straits Settlement.” The evening, to me, in this land of strange scenes brought quietness and rest. It is nearing the Christmas-tide ; and as I look through my venetians to the stars, that never seem so large and lustrous as in the sky of the tropics, there comes a breath from Bethlehem. Anon the merry chirp of crickets outside takes me back to summer days in New England ; while the beating of the sea near by transforms Raffles Hotel into the Billow House at Ocean Park. Surely my thoughts were across the seas !

When about to retire, I found my bedding to consist only of the indispensable India mosquito-netting, a cotton mattress, one sheet, two pillows and a bolster. What was to cover me ? The night was cool, and my strength was not restored from my struggle with celestial malaria. I called Mr. Sandford to the rescue, and asked him to inquire at the office ; he returned with the cheering information that the rooms were all alike, and that I would probably have to take it as it was. All right ! My first resolution on setting out on my journey—to make the best of whatever might come to me—was available and I crawled under the solitary sheet, placed the bolster to my back, one pillow in front of me, my two coats over me, and slept for the first time in true Indian fashion.

The prevailing religions here are Hinduism, Mohammedanism, and Confucianism, the temples of these sects sometimes standing quite near each other. The Chinese here are very different from those in the “flowery land ;” they really seem to have improved under British rule. They are for the most part industrious, prosperous, and many of them very rich. They are inclined to enjoy the authority which presides over them, and

seem to desire to be identified with it. Many become interested in an English education, and patronize the English and mission schools for their children, in some cases being generous toward them. Some of their native habits of dress are also modified. The queue, which is always spliced with black in the home-land, is here lengthened out with red, white, or blue; and the women ignore that terrible custom of crushing the feet.

MISSION INTERESTS.

We are informed that the London Missionary Society and the American Board began work here, but transferred their interests to China when that Empire was opened to missionaries. The Methodist Episcopal Church has pushed work here since 1882 with increasing energy. The English Presbyterian Mission has begun work at several points and is succeeding.

Since our visit, the Christian Alliance also has begun a work here through the ministry of Rev. Mr. Lelacheur, who, we understand, is meeting with significant success.

What a pity it is that this maritime center—this place where people from India, China, Java, Malaysia, and all the civilized world congregate—is not a stronger missionary center! What a pity that the Malays of the Straits have not a single missionary devoted to them! Will not God bear this fact to those who will interest themselves in this people? Let us also remember that Singapore is the door to Anam, still destitute of the gospel; also to the Pacific islands south of the Straits.

As we walk through the streets preparatory to our departure, we see many strange and interesting sights. Here indeed are the Indian bullocks, with slender horns turned back, and humps upon their shoulders, attached to primeval carts by a tongue, and a slender piece of wood placed across the foreheads of the pair, and tied to their horns with cords. Here are piles of delicious fruit—bananas a penny a dozen, oranges, mangosteins, liches, pineapples, papayas, pomelos, and other varieties equally cheap.

Here are opium dens, guilds, club-rooms, and palaces that open into the mouth of hell. But what is this? A crowd is gathered down beside the water, at the left of a canal bridge which I have just crossed. The people jostle each other, pushing forward to look at an object upon the sand; then they step back, expressions of horror and pity passing over

even their faces. It is the body of a baby girl which some one has drawn out of the water. It lies upon the straw matting in which it was wrapped; the flesh is brown, indicating that it was a native; it is bloated, showing that it had been in the water some time. It looks as though it might have been six weeks old. Did it die a natural death, and the mother consign it to the canal to float out into the sea, as the easiest disposition that she could make of it? or did she count its life of little value, and take this means to end it? In either case the true mother heart was wanting. Dear mother, when you revolt at this picture, ask if God would not like to have you help send a missionary to Singapore.



SACRED OX.

CHAPTER X.

OFF FOR CALCUTTA.



HE succeeded in getting passage upon the "Ara-toon Apar." The captain, Mr. J. Spence, is a very genial man of thirty-eight or forty years, who dresses in pongee, topped with the regulation cap. He is not afraid of missionaries or ministers, is pleased to talk with both upon religious topics, and never shrinks — unless the conversation takes a personal turn. He gave us free access to his private state-room, filled with curios from Japan, China, and "all along the shore." Nothing seems to please him more than to have us gather around the piano in his room and sing gospel hymns. Captain Spence is a gentleman, and we shall not soon forget him or his devoted dog "Punch."

The "Mirzapore" sailed Wednesday afternoon. As she passed, we had a glimpse of the Greenlees, who were going on her to Penang and Ceylon, where they would change ships for Calcutta. We sailed in the evening, reaching Penang early Friday morning, and dropped anchor near the "Mirzapore," which preceded us only a few moments. Soon we saw our old friends, with their friend Mrs. Wilson, going in a boat toward the shore.

The city of Penang has grown out to the water's edge, and from our ship it appeared quite picturesque. The population numbers perhaps sixty thousand. Malays, Tamils, and Chinese predominate, though there are

some Europeans. The Chinese are the most industrious and wealthy. A Chinaman, with his family, sailed from this port to Calcutta with us, and we found him possessed of culture as well as wealth.

The general appearance of Penang is much like that of Singapore. Outside the town are forests of tropical plants and trees. Five miles out is the waterfall, tumbling down a mountain-side twenty-five hundred feet. Here is an English colony. The entire island is about fifteen by twelve miles. The shore of the mainland toward the east is covered with cocoa-nut palms, as are the islands all about; and here I learned for the first time that cocoanuts grow only in a sea atmosphere. Some mission work has been done here, though very inadequate to the needs! The harvest is great, but the laborers are few at Penang.

We steamed out of Penang harbor on Saturday afternoon; but before proceeding far, our ship was obliged to stop on account of difficulty with her engines. After about twelve hours' delay, it was with thankful hearts that we proceeded on our way, for we had begun to feel keenly what it means to be helpless upon the sea. Everything favored the rest of our voyage to Calcutta, a distance of over twelve hundred miles.

Among our fellow-passengers were three missionaries for Asam,—two brothers by the name of Moore, and the wife of one of them. Mr. and Mrs. Moore had labored in the field eleven years, but had just been to America to rest, and to leave their only daughter to be educated. I perceived their spirit of Christian heroism when Mrs. Moore told me that probably the life of her dear child would be henceforth in a great measure separated from that of the parents; but that they had committed her to God. Mr. Moore's brother, younger than himself, was going out as a new missionary. They are under the Baptist Union, and gave me considerable information concerning the work in Asam.

Mr. Moore told me that there are three hundred and twenty-five thousand people in his district; but that, while twenty-five thousand of them may have heard the gospel, he thinks that not more than two or three hundred could tell him what Christianity means; and that he never talked with one outside of the Christian community who was able to do it. The religion of the Hindus is so entirely a form that it is with much difficulty that they are made to understand a religion which requires a change of

character. The ideas of this brother suggest not only evangelization, but Christianization as well.

LORD'S DAY.

The twenty-first day of December was one of delight and blessing to us. In the morning we gathered upon the upper deck, under our generous awning. The elder Mr. Moore offered prayer, and led us in the responsive reading of the one hundred and seventh psalm; and at the close of his prayer all joined in the Lord's prayer. The younger Mr. Moore read the last half of Hebrews 11, and Mr. Sandford offered prayer, after which I spoke to the little company from Heb. 11:24-27. The Lord blessed the service, and made us glad all the day. Our services were interspersed with the good old hymns: "Nearer My God to Thee," "Rock of Ages," "I Need Thee every Hour," and "My Faith Looks up to Thee." These things brought to our mind the fact that God is the same the world over, and that he is "not far from every one of us."

PASSING EVENTS AND CHRISTMAS.

Our manner of life on the "Aratoon Apar" was after the Indian style,—a morning bath, five meals and lunches, with an introduction to red ants and other insects. On the first morning I was awakened by these words, spoken in a soft and subdued tone: "Gentleman have tea? Have tea, mister?" and looking up, I saw a Bengali boy standing at the head of my berth with my *chotá-haziri* which consisted of tea and toast. *Chotá-haziri* means "a little breakfast" which in India is served to one before or at the time of rising. Indian curries, dips, and seasonings had already begun to gratify my taste; I did draw the line, however, at *holwa*, a cheese made of camel's milk and sugar boiled together.

The long, comfortable days afforded much time for writing, and the nights, for restful sleep. I was usually sung to sleep by some friendly crickets that made their tryst near my door, and was awakened either by a canary which hung at the end of the corridor or by my Bengali steward. One morning I got up at three o'clock to look for the first time upon the Southern Cross. When I first saw it, just above the horizon, it was much inclined; but as it rose in the sky, it took a more upright position. Long I

gazed upon this beautiful constellation, which seemed to me the emblem of immortality,—dead to self and alive to Him who reigns forever.

We had hoped to spend Christmas in Calcutta, but the breakdown of our ship's engine had delayed us one day ; and Christmas Eve finds us still upon the Bay of Bengal. The sun goes down, round, red, and brassy, the moon having already risen in the east, silvery, and almost at her full. Yes, it is Christmas Eve ! There is no snow, no Christmas-tree, no merry expectant eyes about us ; but it is the time celebrated as the anniversary of our Saviour's birth. At home the shop windows are full ; there are church services ; the children are made happy ; and dear ones long absent return. What joy ! My heart turns to Him who gave it all, more fervently perhaps than as if I were in the midst of those blessings ; and while at home the bells peal merrily across the snow, here upon the tropical seas I thank God for the Prince of peace, and feel the mighty assurance that he soon shall reign in the heathen lands that I have lately visited, and in the dear India now so near to us.

Next morning we came to the Pilot brig "Sarsute ;" our good-natured pilot came aboard, and on we went to the mouth of the Hooghly, accompanied by a cloud of sea-gulls with their plaintive cry. To our right lay Gunga Saugor Island, flat and sandy, with the jungle in the distance. Immense white pelicans stalked about the shore near the water ; a high stockade surrounded the light-house and the bungalows, to protect the inhabitants from tigers, which are very abundant here. From the top of a flag-staff bunting was flying in honor of Christmas. We anchored here until morning : for the shifting sands of the river make it very dangerous, and we must needs wait for daylight to wind our way to the "city of palaces."

In the meantime the steward had not forgotten that it was Christmas, and an elaborate dinner did honor to the occasion. After many delicious courses a great three-storied fruit-cake—a sort of "Tower of Babel" was brought on. It was covered with frosting, and decorated with the union jack, four flags of the ship's company, and several strings of bunting—all upon a small scale. I begged leave to add a tiny American flag of silk, so small that I carried it in my pocket-book, which my little girl had given me on leaving home. This, to my mind, completed the decoration. Being requested by the passengers to express to the captain our appreciation of

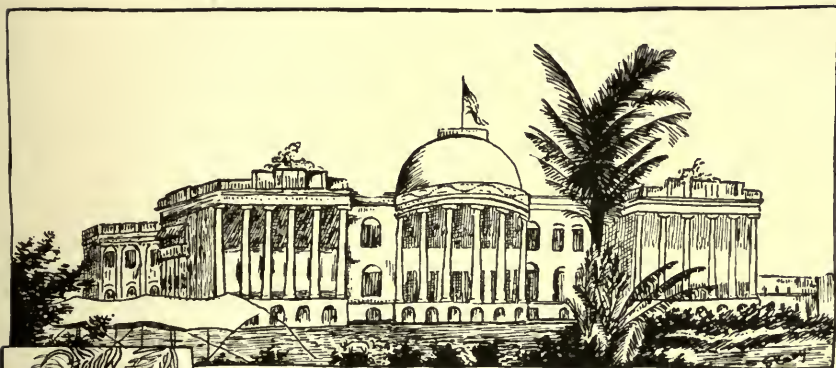
his courtesy and faithfulness, I did so very heartily, after which we sampled the "Tower of Babel," which was not a confusion of tongues, but of delicacies. Among the hospitalities of the board were wines and liquors furnished by our host, but I am glad to say that not one American at the table partook of them ; and I think they were thought none the less of on that account.

The day did not pass without many thoughts of those at home, and of Him whose wonderful sacrifice had made it one of peace to thousands of hearts. I fell asleep at length, amid the jolly songs of officers and men in the port-alley, toward the prow, and the cheerful chirping of the crickets at my door.

December 26 we weighed anchor and resumed our course toward Calcutta. The river is winding and muddy ; and we must twist in and out to avoid sand-bars, sometimes hugging one shore and then the other. Meanwhile, all seems nearly as familiar to us as though we had been here before ; palm-trees, the jungle, the straw-thatched, mud-walled huts, the naked people— all these features of India have been faithfully depicted to us. Now we stop at Garden Reach for the tide to turn, now pass some Arab dhows, now meet a ship loaded with camels ; here are the Botanical Gardens, there the palace built for the mutinous king of Oudh ; and at length, after a "searching" investigation by the custom-house officer, we are at our moorings— Calcutta at last.

CHAPTER XI.

CALCUTTA.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA.



CALCUTTA, the capital of the great empire of India, —presented to us many features of interest. It is called the palace city, yet, while it has many beautiful buildings, I do not think that it equals Bombay in this respect. Doubtless it is called the palace city because the government house is there ; or perhaps it received its name before the other cities were as palatial as now.

The government house, which is really a palace, is situated on the north side of the esplanade, in the midst of six or eight acres of beautiful grounds. The Town-hall, the Legislative Council-chamber, the High Court, the Small-cause court, the Treasury, the Currency Office, the Telegraph Office, the General post-office, the Custom-house, hospitals,—all these, with school, college, and university buildings, and the Dalhousie Insti-

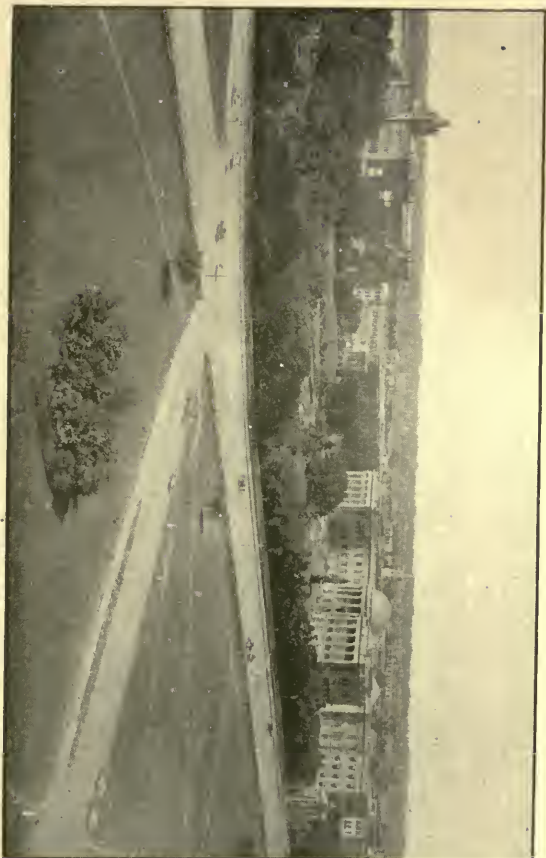
tute, present a scene quite European. Add to this the government officials and the rich merchants, with their families, which are met under various circumstances, and some might perhaps naturally ask, What is the need of sending missionaries to India? But one need only get a look from the old Lal Bazaar Chapel, where Carey and Judson have stood, and watch the scenes about it; visit the bustis, or native villages, all about between the streets, where the common people are crowded together in straw or mud huts, and filth abounds; and then think of the regions beyond, where, in city and jungle, idolatry reigns with its degradation, to feel the need of missionaries.

We went to the Lal Bazaar Coffee-rooms, under the direction of the Methodist Mission, and superintended by Mr. George Henderson, a young man remarkably well-fitted for this position. Here we met Mr. Conklin, the manager of the *Indian Witness*, who, with his good wife, has charge of the domestic affairs of this home. They were all very kind to us. Mr. Benjamin Aitkin, an Anglo-Indian who has traveled in America and the East, and is at present editor of a Calcutta paper or magazine, makes his home here; and we found in him a man well qualified to tell us much about the condition of India from the several standpoints of nature, government, and religion.

Good Bishop Thoburn, learning that we were at the coffee-rooms, insisted that I should make his home mine while in Calcutta. This was indeed pleasant and profitable, for the bishop was able to give much valuable information concerning the history and outlook of this great mission field. No one can be with this man without perceiving that he is possessed of deep spiritual life as well as large executive ability.

IN AND ABOUT CALCUTTA.

Kali-Ghat (the landing-place of Kali the goddess), is the name from which Calcutta is derived. Here, upon a branch of the sacred Ganges, are some of the most noted temples in India. They are old, and fast falling into ruin; but the people flock there to worship the black goddess, and to bathe in the river. This goddess Kali has eyes of diamonds, and a necklace of human bones. She is called the blood-thirsty goddess, and is represented as standing upon her husband, with her tongue protruding.



CALCUTTA.

Like almost every other traveler to Calcutta, I visited the temple of Kali-Ghat. Though early in the morning, already a crowd of women and children—pilgrims—were waiting for the dingy, dilapidated temple to open. Some of them looked very weary, but many, huddled into groups, were chanting their hymns. Close by, in a court, the sacrifices are offered, and the pools of blood about the yoke into which the neck is thrust, and from which the head is severed by a single blow, showed that sacrifices had recently



BURNING GHAT.

been slain. Here for the first time I beheld that most revolting emblem of Siva, decorated with wreaths of marigold. No wonder the people are licentious and corrupt when such a shrine is their favorite. Down in the muddy current of the river, men and women bathe, wash their sacred strings, drink the water, and throw out upon its surface garlands of flowers; and as they come out, they say, "free from sin!" Sitting in the middle of the streets, here and there, are "holy men," rubbing their bodies with ashes.

A short distance down the river stands a small temple of Siva, and in the court is a place where the dead are burned. Durga is said to be Siva's first wife; Kali, his second; Ganges, his third. This, you see, is a most sacred place in the Siva mythology; but to us this introduction to Hinduism was most revolting. God help its deluded votaries!

Dr. Penticost's meetings, in progress in Calcutta at that time, were largely attended. His address on Christianity in the city-hall before mem-

bers of the Indian Congress was very strong, and was listened to with marked attention by Indians, Eurasians, English, and Americans. Hon. W. S. Caine, M. P., presided, and Mr. Stebbins conducted the singing. This work must certainly have an influence on the natives who listened. Those who attended were largely the educated baboos.

The Doremus work here, as in Japan, has sent its roots deep into the native soil, and spreads out a grateful shelter over its refugees, of which



PALM AVENUE, BOTANICAL GARDEN.

there is a goodly number. Miss Hook, Miss Gardiner, Miss Easton, and Miss Dr. Earnest are all keenly alive to their work.

In Dhurrumtollah we heard Bishop Thoburn preach a searching sermon to natives, Eurasians, and foreigners. This church is the place where much of the bishop's Calcutta work has been accomplished; and it is a place where God has often met the people.

We felt richly repaid by a visit to the Botanical Gardens of Calcutta. Among the beautiful shrubs, ponds of water, tropical plants, and trees, our attention was especially drawn to a long avenue, with a row of stately palms upon each side, all about the same height and size. At the end of the avenue a fountain threw up its sparkling spray. The great banyan-

tree — the largest in the world — was equally attractive. It is one hundred years old; the circumference of the trunk is forty-two feet, and that of the crown eight hundred and fifty feet. It had two hundred and thirty-two aerial roots in October, 1886, and has now many more, as it is continually throwing its branches down into the earth.

Going with Mr. Conkling on board the ships in the river to invite officers and crews to attend divine service, we found two ships from the old "Pine-



THE GREAT BANYAN-TREE.

tree State," — the "I. L. Skolfield" and the "Governor Robie." Captain George Skolfield, of Brunswick, commanded the former; and Captain Nichols, of Searsport, the latter. Their families were aboard, and we enjoyed a *bara-haziri*¹ with the Skolfield family, having real "Boston brown bread" and New England "doughnuts," along with pleasant reminiscences of home. The ship service on Sunday, conducted by Mr. Sandford, was profitable. We were permitted to speak several times at the Seamen's Mission, and know that at least one soul was convicted of his sins in consequence.

The time had now come for us to start on our tour among our mission stations in Bengal and Orissa. Rev. M. C. Miner of Midnapore, had

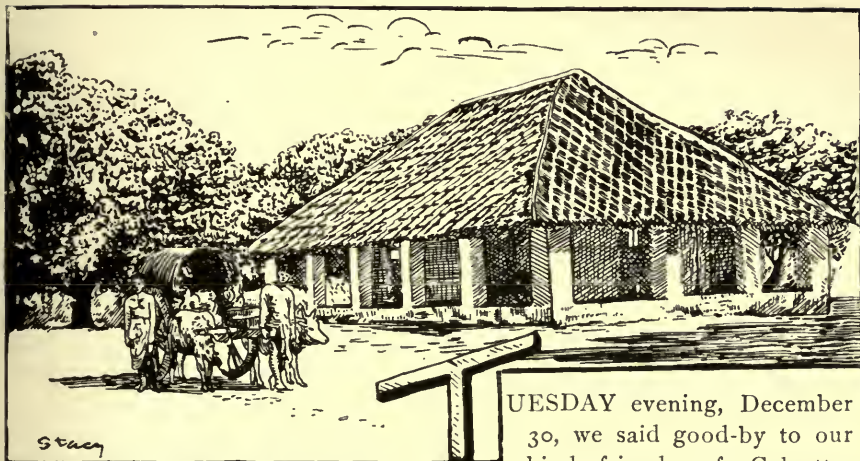
¹ Big breakfast.

helped us arrange our plans so that we could go through the field, visit all the principal stations, and end up with the yearly meeting at Midnapore, where we would meet most of the missionaries and native workers from the entire field. This meeting had been put off in order that we might be in attendance.

We decided to go first to Chandbali, the most distant station, and work our way back through the field to Midnapore; thence to Calcutta, where we would take the train to cross the continent. It is two hundred miles from Calcutta to Chandbali by water, and we took passage on the "Sea Gull," a craft well adapted to shallow water and pilgrims, while a limited number of "globe-trotters" could be quite comfortably entertained. However, we had no fault to find.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FREE BAPTIST MISSION FIELD.



DAK BUNGALOW, MARKUNDA.

UESDAY evening, December 30, we said good-by to our kind friends of Calcutta, brother Miner and his faith-

ful khansuma (caterer, or cook) — who, by the way, was his first convert in India — and came on board the “Sea Gull,” to make ready for an early morning start down the Hooghly. That I was really so near to the mission field for which I had labored and prayed so many years; and that I was to visit the field, and see the missionaries at their work, and the converts that had been made, and perhaps preach to the people myself — all this I could hardly realize.

On this voyage from Calcutta to Chandbali, my mind was naturally led to recall the inception and progress of our work in the field which I was about

to visit. The mission in Bengal and Orissa was formerly in the hands of the General Baptists of England. On April 13, 1832, there appeared in the *Morning Star*, a letter written by Rev. Amos Sutton, D. D., a missionary of the English General Baptists. It was written at Puri, and set forth the terrible practices connected with the worship of Jagurnath, and appealed to the Free Baptists of America to come over and help them. This came about, under the hand of God, through Mr. Sutton's second wife, who was the widow of an American Baptist missionary, Rev. James Colman, who had died in Burmah. She informed Mr. Sutton that the American Free Baptists were like the English General Baptists, and induced him to write this letter; but, as she could not remember where the *Morning Star*—the leading paper of the Free Baptist denomination—was published, it was laid aside for months. After a while a copy of this paper reached them wrapped around a package sent from England.

This letter needed but to be published to find a response; and in the autumn of 1832 it was decided by the Free Baptists to organize a Foreign Mission Society, which was done at North Parsonfield, Maine. An act of incorporation was obtained from the Maine Legislature, and approved Jan. 29, 1833. Soon after this Dr. Sutton came to America, and not only did much that interested the Free Baptists in his mission, but induced the Baptists to begin their mission to the Telugus. He took back with him Mr. Day, their first missionary to that field, and the Reverends Eli Noyes and Jeremiah Phillips, with their wives, of the Free Baptist Church, to his own field.

It was the expectation of the Free Baptists to coöperate with the General Baptists, but in 1838 the missionaries having charge of the Balasore district turned it over to the Free Baptists, and went back to England. In 1844 the Midnapore district was also transferred, leaving the Free Baptists responsible for a territory containing seven thousand square miles, having for its southeastern boundary the mouth of the Hooghly and the Bay of Bengal, and a population of over three and a half million. For nearly six decades this church has carried on work in this field, and the good accomplished for the home church during this time cannot be estimated. Who shall say that the paper wrapped about the package sent to Dr. Sutton from England was not divinely directed?





Amid such reflections as these ; snatches of conversation with the chief engineer,—a miracle of grace, converted through Bishop Thoburn's preaching, whom we had met before at the Bishop's,—and the chanting of hymns by the Puri pilgrims on the lower deck, we sailed across the head of the Bay of Bengal. The poor pilgrims were a superstitious lot. Night and day some held one arm, others both arms, above their heads,—a vow-keeping pledge,—the position never to be changed until the vow was accomplished. In some cases the fingers are kept pressed into the hands until the nails grow deep into the flesh. All this as an attempt to get free from the guilt of sin ! Alas !

“Do bam ek Hat !” “Do bam ek Belāsh” ! “Do-o ba-a-m ek Belā-ā-ā-sh !” These were the exclamations uttered by the native throwing the lead, as we approached the mouth of the Dhumrah River. The sun having some time before this wrapped himself in his mantle of purple and gold, the stars had tried in vain to light our way. The strange language of the native was incomprehensible to us ; but it was followed by still stranger language from the captain, as he rushed to the wheel in night-robe and slippers ; but this we had no difficulty in understanding. The Indian sounder had said : “Two fathoms one hand ! Two fathoms one-half hand !” What the captain said would not add to the character of this book.

We were in a shoal place, a little out of the track, and must wait for the tide to come in. It looked as if we should not reach Chandbali until considerably after midnight, perhaps not until near morning ; and concluding that I was better off asleep than watching Hindu pilgrims, or trying to trace the constellations bending low from the Indian sky, I “turned in” and slept soundly ; after being assured that the green lizards, which slipped so noiselessly about my little room spearing flies, would not spear me.

CHANDBALI.

How we got up the river I do not know ; but I was awakened by the rattle of chains, the heavy stroke of feet as some one jumped aboard, and a voice which I had not heard since, more than three years before, when in Boston harbor, the “Pavonia” swung out into the stream, and we tried to sing, “God Be with You till We Meet Again.” It was Mr. Brown. The

meeting was as full of joy, as the parting had been of triumphant tears; but I decided to stay aboard until daybreak, though Mr. Brown and Mr. Sandford went ashore to the mission house.

I received a hearty welcome on going ashore in the morning. The native Christians were full of joy to meet us. Ram Jena, the native pastor, came and took our hands between his, and, with the tears coursing down his cheeks, he said, "We heard of you, but we did not see you with our eyes; now you come, and we are glad." In other places, but especially here, we had to answer many questions about Mr. Coldren, who was in charge of this station, but whom I had seen last in America, where he was taking a furlough.

The time passed at Chandbali was all too brief. We attended preaching in the bazaar and in the market, also the exhibition given by two hundred and fifty school children, attended by their fourteen teachers. Probably four hundred people were present to witness this occasion. The children



SCHOOLS AT CHANDBALI MISSION HOUSE.

repeated Scripture and sang; Ram Jena offered prayer, and made an address. He spoke of Christmas and New Years, and their significance. He reminded them that it was God's mercy that had kept them; that he

also had given them rain and rice, and that he desired their love. The annual report was read, and the prizes distributed. The establishment of this station is comparatively recent; the section is low and jungly, the villages about being reached for the most part by boats. Those present at the school exhibition were very intelligent in appearance, and gracious in manners.

The conversion of Ram Jena, the native pastor, was quite remarkable. He was fitting himself to become a "holy man" professionally; but

while hearing Dr. J. L. Phillips preach in the bazaar, he was converted almost instantaneously. This conversion proved to be thorough, for he is a true man of God, as his work shows.

We took dinner with him in the native fashion. It was not without its aches, although hardly anything could be more novel. Dinner ready, we crossed our legs, and settled down on them upon a thin straw matting under the stoop of the mud-walled, straw-thatched hut. We sat on our legs an hour, and ate our food from our fingers. No women enlivened our company; according to the customs of the country they served inside, while our host, with two assistants, brought our food. Our plates were five or six leaves fastened together with sticks. Upon one side of these leaves was placed a pinch of rather coarse salt; then hot boiled rice was heaped in the middle of them with the hands of our host; into the middle of this was poured warm dhal (stewed split peas); curried mutton was placed near this, and then egg-plant. All this was mixed up with the fingers. Then came the process of getting it into the mouth without spoons or knives and forks. We managed it somehow, for our rice *et cetera* disappeared, and we probably ate what



PASTOR RAM JENA AND FAMILY.

was not found lodged on the straw matting and in our clothing. A glass of milk was given to each of us, and then came the *mitha* which is the confectionery of India. The natives seem to relish it as well as an American would the choicest bon bons. It is made of rice, flour, sugar, and ghee, or clarified butter. Perhaps I should like it if I remained in India long enough; but since that New-Year's dinner I have begged to be excused



MR. AND MRS. COLDREN.

from *mitha*. Dinner over, our host brought a lotah of water, which he poured upon our hands over another dish, and we dried them upon a few yards of cotton cloth, which was passed around. An hour was then passed devotionally. We sang gospel songs in English and in Oriya, and earnest prayer went up to God from nearly all present. It was a great privilege to eat and worship with these people saved from the superstitions and idolatry of heathenism, and we thanked God for it; notwithstanding the fact that our legs were

very stiff when we tried to stand, and the shrieks of the jackals in the jungle drowned some of our songs.

Mr. and Mrs. Hallam¹ had just returned to the field, and were to take up the work at Chandbali until Mr. Coldren's return. Their former experience in the field had admirably fitted them for this position. The mission-house here, which had been only recently constructed, we found to be one of the best in this territory.

Our journey from Chandbali to Bhudruck, thirty-three miles, was made on ponies and in bullock-carts. I learned in India what it means for one to take up his bed and walk. In India everybody carries his own bed with him, and you may judge of our surprise to learn, that our first investment must be in a bed. Travelers through the country, except on railroads, must also take along food, water, and a cook, or go hungry. We

¹Mr. Coldren having since returned, Mr. Hallam has begun a new work at Contai.

were compelled to have a private retinue which, while it was not as large as the Queen of Sheba's, was sufficient to attend to our needs; so we managed to provide for ourselves going from one station to another. Sometimes it numbered sixteen, sometimes ten, and sometimes only five.

Early in the morning of the day we were to leave Chandbali, we had our *chotá-haziri* (little breakfast), looked to God for his guidance, and were then ready to try our balky ponies. As we waited a few moments, I seemed to see Ram

Jena as God saw him. He was bare-headed and bare-footed; a shawl thrown over his shoulders partly concealed the cloth about his limbs; his staff was in his hand; while the Holy Spirit lighted up his face, —an Oriental face indeed, but suggesting to one, more of how the good Shepherd might have looked, than any

picture of him that I ever saw. It was a face I shall not soon forget.

We left Chandbali at about seven in the morning, and traveled the first eleven miles, over one of the roughest roads imaginable, in three hours. Here we had breakfast and rested through the heat of the day; then went out to a little temple, where a number of men and boys gathered about us. Mr. Brown preached to them while Mr. Sandford and myself threw ourselves upon the grass to rest, and to pray God to bring the message home to their hearts. I believe he did; for we had not been back in our bungalow long before they came again to us, and asked for more of the preaching, and for tracts, saying that they had never heard of these



FUEL CARRIERS.

things before. Can you imagine how one's heart is thrilled when he goes from those turning in indifference from the gospel and its blessings, to those eager to hear it? If so, you can judge how I felt that day. May some one hear the cry of these souls, and carry God's message to them.

We started for the next bungalow at half past three in the afternoon, and reached it just after sunset. Here we found three bullock-carts which Mr. Ager had sent to take us to Bhudruck. I cannot tell you how delightful (?) the last part of our journey was; but perhaps you can imagine when I say that the road was like a country road in New England, punched up by travel after a heavy rain and then frozen; that the bullock-cart has no springs, and that the bottom is of bamboo poles. However, my ride of three and a half hours in this vehicle was one of my pleasantest experiences in India, not because it was easy, but because it required me to lose myself more completely in God. It was one of the "all things" that came under the head of my first resolution.

BHUDRUCK.

At Bhudruck, Mr. and Mrs. Ager gave us a hearty greeting. The acquisition of these missionaries is very fortunate. They understand the language and the people; besides, they are thoroughly devoted to the work. Mr. Rae, the pastor of the little church here, was away when we first arrived, but returned upon the night of that day. He interpreted for us so freely that it almost seemed as though we were talking to the natives

ourselves. On Saturday we went to the market with the preachers, and attended the covenant meeting of the church. It was a pleasure to attend our first covenant meeting in 1891 with this little band of Christians. Sunday



MISSION CHURCH, BALASORE.

Mr. Rae received one into the church, and one requested prayers. In the morning Mr. Sandford and myself administered the Lord's Supper, and in



MISSION HOUSE, BALASORE.

the afternoon and evening, we preached, Mr. Rae interpreting; we also spoke in the bazaar. The day was of special interest to all of us.

When we left this place, the native workers and Mr. Rae came out a short distance with us. Mr. and Mrs. Ager came down to the river, where the natives took us across on their shoulders. My heart and eyes were full as our friends turned back through the sand. As I looked at this little woman, refined and cultured, over thirty miles away from any white woman, with no society and few home comforts, yet full of cheerfulness and faith, I got a glimpse of the heroism of missions.

The work at Bhudruck seemed to have an inspiring air about it. The people, unlike those who have heard the gospel again and again and failed to heed it, manifested an interest in the message. The market preaching drew a good audience, and was characterized by considerable discussion; the native workers were very zealous. A bungalow to live in is greatly needed here; for it is rather difficult for Mr. and Mrs. Ager to do their work, eat, entertain callers, and hold religious services in one room. I am

convinced that when a new station is opened, the work should be pushed vigorously at this place. A better time for progressive work will probably never come to it. So I say, give Bhudruck and Chandbali every possible chance without delay.

Monday morning we again took up our bed and moved on. Mr. Guise, an English inspector of police, very kindly loaned us his tom-tom, for the first eleven miles. Mr. Brown rode his own horse. After this stage we were drawn over the road by coolies for eleven miles. It took about



BOYS' HIGH-SCHOOL BUILDING.

twenty of them to get us along, and we really had to work our passage—for they were a most lazy set. At dusk we reached our bungalow, twenty-two miles from Bhudruck, and just half way to Balasore. To be sure a dak bungalow is not an elegant place, but it is comfortable and quite indispensable to the traveler in India. It usually has two bed-rooms, two bath-rooms, two tables, and two bedsteads, a place for cooking, and a chokidar¹ who dusts, now and then, opens the venetians, frightens away the cobras by day, and the jackals, bats, and thieves by night. The bungalow at Soro was welcome that night. Our khansuma had arrived before us,

¹ One who looks after the bungalow and grounds, one of his chief duties being to drive the thieves away. It is a strange fact that he is himself of the thief caste, thus fulfilling the proverb, "It takes a thief to catch a thief."

and dinner was in preparation. We were quite ready for it, and for rest too; and, dinner over, we were soon asleep, although the flying foxes had found a favorite spot on the thatch of our bungalow. Why not? We had passed great flocks of vultures, herds of ugly-looking buffalo, with their heads thrown back upon their shoulders, great monkeys, jackals, and beautiful antelopes; surely there was nothing in the scratching and squealing of a few flying foxes to disturb us—*after our venetians were fastened*. Next morning the khansuma came in at half past three, saying, "Sahib, the time is already past." How could he know when he had no time-piece? Why should he wake us when we were so sleepy? Just because he was told to, and he was faithful. But it was trying. We were not only sleepy, but sore and stiff from our journey from Chandbali to Bhudruck; however, we wanted to be in Balasore before noon. Dr. Nellie Phillips's



MISSION HOUSE, BALASORE.

bullocks and gharry had arrived to take us to the next bungalow, where we would find Mrs. Smith's sent out to take us in. So we took our chotáhaziri in haste, knelt in prayer together, and said good-by to Soro.

How bright the sky was that morning! And yet the Southern Cross never seemed more beautiful, in all the times that I saw it; the morning star shone with a definiteness and brilliancy described on the Christmas cards; and when we wrapped our blankets about ourselves, and huddled into the gharry, we wished that we could sit out beneath the open sky until the stars faded. All along the road, in this early morning-time, we saw pilgrims going to and from Puri, some of whom had doubtless traveled many hundreds of miles. I could but contrast the devotion of these people, who go so far to worship an idol, with that of many Americans

who will not go half a mile to worship Christ, if it is a little hot, or rainy, or cold.

We reached the bungalow soon after seven in the morning, where we found Mrs. Smith's bullocks waiting to take us in, and also a breakfast



SINCLAIR GIRLS' ORPHANAGE.

of bread and butter, coffee, eggs, and water, which her forethought had provided for us. Our stay was short here, as we wanted to reach our destination before it was very hot, if possible. When within a few miles of Balasore, we saw the stars and stripes floating from the church-tower, and very soon the union jack beside

it. They were raised in honor of our coming, and remained there during nearly our entire stay. We received a cordial welcome from Mrs. Griffin and the children, and from the rest of the missionaries. Mrs. Griffin, being quite out of health, was getting ready to go to the hills for a few months of necessary change. Mr. Griffin returned in the afternoon from several days' work at Jellasore and Santipore, bringing with him Miss Coombs, who was to take Mrs. Griffin's work during her absence. Mr. Boyer, absent at Cuttack on mission business, returned that night.

At meal-times all the missionaries were frequently together, and upon these occasions we had delightful seasons of prayer. On Tuesday evening we were all greatly blessed in a prayer and conference meeting, at Mr. Boyer's. On Thursday evening we spoke to the people in the church through Mr. Boyer, who also interpreted for us, to several of the schools which we visited.

Wednesday evening we were accorded a grand reception at the church, gotten up entirely by the native Christians. On either side of the walk

from the street to the church was a line of burning tapers ; tapers also illuminated the front of the church ; over the gateway was the word "Welcome" in illumination. Here a committee met us and ushered us into the church, already quite full of people arranged after the Oriental style, sitting on their legs. Mr. Griffin presided over the meeting. There was prayer ; an address of welcome in Oriya, and the same in English ; four original hymns in Oriya composed for the occasion ; a presentation of an Oriya Testament and hymn-book in a silk wrapper, made by girls in Sinclair orphanage ; and a presentation speech, to which I endeavored to respond, Mr. Boyer interpreting. Their words of praise were far beyond anything that I was worthy of, from what I had done for the mission, but I could not blame them for being glad, as they said, that they were permitted to see the secretary of the society, this being the first time, although the society had been organized for over fifty years. I was pleased to see a manifest appreciation of the work which had been done in this field ; and where could this expression be more appropriately made than at Balasore, in the oldest church of the mission ?

Following is the address which was delivered in Oriya and English, at the Balasore reception.

*"To the Rev. T. H. Stacy,
Secretary American
Mission Board:—*

"SIR: We, the members of the Free Baptist Church at Balasore, on behalf of the Christian

Community, here beg leave to offer a very sincere and hearty welcome to you on the occasion of your kind visit to this country of ours. It is needless for us to enlarge upon the conspicuous and valuable services you have so willingly rendered to this mission for a long time ; but it would be sheer ingratitude on our part if we should fail to mention here the inestimable benefits we have derived from the mission during your incumbency



GIRLS AND TEACHERS — ORPHANAGE.

as secretary of the Mission Board, which has been so carefully managed, and so liberally inaugurated.

"Nor should we omit to mention here the great boon conferred upon this country by the opening up of different institutions, such as schools, hospitals, and the sending out of medical missionaries, inaugurating zenana teaching, etc.,—measures which have attracted the serious attention of all Christendom for the last half century.

"In this connection, we beg respectfully to express a hope that now, as some of our worthy promoters have been called away from the field so widely spread, you will soon direct your best attention to filling the vacancies.

"More than fifty years have elapsed since this church was first established, but she had not even once the good fortune to see her own secretary, and therefore this occasion is one of singular joy to us.

"We fervently pray that our Almighty Father will safely take you back to your motherland, and grant you long life, health, and vigor to successfully discharge the honorable and responsible duties of the exalted office you have been so ably filling; and the grace of our Saviour Jesus Christ and the peace of the Holy Ghost be with you.

"We beg to remain, Sir,

"Your most obedient servants,

"JOSEPH FULLONTON,

"SAUL NAYAK,

"MANUB J. JACHECK,

"NATHAN BEHARA,

"CHARLES SINGH,

"BHUBAN MOHAN ROUL,

"LUCKAN CHARAN PANDA,

"NATHAN JACHECK."

*In behalf of the Christian
Community Balasore."*

It was difficult for me to respond to those expressions, because of the honors heaped upon me, and because my heart was deeply moved by the manifest appreciation of these native Christians. However I did the best I could.

The Balasore church is the oldest in our mission, and we were indeed glad to note its strength and self-reliance. Joseph Fullonton, the pastor, is a recognized leader among the people. We have seen no greater interest and enterprise manifested at any mission station than at this one, which is without doubt largely due to those who have had charge of its work; for I find that what the pastor is to the home church, the missionary is to the station. The church building here is the best in this field.

At eight o'clock every morning an industrial school meets with Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, where the pupils are taught various kinds of handiwork. We

found them busy as bees, some with sewing, and others with carpenters' tools. We found ninety-four pupils and four teachers in the Christian village school. At the Russell Memorial school we met forty-eight pupils and two teachers. Here were found the little ones sitting on a bit of straw matting, with clumsy pieces of chalk, marking their lessons on the mud floor, by the faint light that came in through the square holes, made for windows, in the mud walls.



PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES, HYMNS, AND ORIYA BOOKS.

Mrs. Boyer conducted us to one of her schools, composed of very low-caste children. Among them we saw many bright faces; and who knows but in that mud schoolhouse there were some whom God will use for the spiritual good of India? In another building eighty-five pupils were gathered in two rooms, many of them very bright. They sang to us, and repeated the catechism. Mr. Boyer told us that there is about as much difference between Christian and heathen children as between human beings and brutes. In each place we were glad to speak to the school, and found as much interest in our presence as children at home would manifest in visitors.

Sinclair Orphanage is a very pleasant place. The house and grounds are admirably adapted to their use. Mrs. Smith superintends this work with remarkable skill, and keeps the place in perfect order.

Mother Phillips looked very fair for a woman of so many years; it was a privilege indeed to sit beside her while, in her cheerful manner, she related to us some of her experiences in the mission during her fifty years' service. Dr. Nellie M. Phillips is very busy with her medical work.



HINDU TEMPLE AND TANK, BALASORE.

ers in mission schools should be Christian. The change is very desirable, but there is at present a lack of a sufficient number of Christian teachers qualified for this work.

The contemplated boys' school for Christians at Balasore is a necessity;¹ for it is unpardonable to place boys with Christian training and tendencies under the instruction of those who shame and deceive their faith out of them in government schools. Mr. Boyer was very fortunate in securing a suitable building for this school at a low figure. The house is well located, on rising ground, with a large compound, all of which was secured for five thousand five hundred rupees. The owner was offered six thousand rupees the next day after it fell into the hands of the mission. It will probably require two thousand rupees to put it into proper condi-

It is very evident that all mission schools should have Christian teachers. Heathen teachers do not carry out the spirit of missions. It was in accordance with this that a resolution was passed at the Yearly Meeting in Midnapore, providing that after two years and three months, all the teach-

¹ This school has since been established, with Rev. Geo. H. Hamlin, as principal.

tion, but it will then accommodate the school, with the principal and his family.

JELLASORE.

Friday morning we set out for Jellasure, twenty-eight miles away. Here again our friend of the government service, Mr. Guise, came to our assistance, lending us a team for the first stage of ten miles. First there was a wide, shallow river to ford; then, after stretches of level coun-



MISSION HOUSE, JELLASURE.

try, we sat under a banyan-tree and ate the lunch provided by Mrs. Boyer and Miss Hooper, our New Brunswick sisters.

Two miles from Jellasure we reached a river just after sunset. We were ferried across on a rude transport, impelled by a bamboo pole in the hands of a muscular native; but it took a large company to see us over, land our horses, take us upon their brawny shoulders, place our feet on *terra firma*, and collect backshish. Toiling through the sand beside our empty gharries — behind us is the river; on the farther bank the low huts of the village cropping out of the jungle; and over all, the redness of a

crimson afterglow. Before us stretches a wide reach of sand; then the outline of straw-thatched huts, dim in the gloaming, guarded by sentinel palms, in the midst of plantains and tangled shrubbery. Through the village we passed and amid the deepening shadows reached the mission compound at Jellasure (now called Mohammednagar) too tired to do any more than bow in prayer with the humble worshipers who had gathered at the bungalow for public devotions and then retire.

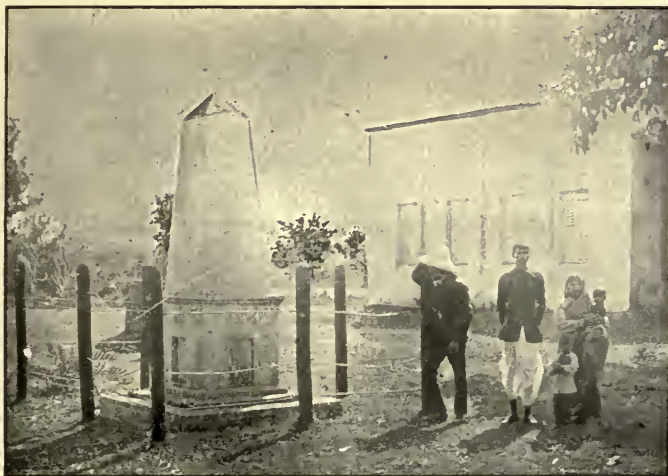
On Saturday morning we arose to the enjoyment of some rich experiences, the first of which was a meeting of the native Christians in the church, where we had the pleasure of speaking to them. We then went over the ground where "the saints have trod," some still living and others gone to their reward, with the feeling in our hearts that it was sacred ground indeed. Dr. Harry Bachelier, who was stationed here, had just finished his work; the news of his death had reached us at Calcutta, and greatly saddened us, and through our visit to all this field this sadness remained with us. We knew that it was well with this faithful Christian man, but we were disappointed at not seeing one to whom we had become personally attached through our relations in mission work. Here at Jellasure was his last earthly home; the family had gone to Midnapore, but there were things about the bungalow which reminded us of him.

Then came the thought of that noble woman who for thirty years labored faithfully in Orissa, for the most part with the children; and going out of the back door, down some steps, and along a short, winding path, we came to Lavina Crawford's Orphanage. The building is somewhat dilapidated, but yet in use, and seems to speak of the noble spirit that still lives on, even as the spirit of the Master lives in those who have touched the hem of his garment. Just beyond the little church, and near a bamboo hedge, we found a monument surrounded by an iron railing. Upon one side is the inscription:—

"To the memory of Lavina Crawford. Born 29th Dec. 1819. Died 16th April 1882. Missionary in Orissa thirty years.

" "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

During the day we were called to pray with a native Christian, sick with fever. Poor man, how wretched was his condition! A bit of matting on the mud floor of his humble verandah was all the bed he had; and the sun was his fire; but when I pointed him to the Great Physician, he said he would trust him for healing. The devotion of the native Christians here seemed very marked. They have been deprived of a missionary a good deal for the past few years because the location has become



MONUMENT FOR LAVINA CRAWFORD; MISSION CHURCH, REV. F. W. BROWN;
PASTOR, PAUL NAYAK AND FAMILY.

unhealthful; but, like Paul, they are ready to say: "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair, for our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." The Holy Spirit was especially manifest in the church meeting. Paul Nayak, the pastor, impressed us as being a man of tact, discretion, and deep piety.

Mr. Brown now takes charge of the work here and at Santipore, and

we may reasonably expect grand results at these two stations in the near future.¹ Great pains should be taken to make this, our central station, one of the strongest in the field. The property is valuable, and it is the connecting link between Midnapore, Santipore, and Balasore.

Shem, a native Christian, who had walked to Balasore and back, a distance of fifty-six miles, to see us, provided much of our food while we were at Jellasure. One evening, after the usual prayer-meeting, he and a large number of men and women waited to converse. They talked of Christ and Christianity, and of the people in America who had sent them the gospel, to whom they sent their *namaskars*,² and from whom they requested continual prayers; and then, so different from what is frequently done by callers in this country, they said: "We know that you are tired, and need rest; if you will pray with us, we will go." Who could not pray under such circumstances? So there we knelt, black and white, and in Oriya and in English talked with our common Father, who understood both, and answered; for we went to our rest with messages from him.

It was our plan to go to Santipore Saturday afternoon, for we made a point of not traveling on Sunday when we could reasonably avoid it. But our *palki-wallahs*³ did not come until it was too late to start, so we had to go on Sunday morning. We started early, both to avoid the sun and to be in season for church services. But, alas! We must leave American customs behind us when we go to India. Nobody hurries there, and even though you take plenty of time, you are liable to meet with hindrances at any place. Before our journey of seven miles was hardly begun, we came to a river crossed only by a ferry; and the rickety boat was on the other shore, and no ferry-man in sight. Our syce⁴ mounted a hill, screamed "*Ha nokah-wallah, jeldie, jeldie*," flinging his arms wildly, and we joined him, fearing it was a hopeless case; but at length we thought we saw a form moving among the plantains on the opposite side. Did it move? We watched, and finally concluded that it did move; it came down to the shore very slowly, although we all shouted "*jeldie, challau, challau*," which would be sufficient in America to make a man "hurry up." The expectation of moving on soon vanished as the man took a tin oil-can and

¹ Mr. Brown has recently returned to America.

³ Palanquin-bearers.

² Salutation of Peace.

⁴ Groom.

began to bail out the water. After this, another form seemed to move toward us from the plantains, bearing the bamboo pole which we knew must push us across. At length they mounted the majestic craft, and the machinery was set in motion. Behold —

“She starts, she moves, she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel.”

After an hour's delay, we reached the other side, waded through the hot sand, and reached the road to Santipore. The people there call it a road, but it is not much more than a way, trodden by pack-bullocks into all kinds of crooked paths with high grass sods between them. These we went over and among as best we could, Mr. Brown and myself in a tom-tom, while Mr. Sandford was more fortunate in going horseback, reaching Santipore in time for the service and Sunday-school. We had a sense of loneliness at Santipore which we felt at no other station, but we remembered something of the sacrifice made by Jeremiah Phillips, years ago, in establishing the work here ; and perhaps he was nearer to us that Sunday than we knew.

The Santipore station is well supplied with everything but missionaries. The farm of one hundred and sixty acres which Jeremiah Phillips secured to let out to native Christians has proved to be a good investment, not from a financial standpoint especially, although it is self-sustaining ; but it is a great help to the natives, who can make a good living from it, and be together in a Christian community. I wish the same plan might be adopted in other places. The farm is kept in good condition, and is easily irrigated by water controlled by a substantial dam.

Santipore needs a good live missionary to stir up the people, and direct the work. We spoke to the people gathered in the church, who welcomed us heartily, and listened attentively. A few women seemed especially faithful ; and as is true in many home churches, in this time of lack the women have doubled their zeal. As we came away, they gathered in a little group about the church door, reminding us of those who stood last at the cross — and sent a thousand *namaskars* to the women of America, also beseeching their prayers for them.

NARAYANGHUR.

Early Monday morning we started for Midnapore, fifty miles away. Our plan was to breakfast at Dantoon, and then go on to Narayanghur, where Dr. Bacheler and Mr. Miner were camping for jungle work. Mr. Brown's horse took us to Dantoon, a distance of eleven miles, in an hour and a half where we had a *chotá-haziri* of rice and curried chicken. This was once quite a mission station ; but there has been no permanent missionary here for some time, and most of the bungalow has been taken away. Mr. Miner's team was waiting here for us ; and after our breakfast we pushed on to Narayanghur.

We expected to find our friends in their tents beyond the village : but as we came in sight of the government bungalow, we found that it was not empty. Pacing up and down the porch, and occasionally looking up the road over which we came, was one whom we had not seen since over five years before in América, except when, a little later, Dr. J. Fullonton had tried to awaken a missionary spirit in the young men by picturing in the *Morning Star* this veteran missionary standing on the prow of a ship, gazing wistfully toward India, and on his way to that country, because there was no one else to go.

He is quite vigorous, and when on the seventeenth of January, his seventy-fourth birthday, a large company gathered at his home to celebrate the event, he was as apt at "blind-man's buff" as the younger ones. However, the last five years have left their marks upon him, and some of their snows are lodged in his hair. Yet, as long as Dr. Bacheler lives, he will always be a young man.

We remained at this place until the next morning, spending the evening — after partaking of a native dinner — in gospel preaching. Sachidananda Rai, usually called Sachi, and other native Christians we found engaged also in this jungle work. Sachi is not only an excellent preacher, but a prime interpreter. Consequently, we all had a chance to speak during the evening. The work of that evening I cannot forget. As we gathered together, we heard the beating of gongs in the village, to awaken the gods ; but our God was in our midst, deeply interested in our work. The natives huddled about us, and stood in front of the tent, with their white cloths

wrapped about them, looking like specters in the moonlight. Native hymns were sung, Sachi playing on a peculiar stringed instrument; and we sang "I Will Tell the Wondrous Story." All listened attentively to the preaching. Perhaps a part of my inspiration for that evening came from the fact that I wore a cloak, once the property of Elias Hutchins,—for eighteen years the secretary of the Free Baptist Foreign Mission Society.

I found by conversing with the natives to whom we preached, that they had not yet got hold of the idea that Christianity was to change their lives and their desires, and that their power to resist evil and obey God would come from him when they trusted all to him. It seemed to them rather a profession and that this profession was what would make them different from their neighbors. I could only pray that the Holy Spirit would open their eyes. The difference remarked by Jesus between "the Holy Spirit *with* you" and "*in* you" will be to these poor creatures the same as it is elsewhere. When the Holy Spirit is *in* them, they will see.

"Sh-sh-sh-sh,"—this was the sound that greeted us in the bungalow when nearly ready for bed. "What's that?" "It may be a cobra." "Ugh, a cobra." My companion was snug in bed, with the mosquito-netting fastened down; one minute more and I would be ready; but this hissing sound seemed threatening. I took an umbrella and poked about, and concluded that it came from under the bed. "Sh-sh-sh-sh" again! I made a spring and landed on the top of the table, which was not made for anything more substantial than rice and curry, and whose joints were weakened with age. It twisted and groaned under its burden, and caused me to steady myself against the wall; but I could not stay there all night, and so got upon the floor again, to stir up the terrible hissing.

I at last came to the conclusion that the sound came from between the webbing of the santal listing that was roughly woven together over and under the frame to hold up the sleeper; but I could not prevail upon my companion to retreat, therefore, stuffing all the openings with sheets, towels, and mosquito-netting, so that what was in could not get out, I went to my own bed in the adjoining room, but not to sleep much; for in a little while our lantern went out, leaving us in total darkness. Here was a dilemma; the chokidar had long ago gone to his own quarters, and the missionaries to their tents. It would do no good to get up; besides, stumbling about

in the dark might not be very safe where lanterns are always kept burning as a protection, and where invariably pants are shaken out and boots turned upside down before dressing to rid them of the centipedes and cobras that may have tucked themselves inside during the night: and with the possibilities of a cobra in the next room. Neither was it comfortable to lie still, but I chose the latter, and after tucking the netting close about me, and reflecting upon my resolution to make the best of everything, I got a few cat-naps.

Next morning at daybreak we were on the way to Midnapore, Dr. Bachelier leading. Twenty miles of good hard road, three miles of sand, a river crossed by a ferry, two miles through the town and beyond, and we reached the bungalow which was to be our home while in Bengal. But hardly that. We were to visit the work at Bhimpore, and it seemed best for us to do this before the Yearly Meeting, appointed to begin the following Lord's day. Accordingly we went to Bhimpore the next day, Wednesday, still under the care of Mr. Brown.

BHIMPORE.

Mr. and Mrs. Stiles,¹ the missionaries at Bhimpore, seemed just the same as when they left America, with the exception that Mrs. Stiles appeared stronger. Their little one looked bright and healthy. We often thought of the Burkholders while here; but I am sure that the work was left in safe and devoted hands during their absence.

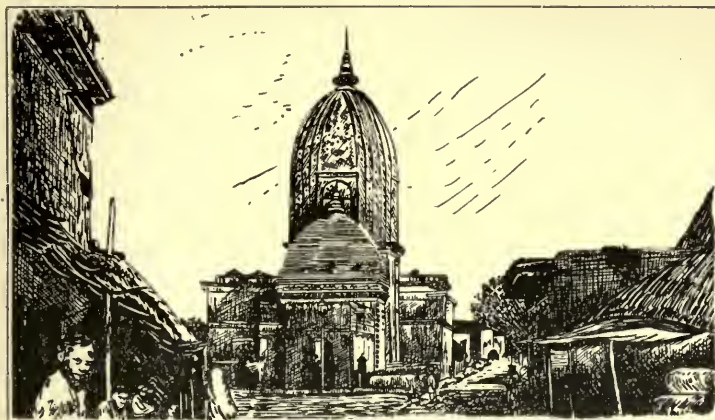
Mr. Burkholder has shown great care and wisdom in the arrangement of things at Bhimpore. The house is convenient, and large enough; about it the compound is laid out with a place for fruit and gardening, while close at hand are the industrial and educational schools, and the orphanage. Mr. and Mrs. Stiles take a great interest in the natives, who manifest much confidence in them. A good work has been going on in the church, both in point of discipline and conversions. The outside work conducted from this center has resulted in a number of conversions, and the recent organization of a new church.

¹ They have since returned to America to recuperate the health of Mrs. Stiles.

MIDNAPORE.

The city of Midnapore is situated on the north bank of the Kusi River seventy miles west of Calcutta, and has a population of about thirty-five thousand. It was first occupied by a missionary in 1844, but not permanently until 1863, when Dr. and Mrs. Bachelier settled there. Since that time it has been the central station of the Bengali work.

It is difficult for me to separate Midnapore from the Yearly Meeting which occurred while we were there, and to which the missionaries—



HINDU TEMPLE, MIDNAPORE MARKET-PLACE.

preachers, Bible-readers, and lay Christians came from all over the field. It was called a month earlier than usual, so that we might be in attendance. The reports were brought in from all the stations, business was discussed, votes passed and plans laid, in all of which God manifested his presence. We were invited to sit with the committees, and learned a good deal about the work. Face to face, we could understand each other, and were able to accomplish what we had vainly attempted in years of correspondence. The reports were encouraging, and we were led to claim still greater things for the year to come. Spiritual work was not neglected in this annual meeting; sermons, addresses, seasons of prayer and testimony, and personal consecration were "times of refreshing long to be remembered."

On the morning of January 19, the Literary Society met at Dr. Bachelor's to elect officers for the ensuing year. These were duly elected, but the Holy Ghost made us feel that literary societies, for their own sake, in India were of minor importance, if of any; and the meeting took a decidedly spiritual turn, making it the prelude to a meeting of waiting before the Lord by a few of us in our bungalow, which was prolonged after midnight. The results of that Pentecost eternity alone will reveal.

This was followed by a wonderful meeting on the following evening in the church, conducted by Mr. Boyer. During the first part of the evening a native preached, Mr. Boyer sitting beside me to interpret. The sermon over, an indifferent quiet settled down upon us. I noticed that Mr. Boyer turned very pale, and began to shake like a leaf, then, springing from his seat, he hurried to the front of the church, and with the tears streaming over his cheeks, he addressed the people in their native tongue. The Holy Spirit was upon him, and one after another the natives threw themselves upon the floor beside him, consecrating themselves to



NATIVE PREACHERS.

God, and pleading for the Holy Spirit. I do not think that there was a person present who did not feel the personal presence of God. It was a mountain top from which we saw the work and workers of India needing,

more than anything else, the power of the Holy Ghost. Whenever I think of this dear man of God, so soon after this called home, I think of him as he was that night. Precious memory! "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

The reports and most of the sermons were in the native language, but we got a good understanding of them through interpreters. The English sermons were preached by Mr. Sandford and myself; we also addressed the Sunday-school.

Midnapore has a good variety of talent, which should have a telling effect. Jacob, the pastor of the church, is a conservative and godly man. Sachidananda Rai is an evangelist who will compare favorably with evangelists in America, and ought to devote himself to this work. Samuel, head pundit in the Bible School, and the Bible-School boys help in the general work. Mrs. Bacheler's industrial school for the children of native Christians receives her daily personal attention for education and industry. Dr. Mary Bacheler is busy with her practice, and in the zenanas; Miss Butts gives her main strength to the Bible School; Dr. O. R. Bacheler has charge of this school, and the Miners help generally as they learn the language.

Bazaar preaching will not be neglected while Dr. Bacheler remains at his post. Every afternoon, just before sunset, he brought us to a tree on the school bazaar in the city, where for over thirty years the missionaries have preached Christ. We felt that we stood on sacred ground; and with devout gratitude we spoke here several times. One evening, close to us, an idol was being painted and gaudily decked for worship. In a few days it was dirty and broken. Poor deluded heathen! I thought, How I wish you knew our God who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever!



REV. SACHIDANANDA RAI.

Large crowds gathered ; some were attentive and asked questions ; others were indifferent. Sachi interpreted for us, but never before did we feel so sensibly the truth of the words, " Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of hosts." Human agencies will never convert the heathen. God alone can do that, and the work of man will be simply to trust and obey, relying upon, and led by, the simple directions of the Holy Spirit, even in the smallest matters. Bazaar preaching reaches many who might not hear the gospel without it.



BIBLE WOMEN.

A large zenana work conducted by Miss Coombs is divided among the women of the station during her absence at Balasore to care for Mrs. Griffin's work. We were fortunate in gaining admission to a zenana through the kindness of Dr. Mary Bachelier, a privilege rarely accorded to men ; however, it seemed to us a very dreary place.

The Bible school is one of the indispensables of the mission. We spent two hours in the school at the opening of the spring term, and almost coveted of the boys their knowledge of Bengali, Oriya, and Sanscrit ; but a true knowledge of Jesus Christ and his gospel is of far greater importance.

The death of Dr. Harry Bachelor had indeed saddened the entire mission, but we found Mrs. Bachelor bearing her sorrow bravely and with her usual quietness. Mr. and Mrs. Miner were living in the house which Dr. Phillips built, and which he has donated to the mission. They seemed thoroughly interested in the work, and constantly busy.

The same may be said of Dr. Mary Bachelor whose return to India was a return home, her study and experience in America having qualified her for very efficient work. "Auntie Bachelor" was not quite well, but she was never idle.

Marriages were quite in order while we were in Bengal. We witnessed a ceremony at Bhimpore performed by Mr. Stiles, assisted by the pastor of the church. Quite a large party accompanied the couple, led by singers. Santal music is very dirge-like; consequently, it does not seem to fit in at a wedding, but they sang after their fashion. The couple were quite young, and the bride had received a severe flogging a few days before at the hands of her parents because she had accepted Christianity. Both were barefooted and bareheaded, but the bride drew her body-cloth down over her face. The ceremony was after the English style, after which they signed the certificate, the bride making her mark. They received the congratulation of friends, which the bride seemed willing to prolong after a few generous ones had dropped rupees into her hand. They soon departed for their home a few rods away, the bride being borne on the hip of her oldest brother's wife, and the bridegroom on the hip of his oldest brother's wife. At the door of the home their clothing was tied together, and they sat down to breakfast. We were compelled to decline an invitation to dinner, as we returned to Midnapore that day.

Bina Hatch was married at Midnapore while we were there, but we were busy, and forgot the event until it was over. The marriage of Miss Mabel L. Griffin to George S. Henderson was the event of January 19. The church was beautifully decorated with ferns, flowers, and palms. The ceremony, which occurred at four o'clock in the afternoon, was performed by Rev. M. C. Miner and Dr. Bachelor. Mr. Henderson is the manager of the Lal Bazaar coffee-rooms, in Calcutta, and has been very successful there.

The Yearly Meeting was saddened by the death of Durga-ma, a good old native Christian woman who has charge of the orphans at Bhimpore.

She was taken suddenly ill in meeting and died in a short time. A strange contrast was presented that night at eleven o'clock, when her body was carried out to the little burying-ground, surrounded by friends, sad to part with her, but full of hope for her and for themselves. When they halted at



MR. AND MRS. HALLAM.

the hedge of the yard, another procession came up, and halted on the other side of the road. Their dead was a heathen. Professional mourners wailed and twisted their forms about the body. The same moon threw her soft light over both; but how different were the influences which these two left behind them! With what different characters did they enter that country from which no traveler returns!

Durga-ma was spoken of at the mission as one whose place it would be hard to fill. The arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Hallam during the Yearly Meeting brough much joy to the workers. Upon the following week they went to Chandbali where they were stationed for a time.

Never shall I forget my conversation with Chandra Nila. I was just leaving the Bachelor bungalow to keep an appointment, when Dr. Mary said, "Here is a woman who says she must speak with the '*bara sahib*.'" As I stopped, an old woman, wrinkled and deformed, knelt down before me, and embracing my feet, showered her kisses upon them. I drew back, not at her uncomely appearance, but at her homage. "Yes, it must be so," she cried; "you represent the people who sent me the gospel which has brought me to Jesus." Then she told me how, for years, she went from shrine to shrine teaching as a holy woman, and yet having no peace in her soul; how one day she happened to hear Dr. J. L. Phillips preach Jesus, and, convinced that He was what she needed, she at once accepted Him. With that came peace, and then, for years, she spent her time going to the same temples and shrines, telling the story of her salvation, and offering the gospel to others.

Here indeed was another miracle of the Master's grace, as marked as any which he wrought while here in the flesh. The light was dim in those

natural eyes which looked up to mine, but through them there shone a light supernatural, which spoke of Him who is the light of the world ; and as I walked across the compound into the road, I said, " Surely such work as this is not a failure." Chandra Nila searching for peace at Hindu shrines and temples, found what the millions who prostrate themselves, votaries of this corrupting idolatry, find, *vanitas vanitatis*. When she found Christ, she found the all-satisfying portion which is offered to India's people, a religion which will make their life as perennial as their own *debdaru*.

The Indians are persistent beggars ; if they do the slightest errand they want bakshish. Sometimes they stand up for one to look at them, and then exclaim, " Bakshish." It is a serious question what one's Christian duty is in regard to such a custom. One day after paying our twenty men who wheeled us over the road, and then adding to it twice, they filled the bungalow doorway with their black forms, and cried : " Bakshish ; you are my father and my mother and all I have got." We could not get rid of them until we seized the rifles in a way that looked like earnest, when they scattered in all directions to return no more. They all tell about the same story of being friendless and hungry, and they are sure to try to make you believe that you are their father and mother, and all that they have in the world. The story of a little boy who appeared at our carriage door when we were about leaving the dock for the coffee-rooms in Calcutta, is worth repeating. It ran something like this : " No father, no mudder, no brudder, no sister, very poor little boy, hungry little feller, no wife, no husband, no children, no rice, no curry ;" and then, with an energy unnatural to his ilk, he slapped his side, calloused and hardened by this exercise, with a blow that sounded like a firecracker. During his recitation he stepped up and down in a lively manner. This was quite *bizarre* for India, and we induced him to repeat the whole operation. When asked his age, he said he was eight. We thought a little naked boy of that age was fortunate in not having all the appendages which he enumerated, and rewarded him with the coveted two-anna piece.

Two things surprised us in India. One was the intelligence, courtesy, and dignified bearing of many of the baboos ; and the other was the poverty of the homes, even of those who had become Christians. The houses are made of mud, having thatched roofs, and almost destitute of what we call

furniture. They let in very little light, and are usually full of smoke when cooking is going on.

All through the mission field, while we enjoyed the presence of those there, we were constantly reminded of some who will be there no more.



REV. BENJ. B. SMITH MONUMENT.

In the churchyard at Balasore, a plain monument shows the spot where the body of Brother Smith awaits the resurrection morning. In the compound at Midnapore, we saw the resting-place of Mrs. Lawrence, always covered with flowers and shrubs. In the cemetery we found a monument

with a double tablet; on one half is inscribed:—

“Sacred to the memory of Catherine Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Rev. O. R. Bacheler, American Missionary at Balasore, who died at Midnapore, on the 20th of January, 1845, in the 29th year of her age.

“‘Long do they live, nor die too soon
Who live till life’s great work is done.’”

On the other I read:—

“Sacred to the memory of Mary Anne, the beloved wife of Rev. J. Phillips, American Free Baptist Missionary at Jellasure, who died at Midnapore, August 16, 1840, aged 20 years, 10 months, 7 days.

“None of us liveth to himself. And as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.”

At Chandbali they showed us the grave of Mr. and Mrs. Coldren’s little girl. Dr. Harry Bacheler’s body was laid away at Balasore. Miss Crawford’s remains were buried at Jellasure, and later the soil of Bengal and

Orissa have been made more sacred as the dust of Mr. and Mrs. Stiles's little one, and that of A. B. Boyer have mingled with it. Have not these provinces been consecrated, and laid under tribute?

On Sunday afternoon, January 25, we spoke to the people for the last time. Our hearts were very full. How glad we were that we had been permitted to see the work among the Bengalis, Oriyas, and Santals! Perhaps we had brought to the workers some encouragement, and were ourselves better prepared to work for this mission in the home field. We should like to have seen more of the outside, and especially of the jungle work; but we are confident that we obtained a very correct idea of the mission, although the time of our visit avoided many climatic annoyances which are prevalent "in May."

When we went to the dock to take our canal-boat for Oolaberiah, thence to Midnapore, many of the dear friends accompanied us. Just before we left, they gathered about us, and, outside of all, a great company of the heathen natives, while the veteran missionary, Dr. Bachelier, most tenderly committed us to God for a safe journey. Our hearts were full, and our attempts to sing, "Blest be the tie that binds," were almost futile. Just then a native, in trying to jump aboard, fell into the water. It was a reproof to me; there are too many trying to comfort themselves because of a little sorrow, when numbers are perishing about them. We must forget ourselves, and "throw out the life line."

Our boat was attached to a tug which took us through the canal. From it we watched the last flutter of handkerchiefs, and then, committing them all to the gracious hand of Him who never slumbers or sleeps, we



CONTAI BAZAAR.

made the hard benches of our primeval barge, upon which the night was to be spent, as easy as possible under the circumstances. Again I thought of my resolutions ; and where we would have been satisfied with a Succoth, we found our moving shelter a Bethel.

As we approached Oolaberiah, we were met by the crimson heralds of the dawn. The canal voyage ended in daylight, and with the help of coolies, we transferred our luggage over a ridge, and down to the "Abala,"



BURNING GHAT, BENARES.

which was to take us up the Hooghly to Calcutta. The journey was not long. Chotá-haziri from Sister Bachelor's lunch-basket, a little chat about the work, and—"Here we are at Calcutta again!"

The day passed all too soon,—first to 19 Lal Bazaar, to meet the Conklings and Hendersons again; then to the Doremus Mission; then among

the native bazaars; and at half past nine in the evening at Howrah Station, ready for our journey across the continent. Mr. Henderson and Mr. Rae were here; Mr. Brown, who had met us at Chandbali and gone with us through the mission field, was there also to bid us "God-speed."

Again we met our old friends, the Greenlees, who traveled with us as far as Mogul-Sari, where they changed for Benares. It was hard to refuse Mr. Greenlee's solicitations to accompany them. We had spent so much time in work among the mission stations that we could not see all we desired to. It had been a question between service and pleasure; we had chosen the former, and must abide by all it meant.

How our hearts yearned now for the attractions farther north !—Darjiling, lying under the shadow of Kinchinjanga, with its glittering ice-peaks ranging from twenty to twenty-five thousand feet high ; and, farther away, Everest, the sublimest of these mountains, and the highest known in the world. And there was Benares, with its shrines that, to the Hindus, are the most sacred of all in India. Here he may bathe in the sacred Ganges ; and, no matter what his crimes have been, if he may only die here, and have his body burned in the Benares burning-ghat, eternal happiness is supposed to be secured.

Cawnpore and Lucknow, with the memorial well, the old residency scarred with shells, all recalling the terrible mutiny of 1857, were inviting. And among this northern cluster of gems is Delhi, one of the most ancient cities of the world, with its distinct history running back to 1500 B. C., and traditions as marked as those of Nineveh and Babylon, its associations and architectural beauty giving it a place with Rome, Athens, Cairo, Venice, and Constantinople ; its Jama Masjid without a rival among mosques.

Most attractive of all perhaps is Agra, beautiful Agra, which marks the crowning period of the Mogul dynasty. Here is the Taj Mahal, the most renowned building in the world. I do not like to speak of it as a building or a piece of architecture, but as an elegy in marble,—a lover's



RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW.

dream crystallized, the tenderness and grief of a heart's devotion which burst forth as the pearl escapes from the pain-marked shell, after it had been caught and molded by angel fingers. It was placed here by Shah Jahan, an emperor, to enshrine the body of his beloved wife, Arjamand. Built largely by forced labor, it took twenty thousand workmen seventeen years to construct and adorn it, at a cost of four million pounds. The gateway, one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, is 140 feet high and 110 feet wide. Three or four hundred yards beyond, in the midst of trees, shrubs, flowers, and fountains, rises the great white marble dome, which words cannot describe. The building is 186 feet square, and it is 220 feet to the top of the dome, all raised on a plinth of white marble 313 feet square and 18 feet above the level of the garden. At each corner of the plinth stands a tapering minaret 137 feet high.

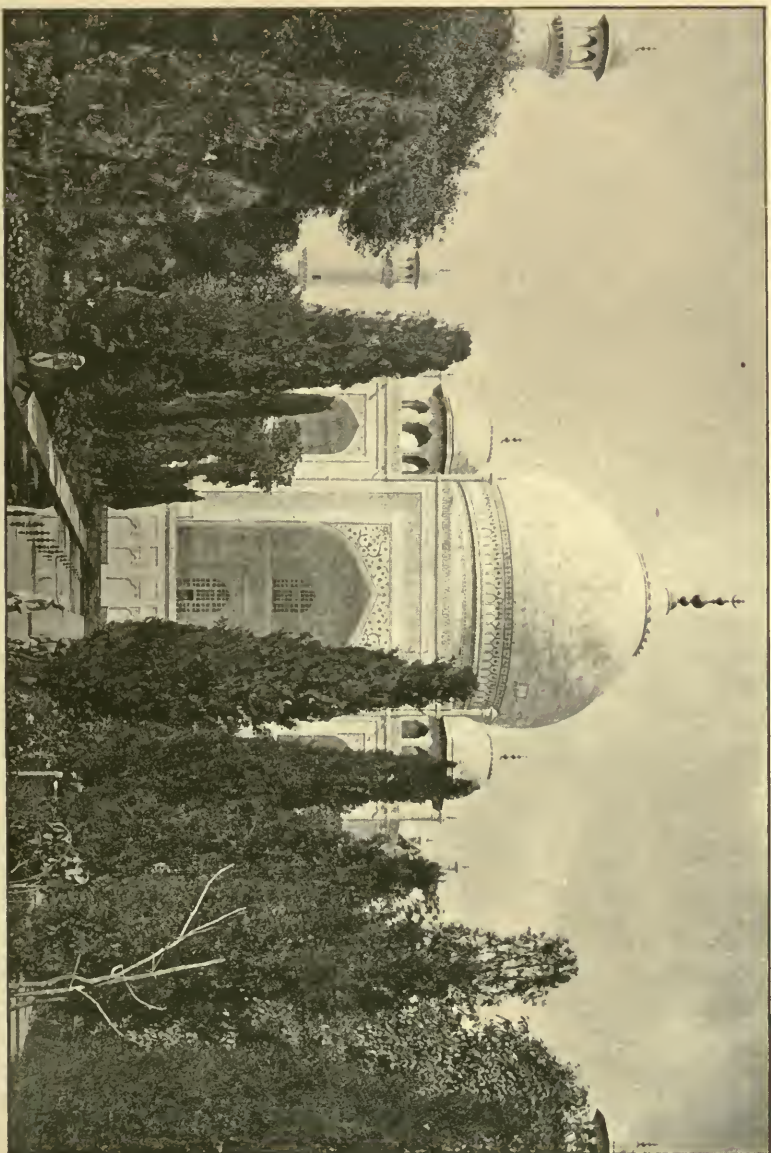
Within, the emperor and his wife lie buried side by side, in marble tombs, richly inlaid with gems. Double screens of white marble trellis-work in most exquisite design and workmanship let in the light. Of this beautiful mausoleum, Sir Edwin Arnold says :—

“ You see it with the heart, before the eyes
Have scope to gaze. All white ! snow white ! cloud white !
Like a white rounded cloud seems the smooth dome,
Seated so stately mid its sister domes,
Waxing to waist, and waning to wan brow ;
White too the minarets, like ivory towers,—
Four tall court ladies tending their princess —
Set at the four shorn corners.”

BOMBAY AND THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

Second class on the journey across India was good enough for an American *padri*¹ or any other gentleman traveling without ladies ; to us it was delightful. The trains were well managed, and accommodations were satisfactory. Bombay has a magnificent railroad station, costing three hundred thousand pounds. It is the finest building in Bombay. There are, however, other public buildings on the same scale, for that matter,—hotels, the Elphinstone College, the Secretariat, the University, the High Court, the Public Works Office, the Post-office, the Cathedral School, the

¹ Hindustani for priest or minister.



TAJ MAHAL.



National General Hospital, all of which help to make Bombay seem to me more palatial than Calcutta, called "the city of palaces." But the portions of the city given up entirely to native occupation are oriental enough. One cannot fail to be interested in the bazaars and markets.

Hindu temples are numerous, but not very interesting, the Moham-medans have about one hundred mosques. The Parsees, who wholly predominate in the business pursuits of the place, have their severely plain fire-temples. There are about seventy thousand of these fire-worshippers in and about Bombay. They repudiate the term fire-worshippers, however, calling themselves theists. They say that God is the emblem of glory and spiritual life; therefore, when praying, they either face the sun, or stand before fire, as the most fitting symbol of the Deity.

One of the principal peculiarities of the Parsee religion is the disposition which they make of their dead. We visited the Dakhmas, or Towers of Silence, on Malabar Hill, where their dead are carried, to be devoured by the vultures. The drive to this place was delightful, the nearer approach to the garden being by a private way, which none but Parsees are allowed to travel without special permit.

At the end of the road we were obliged to leave our carriage, and our cameras as well; for the gatekeeper disappointed me by hurriedly seizing my tripod, and then rushing after my friend Dr. Mabie,—with whom we visited the hill,—and victoriously capturing his kodak. So we proceeded



MEMORIAL WELL, CAWNPORE.

without them, up stone steps, by a way often changing in direction. At the top is a chapel, or house of prayer, where a fire of sandal-wood and incense is kept continually burning. This we were not allowed to enter. Along the way by which we came were flowers, shrubs, and tropical trees in rich profusion; and from the top of the hill to the sea the same beautiful decorations slipped down in gorgeous parterres, and seemed to blend with that flood of water that stretches into the sunset. Behind us was

Bombay, the harbor, and the range of receding ghats.

There are five towers, all white. The oldest has been built two hundred and fifteen years, and the others one hundred and forty-five, one hundred, sixty, and forty-five years respectively. They are round, about fifteen feet high, and of different sizes, the largest being ninety feet in diameter. The inside



TOWER OF SILENCE, BOMBAY.

of these buildings are open to the sky; in the center is a well which receives the bones after they have been acted upon by sun and rain. About this are three circles of receptacles for the bodies of the dead,—the inner one for children, with tender bones; the next for women; while the outer circle is for men, with harder bones. Upon one side is an iron door, approached by an inclined walk; through this door the dead are pushed, and left for the vultures to devour.

Flocks of these ugly, repulsive-looking birds sat upon the towers, and swept on logy wing over the garden, while, out in a palm-tree overlooking the private way, an old sentinel sat to notify his fellows of the coming of a

funeral train. When the gates are opened for the funeral procession, none know it any sooner than the vultures. At the signal they flock from all parts of the garden, circle in clouds over the procession, and settle down upon the tower which receives the dead. As the friends withdraw, the hungry, loathsome creatures drop quietly into the tower, and strip the skeleton of its flesh before the mourners have concluded their services in the chapel. The bones remain exposed to the tropical sun a few weeks, and then are placed, in common with all the rest, in the well in the center of the tower.

It was with reluctance that we took the "Sutlej" at Bombay; but duty bade us continue our journey westward. Our work in India had given us much information. What new and varied scenes had spread out before us!—burning plains, fertile, rolling country, and jungles; the plummy palm, the temple-building banyan, the sacred peepul-tree, the temple-tree, with its pungent flaming blossoms and no foliage; cocoanuts crowning living columns, mangos, bananas, and often a palm uniting with another tree, their trunks growing into one, while the tops separate each into its own foliage. The natives call this a marriage of trees. We had also seen ferns in great variety, and grasses of so many kinds that it would take an agrostologist to define them.

We had seen the natives in their humble homes, on their farms, in their places of business, in their schools, and in their temples. We had seen their temples and their gods, all demoralizing and harmful, with no good thing about them. We had seen them making long pilgrimages, and gaining no satisfaction. Beside the way we had seen many a skull and skeleton, where a man or woman had fallen down and died alone; while the cattle, when they became old or sick, were comfortably housed in hospitals. We had heard about the terrible self-torture for conscience' sake, and of the child-marriages, which are enough to crush the life out of any people.

It had been a great privilege to meet many native Christians, to hear their testimony for the saving power of Christ, and to see others under conviction, and inquiring after the truth. We wanted to look into the work of other missions; to learn the condition of the people, and to get a general idea of their needs religiously; we wanted better to understand

the work in Bengal and Orissa. These wishes we were able to gratify quite fully. We came into contact with the work of several different denominations, and arrived at several conclusions, some of which will be stated farther on.

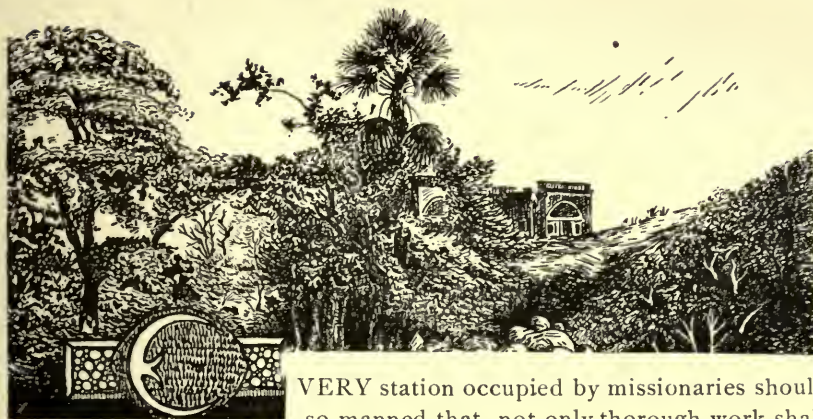
Mr. Aitken, of Calcutta, in speaking of the Free Baptist Mission, said : "I have seen more than half the missions of India, and am personally acquainted with most of the workers ; but I have never seen one mission field where the fervor and enthusiasm is kept up as it is in Orissa." It seemed to us that the work in Bengal and Orissa compared favorably with the rest ; still there are improvements which I long to see made there, and which I trust will soon be brought about. It was a great delight to visit India. Mr. Sandford and myself spoke over forty times while there, and trust that good came from these efforts.

As the "Sutlej" weighed anchor, and set her prow to cross that sea which has borne up the argosies of the centuries, I turned to Bombay ("the beautiful bay") to say to India, grown so dear to me, my *namaskar*; but instead of that, the parting message which came to my lips was, "Good-by for the present." And then I saw the light-house, the Arab dhows, the steeples of the town, the palms and bungalows of Malabar Hill, and the sky-reaching ghats beyond, all slip down into the sea — and India was behind us.



CHAPTER XIII.

SOME CONCLUSIONS.



MARRIAGE TREE.

VERY station occupied by missionaries should be so manned that, not only thorough work shall be possible there, but that it may also become a center of work for some distance around. Two kinds of work are prominent,— educational and evangelistic. Both are legitimate ; the former takes the children and youth, and yet is incomplete without the latter ; but evangelistic work alone must reach adults if they are reached at all, permanently. I would have every station an evangelizing center. Assisted by the most spiritual and efficient natives, let the missionary superintend aggressive evangelistic work all about him. Simply to “hold the fort,” and expect a harvest *sometime*, is not in the spirit of modern missions. “Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields ; for they are white already to harvest.”

2. In mission work, as in every other to which God calls men, there should be a constant looking for results, unhindered by any would-be dis-

couragements. If results are not looked for and claimed, they are not largely experienced. Men who are sent out into hard places have a right to believe that God has prepared the way for them. If called to preach to dark minds and hard hearts, let them be assured that the darkness and hardness are not beyond God's power. He has promised that his word shall not return unto him void.

We have a right to expect larger results in the foreign field at the present time than in the home church, where people have become gospel-hardened, and where so many professed Christians have nothing but a profession. I confess to the belief that many methods in the home churches are repugnant to God, and can never gain his approval or success; but the missionary may be free from these. Let him set up a standard, not formal, traditional, or according to custom, but essentially according to the gospel. Let him claim and expect large results, and he will get them. The Word says, "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance." If we ask now, why not expect and claim now?

3. Every missionary should have the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Every Christian should have this for his own sake, every teacher and preacher for the sake of those whom he teaches; and there are peculiar circumstances attendant upon the work of the missionary which make it no less necessary for him to possess it. Without it he will not be able to make much of an impression upon the heathen. He may be learned, logical, and apt, yet God does not intend that anybody but the Holy Spirit shall convict and lead souls to Christ. Man may become the instrument of the Spirit, but his greatest struggles should be upon his knees. This suggests another important truth.

4. The home church can double her efficiency for this work by seeking a higher standard of Christian life. This would manifest itself in more prayerfulness for the regions beyond. I think many a missionary has fainted largely from feeling the lack of the faithful prayers of the church which had been pledged to hold him up; many an interest has failed which would have succeeded with the constant prayers of the home church.

The home church is apt to think that the best go to the foreign field, and that there is a reasonable expectation for much better things there than at home. This may be true if one sees the things that fetter and

formalize the home church, and has the courage to drop them in the field ; but generally the mission takes on the peculiarities of the people that established it, together with those of the church which had the training of the missionary. It has seemed to me that one familiar with denominations could quite readily tell, by examining missions a little, to just what denomination each belonged. Churches that make the idea of seed-sowing prominent have seed-sowing missions. Harvesting churches have harvesting missions, as a rule. The old adage that "water will not rise higher than its source" holds here ; the church is the spring ; the mission is the stream.

Again, Orientals from nearly every country come to our shores ; and they have the idea, as one expressed himself, that in America every man, woman, child, dog, and cat are Christians. What



HARVESTING, SANTIPORE.

must be the effect upon those who come here and, not having learned to discriminate between Christians and Christ-like ones, come into contact with much in our churches which has not the least suggestion of Christianity? I think they would not regard Christianity as a very important matter. Let Christianity at home be just what we would like to have it in India. This will help both at home and abroad.

Furthermore, it is always well for Christians who travel to take their Christianity along, and preach it all the way both by precept and by example. Sometimes a living example will do more good than thousands of dollars. A Brahman once said to a missionary: "We are finding you out. You are not as good as your Book. If you were as good as your Book,

you could conquer India for Christ in five years."—*Bible Society, Quarterly Record*.

5. Every mission which is responsible for work more or less scattered, — as is the case with most work in India — should have a superintendent in the field, whose duty is to have general oversight of the whole. Station missionaries are especially interested in their own station, and its needs look largest to them; they cannot see the wants of another station as



IN BENGAL AND ORISSA.

Rae, Mrs. Stiles, Boyer, Brown, Miss Butts, Sandford, Mary Bachelor, Miner, Mrs. Boyer, Mrs. Miner, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Bachelor, Dr. Bachelor, Mrs. Smith, Stacy, Miss Hooper, Mrs. Ager, Griffin, Mrs. Henderson, Henderson, Griffin, Stiles, Miss. Coombs, Ager.

well; and if the entire field is not covered, it is likely to be neglected, because every one is so busy with his own immediate work.

One secret of the great success of the C. I. Mission is that J. Hudson Taylor, under God, is at the head of it. Much of the success of the great work of the Methodist Church in India is due to the consecrated generalship of Bishop Thoburn. The magnificent work of the Baptist Church among the Telugus God has brought about through Dr. J. E. Clough. Such a man, wise, consecrated, far-seeing, persevering, is greatly needed for Bengal and Orissa. May he be speedily found and sent forth.

6. I am aware that aggressive work is not indicated alone by the numbers that hear the gospel or profess conversion. It is a great thing to build up Christian character. We are told that the world might already have been evangelized fifty times ; and that if the church is faithful, the world can be evangelized in the next ten years. I would like to see this done, not only because it is our duty, but also because, for such a work to be effectual, there would have to be a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit.



GROUP OF BENGAL, AND ORISSA MISSIONARIES.

Boyer, Bachelor, Bachelor,
 Mrs. Phillips, Nellie Phillips, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Stiles, Mrs. Burkholder, Miss Butts, Mrs. Bachelor,
 Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Boyer, Miss Coombs, Mrs. Henderson,
 Brown, Burkholder, Stiles, Mrs. Ager, Rae, Ager, Henderson.

With the degree of the Spirit now recognized by the church, conversion is only the beginning. One sermon, with no Christian training, would have done but little for you and me. How much teaching we have needed !

We passed through Indian villages where the children ran screaming into their huts, frightened at our approach. In other places people came to the preacher and said, " I never heard of this before ; let me have some books to read about it." They wanted to think the matter over ; they needed help. How much conference and explanation are sought by the awakened in our own land ! And how much more do they need it whose

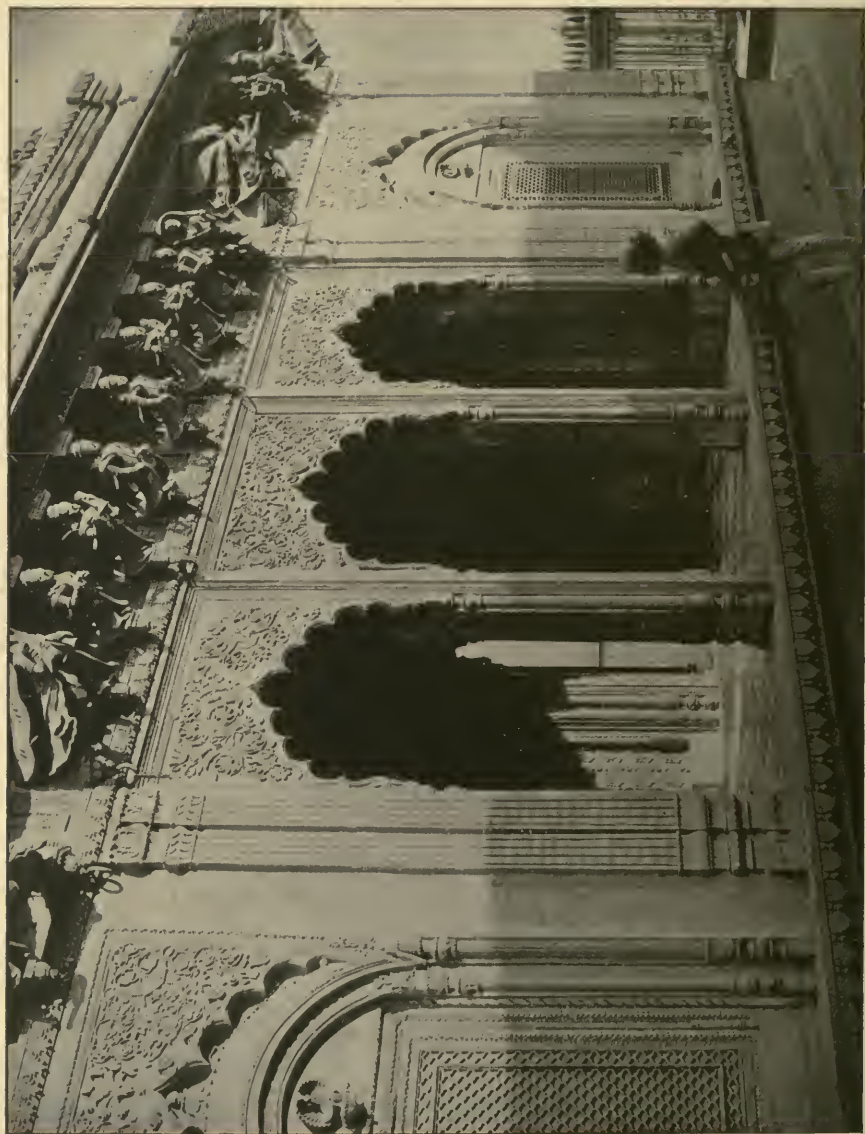
whole being is blighted and hardened by idolatry, and where to accept Christ means to become an outcast.

Moreover, at home about eight tenths of the work is done for the church, to keep her in order ; surely we can expect the benighted heathen to need no less instruction than those who for centuries have had Christian influences behind them. But I would not limit God's power. He is able to enlighten, convince, and develop the heathen mind in a brief space of time. While we plan the machinery for this great work, let us plan for and expect a greater outpouring of God's Spirit than this world has ever witnessed. I believe that evangelization is the watchword for the hour.

7. I am convinced that native agencies ought to be encouraged and developed to the fullest possible extent. Foreigners cannot Christianize those dark countries ; they can introduce the leaven, but the natives, spiritualized, must themselves become the leaven. In every way a consecrated native is better calculated to reach the people than a foreigner. Besides they are better adapted to their own climate, and their wants are few and easily supplied.

Missionaries will be necessary to superintend the work for years to come, as things look now ; but eventually it must go into the hands of the natives. Let them be led to take right relations to God and to one another, to share in responsibilities as fast as they are able ; let the more intelligent and promising be encouraged to engage in Christian work in preference to government service ; let those with an evangelistic spirit be sent out to work among their people. By all means, make the native churches self-supporting. We found that a very successful plan for the development of native Christians was carried on under the direction of the American Board, in and about Bombay. Rev. Mr. Home, for seventeen years in that mission, interested us very greatly in this.

8. Missionaries for India must still be prepared to meet persecution. The English government is doing a magnificent work for this great empire. Much effective service now rendered would be impossible, were it not for the fact that Victoria is empress of this country, and that an English army is within easy call (although I think England would be more just if she repealed the income tax on missionaries, who are there for no personal gain, but for the elevation of her subjects instead).



TEMPLE CARVINGS.

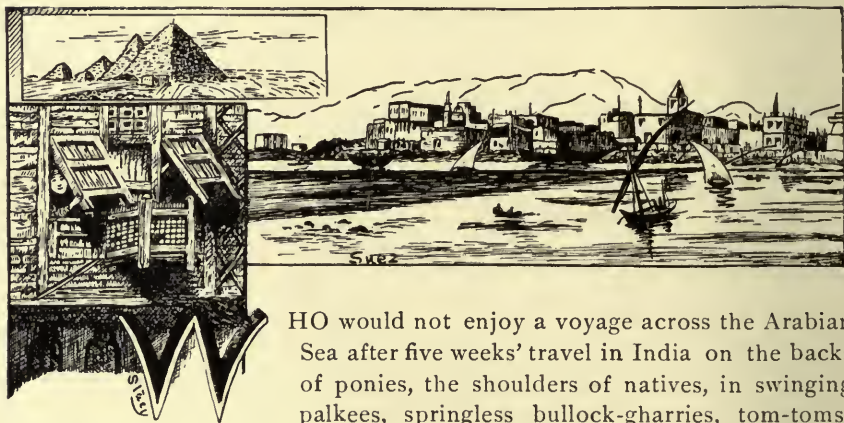
The hatreds of caste are still now and then manifested. At about the time we reached the country, a converted woman was poisoned in Madras; another was killed in Hyderabad; and a young man was stoned while being baptized in a northern mission. The woman murdered at Hyderabad was of a high-caste family. Her uncle, who is supposed to have instigated the deed, was not convicted, and it is thought that the judge was bribed. His accessory got only seven years' imprisonment. Many things are working together to break up caste; but before it is shattered, we need not be surprised if Christians are compelled to suffer a repetition of the hardships of Cawnpore and Lucknow.

But this work is very dear to the heart of God; as a mother yearns most for her child who is a wanderer, so God is yearning after the lost one, — that one in the wilderness of idolatry, — more than for those in the fold. To the church is committed the precious privilege and duty of carrying to him the gospel of Christ; and every Christian in this age of the world ought to have some part in the work.

“Going therefore, disciple ye all the nations, immersing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all things as many as I myself commanded you; and behold, I am with you all the days, until the conclusion of the age.” (Rotherham's Version.) This is the injunction of our Lord. The promise of his presence to the end of the age depends for its fulfillment upon the going and obeying; none but those who thus go can claim it. We can go in one of three ways: first, in person (and there is no doubt that God calls for many more than are responding); second, we may go in the contributions which we make to support those in the field; and third, we may go in the prayers which we offer in faith for the work. There is a sense, then, in which all can go; and if we are not interested enough in this great work — this work so dear to our Lord — to go in one of these ways, we cannot expect to retain his presence with us. I believe that one great defect in the work of the home church, and one reason for her lack of efficiency is because she does not find a supreme motive in this injunction. Instead of trying to save the world, the church is engaged in the work of trying to save herself. Even to the church these words of Jesus apply, “Whosoever will save his life, shall lose it.”

CHAPTER XIV.

EGYPT AND THE WAY FROM INDIA.



WOULD not enjoy a voyage across the Arabian Sea after five weeks' travel in India on the backs of ponies, the shoulders of natives, in swinging palkees, springless bullock-gharries, tom-toms, primeval house-boats, not to mention a continuous journey of fourteen hundred miles across the continent in a second-class railway carriage?

Of course we should enjoy it! A difficult journey is made with comparative ease when the end in view is a desirable one; and had we not set out for a country which had occupied a position in sacred history second only to the land of promise itself,—a country which had been a refuge for the remnant of God's chosen people and for the infant Saviour? Our anticipations were high for what awaited us in Egypt and the land of Palestine further on; and the way to it was neither difficult nor disagreeable, so far as we were concerned.

We took second-class passage on the P. and O. steamship "Sutlej" to test these accommodations. Some of our missionaries had traveled this

way to economize; and if it was n't good enough for us, it was n't for them. We must see. To be sure, we did not have as many lords and dukes as there were in the first cabin; the stewards did not step about quite as gingerly; our music-room and drawing-room were combined in one, and this was turned into a dining saloon, four or five times a day; smokers had to retire to the deck to pull at their pipes, as they ought to. But attention was given to all our real wants, the sleeping apartments were all right; the food was abundant, well cooked, and well served. The passengers seemed more like a family making a journey in cosy apartments than was possible in the first saloon. We have no hesitation in saying that second class on a P. and O. steamer is good enough for anybody; and we were informed that on the French line it is equally good.

The "Sutlej" was kept in perfect condition; we never heard any orders given, but everything went on with military precision. Captain Worcester was unmistakably a commander in the true sense of the word; and yet he made his daily round of social calls, in first and second cabin, chatting good-humoredly here, and stopping a moment there to cheer up some forlorn victim of what Mark Twain is pleased to term the "O my," until everybody would forget that he was other than "one of us."

Among the passengers were several missionaries from India returning to America for rest,—Rev. F. L. Neeld of the Methodist Episcopal Church, going from Brailly; Miss Mary Graybiel, of the Christian Woman's Society; Mrs. E. B. Maxwell, from Lucknow, also of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. E. S. Hume and family, of Bombay, in the employ of the American Board. The tender manifestation of love on the part of native Christians as they *namaskared* the Humes at Bombay, embracing them in tears, and covering them with festoons of beautiful flowers, was touching indeed. We could only say, "What hath God wrought?" Bishop Wilson, of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, traveling in the interest of missions, was also aboard. With these experienced workers we enjoyed many pleasant and profitable conversations on our way to Ismailia.

Five days and seven hours upon the Arabian Sea ere we dropped anchor at Aden, a rocky, barren-looking place, held by the English, strongly fortified, and called the "Indian Gibraltar!" The place is crater-like in form, composed of lofty, precipitous hills, whose exterior

sides slope toward the sea. This peninsula is connected with the Arabian continent on the north by a narrow neck of land partially covered by the sea, at high tides. The town and military cantonment are within the crater.

The natives of Aden and of the opposite coast—the Somalis—are a fine Arab race, physically; they row out from the shore at a vigorous speed, display their ostrich feathers and curios for sale, and dive for the coin thrown overboard. There are about thirty-five thousand inhabitants here, all under control of the Bombay presidency. Here is where the renowned Mocha coffee is shipped, Mocha, or Mokha, being situated on the mainland of Arabia not far from Aden. The greater part of the Mokha commerce, however, comes now from Hodeidah, farther up the coast, where there are rich coffee plantations.

Michaelis was in favor of identifying Aden with the Eden of Ezekiel. In the fourth century of the Christian era it is spoken of as the locality of a church erected by the embassy of Constantius, son of the emperor Constantine.

THE RED SEA.

It is a distance of fourteen miles across the Straits Babu'l-Mandeb (the Gate of tears); passing through this gate, we are in the famous Red Sea. Why it is called "red" we do not know; the Hebrew words translated, "red sea" mean literally "sea of weeds." The Roman "*Mare Rubrum*" was also the Sea of Edom, which means "red." To the Arabs it is the "Bahr Malch," or Salt Sea. Its waters are like those of other seas, and the red coral which abounds is not sufficient to generalize its appearance.

In the straits, and upon our right, appeared low-lying and ugly rocks, one of them being almost a perfect reproduction of one of the crouching lions in Trafalgar Square. Upon our left was Perim, an island of seven square miles, upon which is an English garrison; near it we saw the "Hong-Kong," a ship of over five thousand tons, going to pieces upon the rocks, where she had struck about six weeks before. Two other wrecks were also in sight of this one. What is a grander sight than that of a ship riding proudly upon the sea?—None, except it be a man living and acting manfully. Where shall we see a sadder sight than that of a ship going to



SUEZ CANAL.

pieces upon the rocks?—Nowhere, except in a human being wrecked. The Red Sea is nowhere more than one hundred and eighty miles in width. Rocks are so common and often in such near proximity to the course of the vessel that one would suppose navigation here to be somewhat difficult in a dark night.

The comfortable atmosphere with which we set out on our voyage soon becomes very torrid; by night the decks are filled with mattresses and sleepers, while by day only the thinnest of apparel is worn. The punkah-wallah (the servant who operates the punkahs, or large fans) is everywhere busy, nevertheless the heat is very oppressive. Everybody is relieved when we near the upper end of the sea, and meet the strong, cool wind from the north, although it sometimes sweeps the salt spray high over the smoke-stack of the “*Sutlej*.” After four days in the Red Sea, traversing a distance of twelve hundred miles, we reach Suez, the southern gateway of the canal, where for an hour and a half our ship rests her sea-tossed keel, and we receive the congratulations of curio venders, and declaimers for backshish.

Not far below here we had crossed the unseen path once made bare and dry for the children of Israel in their escape from Egypt. We seemed almost to see the defenseless hosts, rescued by the very hand of God, ascend from their sea-girt path to the rocky shores of Arabia; almost to hear the clanging cymbals, and the voices singing: “The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation,” while the hosts of Pharaoh were overwhelmed in the flood. Upon our right, too, as the ship made the gulf, could be seen the top of Sinai.

SUEZ AND THE CANAL.

Suez is indeed a city of the desert, and for centuries has been the great crossing place for eastern and western migrations. The docks appear European, but a closer inspection of the place reveals bazaars and alleys, decidedly Egyptian, with beautiful latticed windows very prominent. The town looks small, drawn out upon the water-line, but fifteen thousand people are huddled together here; and it would not be strange if sometime a large commercial city should grow up here, or at the entrance to the canal. This entrance is about three miles from the head of the gulf, at a

point whose official name is Port Tewfik, but which is locally called Terrepain. It has only a few houses, among them the Southern offices of the Suez canal company, shaded by an avenue of beautiful sycamore and lebbek trees.

As we enter the canal, we see on the left the green serpentine banks of the old canal running from the Nile, with here and there the plumed crown of palms. The shriek of a locomotive comes from the northern-bound train hurrying along and leaving behind a trail of black smoke,—the innovation of civilization which is resurrecting the buried life of Egypt to a prospect which it never before knew. More slowly, heavily laden fleets of desert ships in train, with a single driver to a group, move along over the sand. Behind all is a range of hills, almost mountain-like—the Genefeh range. Perhaps Moses and Israel found a refuge there in their flight. Upon our right are the sands of Arabia; and as we pass on, there is nothing but sand,—sand to right, sand to left, sand before, sand behind, stretching out to the mauve sky, and broken only by the sky-reflecting ribbon along which our ship slowly moves.

The average width of the canal is about twenty-five yards, and ships are allowed to move only at the rate of about five miles an hour, being piloted on the “block system.” At each station are signal posts, from which ships are directed to “tie up” at the siding, or go on into the canal, according as they or others have the right of way. Every ship is supplied with a full code of signals, for use by day and by night; and those only which are provided with an electric projector that can throw a light thirteen hundred yards, are allowed to navigate the canal by night; but ships may pass each other freely and at full speed in the Bitter Lakes.

The construction of this canal was a great undertaking. If M. de Lesseps achieved no enviable reputation at Panama, his perseverance, skill, and accomplishment, as manifested in this great work, have made it worthy to live beside those older monuments on the other side of the Nile.

This shorter way from Europe to India is not only a blessing to commerce, but also to the traveler and the missionary. Memory faces us, however, with the stern and pitiful fact that, as is true of the Taj and the Pyramids, this canal was constructed largely by forced labor, the workmen receiving a mere pittance, and hordes of them dying like cattle under the burning sun. It is a sad fact that the business eye sees in de-

graded humanity only animals for service ; it is Christianity which finds in them candidates for friends with Jesus Christ. Although the minaret, from which sounds out the call to prayer rises from every Mohammedan shrine, and Mecca herself is not far away, Christianity is the only hope for these wild and bitter sons of the desert.

As we proceed upon our way, the thought of events which occurred many centuries ago, making sacred these shifting desert sands, fills our minds. No doubt Moses and his people, when they made their bold strike for freedom and the promised land, twice crossed the way traversed by the canal : once going east above the Bitter Lakes ; and again when, as they are thought to have done, they turned to the west, and crossed just below these lakes and made their final westward exit across the head of the Gulf of Suez. The natives point out to us the chapel of "Our Lady of the Desert," which is said to stand upon the spot where the child Jesus, with Joseph and Mary, tarried all night in their flight into Egypt ; while further on, and above Lake Timsah, there is a firmer strip of land said to be the ancient desert route to Syria.

ISMAILIA.

We reached Ismailia just as the sun was going down among clouds of crimson glory, whose reflection fell upon the rambling town, and stealing through the tree branches, crimsoned the water about us. It was beautiful, and we were going toward the sunset ; so saying good-by to our fellow-travelers, we parted with our good ship, and found a substitute in the Hotel Victoria, which is Oriental enough to satisfy any one. We entered it through a kind of portcullis way, passed through a large room which might have served as an office, if it had had a counter with a clerk behind it, and a row of bell-boys sitting by ; but it was void of such modern conveniences, and we passed through into the court, from which an ample stairway led to the sleeping-rooms above. The rooms were comfortable ; but when night came on, we found that the only thing to mitigate the darkness of Egypt was a tallow dip. Yes, this was Egypt—no doubt about it—and we soon concluded that all the plagues visited upon Pharaoh and his people in Moses's time had remained. In order to get any sleep we were obliged to use insect powder freely.

We saw camels in plenty here, stalking with tardy stride but lofty bearing, and blinking as though trying to wake up from a Rip Van Winkle sleep; and donkeys, too, with flopping ears and plodding steps, and a bray which — well, it discounted the yell of the Indian jackal, and was a worthy rival of the “siren whistle.” Donkeys and donkey boys from the quay to the hotel were as numerous as the incoming guests. My companion

seemed to have an affinity for them, which at one time gave me some uneasiness, lest he should get mixed up and lost in the crowd.

These donkeys and sonsy drivers ranged themselves in a double row under the balcony of the hotel, and we were coaxed to ride every time we made an appearance. My friend could not wait long, for that very night, as they pointed out to him, “Mary Anderson,” “Mrs. Langtry,” the “Grand Old Man,” and “Yankee Doodle,” the passion to ride took possession of him; and when these knavish grooms found that



he was a “stars and stripes” man, each declared that his donkey was of the Yankee Doodle sort. So taking his choice, he did the town most satisfactorily. Taking my ride the next morning, I enjoyed the French quarter, the deserted palace and grounds of the khedive, but was disgusted with the filth and squalor of the native quarters, and even more with my donkey driver, who insisted that I should visit with him, some bawdy houses; and I must say that moral corruption, bold and defiant, came to my attention more in Egypt than in any country which I visited. It seemed that

Ishmael's hand was lifted against every man, and that he thought every man's hand was against him, no less in a moral sense than in all others.

Ismailia was originally planned with artistic taste, and the outlook toward the water is beautiful; but the drainage found its way into the fresh-water canal,—the peoples' source of supply,—and the fever-stricken inhabitants, for the most part fled. Lord Woolseley's campaign in 1882 enlivened the place somewhat, filling the canal and lakes with transports and war-ships. While Arabi with his troops held Alexandria, the British seized Ismailia, and pushed on to Tel-el-Kebeer and Cairo.

THE LAND OF GOSHEN AND CAIRO.

Our way to Cairo was by train, and we were glad when it started; for it seemed as though nearly every person whom we had looked at in this little town accompanied us to the train and thrust his hand through the doors and car windows for *backshish*. The car itself was not of the most comfortable sort; it rattled considerably, and apparently the ever-sifting dust felt welcome; for it rested impartially upon us all. We were also twice entertained by brawls between native traveling companions



AFRICAN WARRIORS.

and the guard, one over a seat and the other over a broken pane of glass, both of which waxed mighty in sound, labials and gutturals predominating. I could not understand what was said, but had no doubt that they regarded each other as "dogs" and "hogs," and that they did not hesitate to say so.

The first part of this journey is through heaps of desert sand; but after an hour or so we occasionally catch glimpses of palms and green spots; and the green increases until the desert blossoms as a rose, and all about us are "fields of living green,"—the garden, not of Eden, but of Goshen, where dwelt Jacob and his sons in the days of the Pharaoh's. If it was as prolific then as now, anything better must indeed have been a "land of milk and honey."

We pass through Zagazig, a large Arab city, and leave on the left, stretching away for miles, the ruins of a city called Tel Basta, named from, and sacred to, the holy cat, whose worship was very extensive in ancient Egypt. Among these ruins have been found countless images of Bast, some larger than life and some only mites.

Now the green of the country is broken by fields of blue flax, then by golden mustard, and again by black loam, as with a single bullock or camel, and a one-handled, steel-pointed plow, a native turns over the sward. Three abundant crops a year are not too much for this rich soil to bear; while, were it not for irrigation, it would be like the sand heaps about Ismailia. Little canals run in every direction, all being supplied from the bosom of mother Nile. Sometimes the water is raised by the clumsy *sakeeyeh*, a water-wheel; sometimes by the *shadoof*, a leathern bucket on the end of a pole, worked over a horizontal bar. Wind-mills and steam-pumps are gradually coming into use; why not a modern plow?

The people whom we see going to and fro interest us. Their dress is of many colors: black, scarlet, yellow, blue, white, and many others being common. A long robe and turban, dark skin and black beard, suggest the native man of business. The people usually seem happy, in spite of the fact that the sultan exacts taxes to the uttermost. Long lines of camels tied together carry panniers of oranges, bundles of sticks, or green fodder; a donkey passes, upon which a man, woman, and children take turns in riding. The lotus fringes every marshy pool, and birds fill the air.

"Kaliob, Cairo next!" This announcement brought us close to the window, to gain our first view of the wonderful Pyramids. The crimson light of the Egyptian heavens, which gives everything such a peculiar tinge, was deepened by the approaching sunset; upon fields, orange orchards, plummy palms, and hard walls, it dropped its mantle of fire, while

over all, and toward the west, Cheops cleft the lurid sky like a colossal wedge of pink shaded with violet. At last one dream of my boyhood was realized,—I looked upon the Pyramids. I felt as though in the presence of majesty and age, and the voices of the dead seemed to say, “Forty centuries are looking down upon you.”

But there is very little opportunity for reverie in an Egyptian railroad station; the babel of voices, the scramble for both yourself and your luggage, leads you to wonder whether every person in the mob does not intend to have a piece of you. How you are to protect yourself, get what you want, and leave the rest, are questions that demand personal attention. Here, as elsewhere, we congratulated ourselves that we were traveling in charge of “Thomas Cook and Son;” for their messengers were ever ready to attend to our needs.

Hotels were comfortable, and we had no more palatable food served on our tour than in Cairo and Alexandria; but nowhere did we get beyond the tallow dip, or the need of insect powder.

Cairo is a great city, having a population of nearly four hundred thousand, of which twenty thousand are Europeans. Portions of it are quite modernly Oriental,—if that means modern arrangements with a good deal of Oriental style,—but the portions which are of most interest date back to the Saracens, and the Caliphs. It does not take us long to find the narrow and crooked streets among the native manufacturers and dealers—dealers manufacture and sell at the same place. Each trade is by itself. In one alley



STREET IN CAIRO.

or bazaar are found dealers in shoes and slippers; in another, dealers in many-colored robes or red caps; while in an opposite direction are the workers in gold, silver, or brass. The shops are like little dens, and most of the wares are within reaching distance. If the first price asked is beyond the limit of your purse, do not be surprised; because it is not expected that you will pay half of it. It comes rather hard to one not

accustomed to dicker, to accommodate himself to Egyptian bazaars; but it is the custom there, to beat down the dealer one half or two thirds of his price, and settle under protest; in fact, this is quite largely the manner of dealing in all Oriental countries.



EGYPTIAN LADY.

We went to the Mohammedan university, where gratuitous instruction is given in the Koran. The number of students has been as high as ten thousand at a time; we were glad to learn that only seven thousand were in attendance at the time of our visit. On our way, we met a jostling crowd of men and women with

wares upon their heads, and skins of water upon their shoulders. A tinkling bell caused us to look up, and with due respect we turned aside for a "ship of the desert" to pass. The camel was decorated and draped with gilt and colors; upon its high hump rose higher still a gorgeous palanquin, in which, carefully secluded, was a woman, on her way to Mecca. A bell hung from a yoke over the animal's shoulders to denote its approach; a black boy held the tether and walked by its side, showing that this turn-out had come all the way from Nubia. Ten minutes' ride in such a manner

would be hard for me. What a religious devotion that must be which takes one from Nubia to Mecca upon a ship which rocks more violently than an Atlantic steamer !

VIEW FROM THE CITADEL.

A visit to the tombs of the Borjite Mamelukes (commonly called the Tombs of the Caliphs) richly pays one for his trouble. They are fast falling into ruin, for their race was extinguished by Mohammed Ali, whose personal treachery to their last survivors was enough to cause his friends



MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI.

to want to forget them. Yet the ruin is that of beauty; domes and minarets still bear most artistic decorations, and inside, the fragments of mosaics, arabesques, and varied architecture reveal what was once more beautiful than a dream, although it was built to cover the dead.

We also visited the mosque of Mohammed Ali, in the citadel upon the hill, to see this great monument of the founder of the present rulers of Egypt, and to get a view from the lofty eminence. Many think the mosque unlovely, but I admired its architectural design. Inside the high walls it rises dome against dome, to that perfected one in the center; in front and high over all, appear the two slender minarets, piercing the sky like delicate twin needles.

After exchanging our shoes for soft slippers, which protect the elegant rugs and become an excuse for backshish, we enter a vast auditorium, the light of which falls from beautiful windows, glances from immense cut-glass chandeliers, and scatters many hues upon Damascus rugs,—which need no added loveliness. For a few feet only, the walls are lined with alabaster, while the portion above is finished with a poor imitation in paint. High, high above us the central dome rises, and returns our conversation in silvery fragments blent harmoniously. Behind a bronze screen stands the tomb of the pasha, draped with gold-embroidered black cloth. The screen is interwoven with waxy foliage fresh every morning. We are allowed to gather a spray.

But we care most for the outside view. Immediately in front of the mosque is a large, marble-paved court, surrounded by a high wall, and having in its center an elegantly carved marble fountain, in which a flock of birds is laving. Just beyond is the fort, with the sentinels keeping their tireless beat; to right and left and before us Cairo is spread out across the plain below. It is a beautiful picture—buildings, domes, minarets, and intersecting streets; a city of mosques—the natives claiming that there is one for every day in the year. Toward the south is old Cairo; while toward the west, and separating most of the city from the green fields beyond, the Nile, foster-mother of Egyptian agriculture, winds toward the sea. Still beyond, and seven miles away, sitting in the lap of the desert, are the Pyramids.

Before leaving the hill, we went to the rear court and looked over that steep abyss into which the last Mameluke leaped on horseback when Mohammed Ali feasted and then massacred his companions. It could only be a choice between death at the hands of the Turks or upon the ragged stones below. “One moment in the air; another, and he was disengaging himself from his crushed and dying horse, amid a shower of bullets. He escaped, and found shelter in the sanctuary of a mosque, and ultimately in the deserts of the Thebaid.” Near by is a well called Joseph’s Well, sunk through sand and rock to the level of the Nile, two hundred and sixty feet.

The isle of Roda (or Roudah) had special attractions for us, because the natives point out the spot where Pharaoh’s daughter, coming down to

bathe, found Moses in the rush basket. We crossed to the island in a rude ferry impelled by native muscle. Reeds and rushes displaced by peach-trees pink with blossoms, lemon-trees golden with fruit; a long flight of broad, low stone steps, rising from the water's edge, mossy and wet; a few oriental villas and a summer-house or two; "Moses's well;" the Nile on either side—that is Roda. How true the traditions of the past concerning this spot may be we cannot tell; we are satisfied not to question, but to feel that this is a sacred place in the light of both history and tradition, and to thank God for him who though cradled in the Nile, and buried in some cleft of Nebo, lived for every succeeding age.

THE PYRAMIDS AND THE SPHINX.

Our visit to the Pyramids occupied the most of the day. We crossed the Nile upon a staunch iron bridge, a part of which is open one hour in twenty-four to allow the boats to pass through. At our right were forests of inclining masts, where a multitude of Arab dhows were huddled together; upon the west bank and through the palms, the khedive's palace and elegant grounds were to be seen; while to our left was old Cairo and the peculiar Nilometer, by which the rise and fall of the river are measured.

The inundations of the river are a source of constant solicitude. A low Nile means starvation for thousands. It receives its overflow from the rains of central Africa, and for eighteen hundred miles has no affluents, while it is constantly feeding canals and reservoirs. The average differ-



THE NILE.

ence between high and low water is about twenty-six feet. Twenty-two cubits of water are necessary for a complete inundation.

The way to the Pyramids is over a smooth, hard road, shaded on either side by acacias, crossing irrigating canals, fields of rich green millet, blue



PAVILION IN KHEDIVE'S GARDEN.

flax, and golden mustard, and frequently thronged with donkeys and camels bearing heavy loads. I think we met about five hundred of the latter, sometimes ten or twelve of them tied together tandem. In all, there are about sixty of the Pyramids in Egypt. From the citadel mosque we could see those of Sakara and Dashoor upon

the southwestern horizon; nearer, those of Abooseer; and nearer still, those of Zowyet-el-Arrian in ruins. There are nine at Geezeh, six of them very small. Without doubt each was built as the sepulchre of some sovereign, the largest ones for kings.

Leaving our landau at the foot of a plateau rising forty feet above us, we walk to the great Pyramids, immediately attended by an accumulating crowd of curio-venders, guides, and camel-drivers. We come first to Cheops, the largest one, rising four hundred and sixty feet toward the sky, and covering an expanse of thirteen acres at the base. The smooth-surfaced sides have been taken off, and up the stone steps four feet deep, sweating guides pull and push their confiding globe-trotter, for "backshish;" untwisting their turbans, and throwing them around his body under the arms, they gently hold him back for "backshish."

Descending to within about forty feet of the base of the northern side, they take him, sliding and creeping, sixty feet through a descending gallery, then to the edge of a well one hundred and ninety-one feet deep; then they push him up an ascending passage for one hundred and twenty-five feet, to the great gallery, one hundred and fifty-one feet long. Beyond this is a descending gallery, very narrow, through which the traveler crawls to the King's Chamber, thirty-four feet long, seventeen broad, and nineteen high. An empty sarcophagus is here, which doubtless contained the body of Cheops, as the Greek historians write it, but whom the Egyptians call Chufu; the Queen's Chamber is one hundred and ten feet away. Back through the same dismal passages they lead and push him until, panting, begrimed, and almost dazed, he emerges from this stupendous tomb, to hear the same old clamor for "back-shish." One would not be blamed for asking whether after all, Cheops might not have been erected as a monument to "back-shish."

The second Pyramid stands on higher ground, and has a steeper angle, but is inferior in its construction. The third

is better in construction, but much smaller. In it was found the wooden coffin and body, now in the British Museum, thought to be that of Menkaora, probably the Mycerinus of the Greeks.

A Roman temple buried in the sand is on our way to the Sphinx; we



PYRAMIDS.

take a glimpse at its once beautiful pillars and marble walls, and fly from the curio-venders, who are "willing to go to Rome also." I suspect that many of these curios were made in England, but we indulged in a few coins, images, and scarabs after our dragoman had pronounced them genuine. Surely they were moldy enough to have adorned a mummy for four thousand years.

The Sphinx, a man's head upon a lion's body, looks weird enough in that sand heap ; but to me it is beautiful, grand, mysterious. The rainless centuries have come and gone ; dynasties of Ethiopia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Arabia have arisen and passed away during its existence ; travelers from every clime have looked up to its scarred visage ; and while it has seen all this and much more, the Sphinx has directed its steady gaze to the far-off horizon, as though it saw in that sky things we see not, and knew things we know not, and was looking for the coming of a long-expected morning, or for a king who should reign forever. That head never alters its expectant poise ; those eyes never change their steady gaze, under burning sun or starlit night. It seemed to me like a mighty creature so lost in contemplation of the Almighty that I longed to sit down and contemplate Him too. With me the Sphinx accomplished what some Catholic images aim at, but fail to do,— it suggested God, not in itself, but as the object of its gaze. As we turned from this spot, we felt that we had seen the Agra of Egypt, the spot where her most magnificent mausoleums had been erected to her dead rulers in the far-off ages.

BOULAK MUSEUM.

We could not leave Cairo without visiting the place where, better than any other, the ancient art and history of Egypt can be studied. The building occupied by these Egyptian antiquities was once the palace of the khedive, and stands between Cairo and the Pyramids. The palace and grounds are upon a magnificent scale. Walks, fountains, trees, shrubs, flowers, summer-houses, and grottoes are without, and elegant architecture and material within ; but relics of the past are everywhere.

A number of rooms are devoted to sarcophagi and statues. Those wooden statues of Ra-em-Ka and his wife are said to be the oldest in the



SPHYNX.

world. Chafra sits in his royal chair, all wrought in veined diorite, so hard that it will turn the edge of steel. Here is the stone bust of Merenptah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, and a statue of Rameses, his father. The sarcophagus of Chufu-anch, supposed to have been the builder employed on the great Pyramid, is among the rest. There are large quantities of ancient jewels, precious ornaments, and scarabs, all kept in glass cases.

But nothing here interested us so much as the chambers of the royal mummies and their appurtenances. There are about forty coffins, some of them dating farther back than the time of Moses. Among them are those of Thothmes II and Thothmes III of the 17th dynasty; Rameses II the oppressor of the Israelites; his father, Seti I; and others; some of them women, with nothing about them faded, not even the wreaths of lotus and acacia, placed there by the hands of friends thousands of years ago. Form and feature are well preserved, and perhaps color, some being much darker than others. One has open eyes, and many have hair which seems to have grown since death.



SETI I.

In this chain of musty royalty there is, however, one missing link. Where is Merenptah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus? Will his mummy ever be found? or must we wait until the sea gives up its dead. Perhaps we passed over his watery tomb a little below Suez, where he met the stern justice of "Him who divided the Red Sea into parts; and made Israel to pass through the midst of it; but overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea."

Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the oppression, has a face expressive of character. He was wise; he was jealous of Israel. He said: "Come, let



RAMESES II.

every land for a small admission fee. How different his history from that of Moses, the exiled waif of the wicker basket! How different their influence upon the world! How different their future! Here is a fit illustration of the end of all merely human greatness. As I turned away, I could only say:—

“I’d rather be the least of those
Who are the Lord’s alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne.”

This museum excels all others in Egypt, from the fact that the things here are known to be genuine, since they have come from actual researches carried on under the direction of M. Mariette and Herr Brugsch, near ancient Thebes. In 1881, an Arab was paid twenty-five hundred dollars to disclose the secret passage which he had accidentally found, and which led to the subterranean chamber of the royal mummies.

MISSION WORK IN EGYPT.

Christian missions for all Egypt are carried on by one church only; namely, the United Presbyterians of America, with the exception of a very little attempted by the C. M. S. of England. We attended one of the public meetings of this mission, and visited the home in Cairo. We were

most kindly received ; and although most of the missionaries were away at one of their convocations, those at home gladly informed us about their work. The report for 1889 showed that this mission was established thirty-five years before. In that time twenty-nine congregations have been organized, besides sixty-seven mission stations and sixteen other places containing the nucleus of a church, or a school,—in all, one hundred and twelve centers of Christian light. The average attendance at ninety-six centers has been five thousand six hundred and fifty-four at morning services. At the end of the year 1889, there were two thousand nine hundred and seventy-one members in full communion, ministered to by twelve Egyptian pastors, twenty-two licentiates and other evangelists, fourteen theological students, and thirty-three special zenana workers. It possessed thirty-nine church buildings, and contributed for all church purposes during the year 1889 more than six thousand dollars. In that year four hundred and sixty-four were added to the membership on profession of faith.

An Egyptian presbytery, which contains forty-one Egyptian members and fourteen missionaries, was organized April 16, 1860 ; it conducts its deliberations, and keeps its records in the Arabic language. The work included ninety-eight Sunday-schools, with four thousand four hundred and twenty-seven pupils ; and one hundred day schools having six thousand three hundred and four pupils. The work has been chiefly with the Copts, but more recently the number of both converts and children in the schools from the Mohammedans has very much increased ; this is a significant fact.

The common people of Egypt, who are the class reached by this mission, are very poor ; and what poverty means in Egypt we of America are hardly able to understand. Scanty apparel, a hut for a home, a handful of parched corn or of fruit for a dinner must satisfy their physical demands ; and yet in 1881 there was contributed for the support of schools and churches among them by twelve hundred church members, a sum of money averaging over seventeen dollars apiece. This alone is an evidence that the mission is doing the right kind of work.

But we need to pray much for this land and its people, that God will multiply the laborers and the power of his gospel again and again among them. Mohammedanism paralyzes every people that it touches. Egypt

is indeed under the curse of darkness, and those of her people who come into contact with civilization, and yet do not become Christianized, are thereby made sharper and shrewder in sin. May the day speedily come when God shall bring the Egyptian, with the Jew, out of darkness into his marvelous light.

ALEXANDRIA.

From Ismailia to Cairo it was ninety-seven miles by train; we traveled from Cairo to Alexandria—a distance of one hundred and thirty miles—in the same manner. All the way we passed through the level and most fertile country of the Nile delta, which lies between and about her two mouths. The one toward the east is called the Damietta; and that toward the west, which we followed more closely, the Rosetta. The latter finds the sea near Alexandria. We had not intended to stop in Alexandria, but the ship upon which we expected to sail departed before our arrival, so we had nothing to do but wait two days for the sailing of another.

Alexandria presents the same variety of people and customs that we find in Cairo. We see English and French, with now and then an American; Turks, with fez, or top-heavy pugree, sitting on their legs in groups about a social narghile at which they take turns; Arabs, with hand lifted against everybody; Syrian Jews, with long love-locks; Nubians, black and bold; now and then a woman, with wrapped head, and a covering crossing the face below the eyes and reaching to the waist, made of cord and frequently ornamented with bangles; she is usually upon some errand, probably carrying a burden upon her head.

The natives are frequently blind, at least in one eye, ophthalmia being very common among them; to behold the lids of many that you meet, serrated and full of mucus, is bad enough; but when the flies so busy upon these lids dislodge themselves, and strike your own—well, you can imagine the sensation it gives one. I think that the atmosphere and dust of Egypt are bad for the eyes; for every night after a day of sightseeing there, my lids were very tender.

The main street of Alexandria is fairly broad; and on either side are lofty buildings, which help to shut out the sun. Without doubt the nar-

row streets of the Orient are intended to perform this same kind office ; Beautiful overhanging windows and balconies of lattice and arabesque work are attractive features in all these towns.

The city of Alexandria was founded by Alexander the Great 332 B. C. The little town of Rhacotis was at that time on the mainland. Alexander saw that the situation presented splendid advantages for a great Eastern city ; here the immense produce of Egypt could be stored and from this point easily shipped. It soon became the most important commercial city in the world, the great emporium of trade between Europe and the East ; and for magnificence it was regarded as the first city in the world after Rome.

For a long time it was the capital of Lower Egypt, and was the home of Cleopatra, the beautiful queen, whose death here ended protracted civil and domestic contentions which had involved Julius Cæsar, Mark Antony, Octavianus Cæsar, and stirred all Rome. Her death also ended the Ptolemaic dynasty in Egypt. A portion of the city was set apart for the Jews, and they became very numerous ; for them the Septuagint translation was made, under the first or second Ptolemy. Saint Mark first "preached the gospel in Egypt, and founded the first church in Alexandria." Tradition declares that he was martyred here.

Here also was the magnificent white marble lighthouse said to have been four hundred feet high, which was counted one of the seven wonders of the world. Here too was the famous library founded by Ptolemy Lagi, who was a munificent patron of learning. This was much enlarged by his successor. Men of learning gathered here until Alexandria rivaled Athens as a seat of culture. The ancient city was on the mainland ; the modern



BEDOUIN.

one is partly on what was the island of Pharos—now a peninsula—but largely on the isthmus, by which it is connected with the mainland.

Upon the day of our arrival we visited three objects of interest. The first was Pompey's Pillar, a celebrated shaft which stands upon an elevation of ground at the edge of the city. It is composed of five pieces of granite, the main shaft a monolith and beautifully polished, the whole rising to a height of ninety-eight feet and nine inches. It is in the Corinthian style, and constitutes a very imposing monument. There is no real proof, however, that the pillar had any connection with the general for whom it is named, and some are very confident that it had not.



SARCOPHAGUS OF CLEOPATRA.

We then took a drive along the Mahmudiyeh Canal, which connects the two branches of the Nile. Beyond the canal to the south, is the blue Mareotis, while upon the opposite side of the street which follows the canal are beautiful villas and mansions, embowered among palms and Egyptian flora of every kind. These are the homes of nabobs, and they present a scene of luxury and exquisite beauty which we have seldom seen rivaled. Only a few corners are turned before we come to less pretentious quarters, and get views of broad pastures, where the green and tawny struggle for supremacy.

Out upon a sandy hill at Ramleh stands an unpretentious little build-



POMPEY'S PILLAR.

ing; we enter for we are told that down in its vault is a sarcophagus containing the skeleton of the beautiful Cleopatra. The sarcophagus is very heavy, chiseled out of ruddy granite. The finely cut design on the side is evidently Roman, and might well represent a bacchanalian scene, did not the central face, between the festoons of fruit and foliage, have two asps at the forehead. The skeleton tells no tales; and although everything about this affair indicates royalty, we could not help being incredulous. The quantity of tapers, tear-vials, and drinking-cups gathered out of this tomb was sufficient to supply a curio-bazaar; but they are not for sale, so long as they remain an attraction to sightseers.

On Lord's day we attended English service at Saint Mark's church. There was a fair audience of English people. The rector, a man of perhaps fifty years, gave us an excellent sermon on Christ's substitutional and redemptive work, in which he showed not only the effect of that work for us, but also that of practical Christianity in ourselves. It helped me, and must have done good to all Christians present.

In Alexandria, as in Cairo, we stopped at a hotel which has been fitted up, from one of the many palaces of the khedive. It had been magnificently arranged for his highness, and then abandoned. Insect-powder was still in order; but the table was most excellent. In leaving Alexandria, we did not get through with Egypt, for we were to stop at Port Said both in going to, and returning from, Palestine; but we could not help forming our estimate, and expressing it thus: Egypt is synonymous with backshish; her people are sharp and dangerous; evidently they are far, very far, from God. May the gospel once preached here by Saint Mark yet find a place in their hearts and minds.

THE MEDITERRANEAN AND PORT SAID.

We sailed on Monday afternoon, February 16, making our way through a dingy custom-house with a crowd, paying two piasters on every package small or great, and reaching our ship by a lighter. The way out is past the Pharos, a very different lighthouse, and standing upon a different spot from the old one, but yet a magnificent structure, sending a light, it is said, forty-one miles out to sea. Near it is the summer-house of the khedive, which is lacking in nothing but the grace of God and its fruits.

Our ship was a Russian vessel, and commanded by Russians, whose language was as incomprehensible to us as English was to them. The ship's name is spelled "T-c-h-i-h-a-t-c-h-o-f-f;" after a while I learned to pronounce it, also that of the captain, which is spelled R-e-n-i-e-r-i. There were only eight or ten passengers in the first cabin, some of whom got off at Port Said. One of these was apparently a Russian; another an



EGYPTIAN SLAVE.

Italian, who could speak hardly any English; another was a large priest, wearing a heavy gabardine and a small skullcap. He was very quiet except when asleep or at meals. At meals he would take a great pinch of snuff between every draught of wine, and then blow his nose with the sound of a distant fog-horn. About a hundred deck and steerage passengers, pilgrims from Russia to Jerusalem, were in the forepart of the ship; while just in front of the hurricane deck and below it, were camped some Syrian women, who we have reason to believe were vile characters, and had much to do with the subsequent wreck of our ship.

The "blue Mediterranean" did not seem any bluer than any other sea that afternoon, as in the deepening twilight we walked the deck until the

stars came out, and thought of the old Roman galleys and Syrian transports that had gone in and out of this port; of the Grecian slaves brought hither, and the loads of grain taken in exchange; of that terrible fight of the first day of August 1798, in Aboukir Bay, when Lord Nelson so completely demolished the French fleet; and more than all, of the fact that Paul and Barnabas and Mark had crossed these waters as they went and came on their missionary tours.

A little after noon on the following day we made Port Said, expecting to sail for Jaffa that evening, but the captain got news that it was rough there, and concluded to wait until the next day, for landing at Jaffa is impossible when the sea is heavy. We soon completed our errands on shore, which consisted in getting our passports viséed, and purchasing a few curios, in the midst of a stinging sand-storm. We really desired less of Egypt and more of Palestine, but put our delay down in the list of the "all things," and remembered a certain resolution that we had made on the first of the preceding October.

A kind of bund, where the consulates are, a few hotels ; an English church ; some mosques with tapering minaretes, upon which at stated times the muezzins come out to call in musical tones the hour of prayer ; a post-office ; a kind of custom-house ; an agency of "Thomas Cook and Son ;" multitudes of curio-shops, where one need never expect to pay half the price asked ; venders of photographs too lewd to be looked upon ; a motley rabble of every people under the sun ; great ships passing by, after an hour's stay, on their way between Europe, Australia, and Japan — this is Port Said. The reach of sand upon which it stands is only a few feet above the Mediterranean. Sometimes the rough waves look as though they intended to flood the town ; but the wide beach and shallow sea say, "Thus far and no farther," before the projecting walls of the break-water are touched. The light-house is very imposing, being one hundred and seventy-five feet high.



JAFFA.

CHAPTER XV.

PALESTINE.

EBRUARY 18, at about noon, we started for Jaffa. The sea was heavy, and there were occasional squalls; but between them we had a blue sky, and in the evening, stars. Just before sunset, a beautiful rainbow rested upon the sea, overarching our ship. One end seemed not far away, but I did not care to go to the bottom of it for "the bag of gold." Did God intend that to be to me "the bow of promise"? As my mind has returned to that night and the following day, I have thought that perhaps he did.

Nearly every one in the first cabin but myself was seasick; but by the blessing of God I was kept from that throughout my entire trip. I really enjoyed this evening, but I was impressed to do a thing which I never did before or afterward; namely, to take my blanket and pillow and lie down in the saloon, with my clothing on, even to overcoat and cap. Mr. Sandford did the same, upon the opposite side of the room; only four others were in the first saloon,—the Italian; Miss Max Unger, an Austrian woman living in Jerusalem; Miss Mary Graybiel, missionary returning from India to America; and Miss James, a missionary from England to

some station in Palestine. Miss Max Unger sat in the forward part of the saloon all night, seasick and much alarmed. Once or twice, before midnight, the captain came in, walked back and forth across the saloon; then sat down to some drink, and shuffled a pack of cards. Many times the anxious watcher at the other end of the saloon moaned, and said, "I am afraid something will happen;" but the captain would reply, "O, go to bed; I have commanded vessels for thirty-six years, and never lost one yet." Between these scenes we slept, until a terrible stroke made our iron ship stagger and tremble from stem to stern. At the same time I got to my feet, exclaiming, "What is it?" Again we struck, and again and again we heard the grinding teeth of rocks upon the hull of the vessel. "O, the rocks of Jaffa!" exclaimed Miss Max Unger, wringing her hands.

I looked out of the starboard window, and saw the outlines of the buildings of Jaffa, the glare of the light-house, and here and there the lights of the town. It was about four o'clock in the morning, and dark; but the stars were out. We were indeed upon the rocks of Jaffa, helpless, and we did not know as any human help could reach us. Two rockets were thrown up from the ship, but we received no response except to see lights move upon the shore. For more than an hour the ship beat against the rocks with increasing violence, tossing from side to side; the sea also increased in fury, dashing across the deck from the port side through the windows of the saloon, flooding it with water and broken glass, putting out the lights, and leaving the passengers braced behind the table, and clinging to the window frames on the starboard side. About this time the engines stopped, the vessel sagged down into a permanent position, and we were ordered out upon the quarter deck which stood higher than the saloon deck. It was then daybreak and about half past five o'clock.

Who can describe that hour and a half, which seemed much longer, spent in the dark, sea-flooded saloon? The mighty sweep of the sea, the putting on of life-preserver, the darkness — all were very trying. The pitiful cries, "O Lord, save my soul," from the unsaved, assured us that this was indeed a late time to prepare to meet God. Mr. Sandford and myself bowed our heads together in prayer, gave to each other a message to carry to those at home, in case either should be drowned and the other saved; and then all agitation ceased, my heart rested in quiet confidence;

it was well with my soul, and I could trust all with God, even my child to whom I had been both father and mother, and who might never understand. Another promise was proved: "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." It was true that morning upon the rocks of Jaffa, with the sea breaking over us, and no assurance of ever getting ashore.

The two missionaries came up from below; women separated from all earthly friends; but they had bravely answered the injunction of their Lord, "Go ye and teach." Now they were in the hands of Him who said, "Lo I am with you alway." For a moment Miss Graybiel bowed her head upon her folded arms; and then, with as much serenity as though she sat under a mango-tree in India, teaching a group of Hindu children, she said, "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." It was like a benediction from heaven; and one after another we repeated passages from the word of God: "He holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand;" "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waters thereof are still;" "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." Some people say that there are modern poets who have written better psalms than David did, but I do not believe it; when we want verity we find it nowhere as in the "thus saith the Lord" of the Book.

One of the passengers, who was in great agony, replied to a question concerning her Christian faith, "O sir, I have been a nominal Christian for years, but I am not prepared to die!" What does it amount to to be simply a nominal Christian? Such are not prepared to die, and they are not prepared to live; yet it is to be feared that there are multitudes of Christians who are only nominally such. The real Christian says, with Paul: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

We had difficulty in reaching the quarter deck, for the stairs had been swept away, the sea was dashing over us, and we had to climb up by cables and over a large boat. This was exceedingly difficult for the ladies, but they never shrank from attempting the hardest things. The second-class passengers had a severer time than we. Many of them climbed into the rigging; others clung to whatever was permanent. Some of them had

babes and small children in their arms. They were often covered with the water, and their position was the more dangerous because the port side of the ship above the deck in front was stove into splinters; and to yield to one of those violent waves meant the sea for them. It is reported that over twenty were swept off and drowned, but I cannot speak with certainty on this point. After going to the quarter deck, we went into the chart room, but were soon compelled to go out, as the sea broke it up. All the while we were looking anxiously to the land for help.



"TCHIHATCHOFF" ON THE ROCKS.

At daybreak the ship threw up another rocket; the people gathered upon the shore and flocked upon the hillsides and housetops. Two large boats came around the point of rocks, and approached us from the sea; but the one nearest to us was overturned, and her eight men all thrown into the waves. It was a sad sight; these men in trying to rescue us had risked their own lives, and it looked as though they would all be drowned, but they swam bravely. One seized an oar, and struck out for us, missed a rope and a life-preserver thrown to him, went across our bow, was carried up to the rocks, and grasped by the men who stood there. Another got upon the capsized boat, and after being thrown about for some time, reached the rocks. The other six were picked up by the second boat, which then turned back for its own safety. All hope of help from this

direction was thus taken away. Could any help reach us? The officers of the ship were as helpless as the passengers; they did absolutely nothing to originate any rescue. It was evident that if any help came, it must come from the shore; but what could it be? Jaffa has no life-saving apparatus.

There were probably one hundred and twenty-five yards of rock jutting out from the shore, over which men could wade in water loin deep; but where this rocky tableland ended, the sea tossed, lashing itself and our fated ship, which was perhaps sixty-five or seventy yards from these rocks, upon others which we could not see but were fully conscious of. We saw men dragging a large boat over the rocks; eagerly we watched them as they fought the sea, struggling with all their might to push it on, while the waves seemed determined to sweep it back. They were a long time,—and it seemed still longer,—but at length, as a huge wave came, they pushed the boat upon its crest; two strong men sprang into it and cut the water with their heavy oars to keep it from being capsized. How the frail craft trembled! How angrily Neptune, with all the powers of the mighty deep, wrestled with the brawn and brain of those two heroic men! But all this passed in a brief time, and the boat shot out toward us. What a thrill passed through me! Involuntarily I cried, “*Bravo.*” Surely they were coming to the rescue!

The boat reached us, and took one of the officers, Miss Max Unger, Miss James, and six children of the second-class. They reached the rocks safely, and were drawn up by strong men; but the boat was immediately overturned and smashed against the rocks. Then there was a long delay; the people on shore were in a quandary, those on the ship in consternation. The sea was becoming heavier, often washing over us; we were wet and chilled, and our vessel was in danger of breaking up at any time. “What is the cause of this waiting?” “Is there not another boat in Jaffa?” So we queried.

We afterward learned the cause of the delay. Among the boatmen of “Thomas Cook and Son” were four brothers, one of these, Suleiman Girby, being the chief boatman. They belong to a family renowned for courage and skill on the water; their father, an old man, formerly having charge of the work now conducted by Suleiman. These boatmen had rivals in

another boat's crew, who, in professing to hold Suleiman's boat which brought the first of the passengers to the rocks, allowed it to capsize and be broken. He saw this, and turning to the governor of Jaffa, who was upon the ground, and who, together with the chief of police, did all in his power to encourage the men, and plan for the rescue, said, "I cannot depend upon these men."

The governor replied, "What shall we do? these people must be saved." Suleiman said, "Let my brothers out of prison, and we will show you what we can do." The governor said, "I will let them out to help to-day, but after this work is over, they must go back again." "No," said the pleading brother, "free them from prison, and we will do our best." So the governor let them out, and hurrying to the place, they did eminent service. These brothers had been imprisoned for three months on the accusation that they had smuggled firearms ashore; but as there was no proof of this, jealousy seemed to be at the bottom of it.

In the mean time Suleiman was not idle. After the long delay, we saw a strong man take off all his clothing and come out to the verge of the rocks, looking about as though he intended to dive into the sea. Would he do it? Could he live if he did? Yes; there he goes head foremost! Three times he goes down out of sight, but comes up, and strikes out for us. What a magnificent physique he has! How he walks through the water as though he were master of it! He gets aboard of our ship, orders one of her large boats to be lowered, then he has a cable attached to a yard-arm of the foremast, swims to the rocks with the cable, gets over the rocks with difficulty, and puts the cable into the hands of a long line of men who are to hold it. Then he swims back to the ship to get the passengers into the boat and to the rocks. By this time his brothers have reached the place, and one of them swims out to help him manage the boat. That boat was filled with second-class passengers, all men. They pulled the boat to the rocks by the cable, but came up to an unfortunate place and could not get very close to the table rock, so that every one had to throw himself into the sea, and get to the rocks using the cable, hand over hand. Some of them were completely submerged in the water, but all were rescued. A great wave threw the boat far in upon the table rock, and there was another long delay until we questioned whether or not they intended

to do anything further ; but presently we saw a young man jump into the prow of the boat, gather the men about him, and urge them forward through another battle with the sea, until the boat was launched again ; it

was one of the Girby brothers.



"TCHIHATCHOFF," LATER.

The first-class passengers were permitted to go in the first boat, but we had waited for others. It seemed now that our time, and God's time for us to go, had come. We let ourselves down upon the slippery, torn deck, climbed over the side, and finding our way to the bottom of the

cable ladder, dropped into the boat that bounded and receded with the heaving sea,— Miss Graybiel, Mr. Sandford, the Italian gentleman, several women and children of the second-class, and myself. Eagerly we grasped the cable and pulled ; like a feather in the tempest our boat plunged through the sea, but we reached the rocks in safety ; and while some strong hands held the boat firmly, others lifted us out and carried us to the shore.

I have heard that it was very difficult to land at Jaffa and often impossible, but this was an exceptional landing, I am sure ; for I was told that a steamship had not been wrecked there before for over twenty years. I had heard how fierce the Arabs of Jaffa were, and how one would imagine that he might be torn in pieces by them when they come to the ship to land passengers, but I have not felt more restful arms or looked into more pitiful eyes than those of the Arabs who carried me to the shore, since I was cradled in the embrace of my mother. My strength, which had held out as long as it was needed, resigned in favor of that of others, even strangers. Upon the shore, kind-hearted people crowded around us with warm blankets, puffs, and cordials ; and close to my lips was pressed a glass of

wine or brandy. If I ever needed such a cordial, it was then ; but I remembered my resolution, and, believing that God would take care of me, I pushed it aside. I did not want to talk to the kind-hearted dragoman who took hold of my arm and constantly questioned me ; I did not want to walk up the sandy hill and through the muddy square of the town ; my limbs were numb with cold ; and I wanted to sit down and go to sleep ; but the dragoman was faithful, urged on, as he afterward said, by looking upon a pallid face, glassy eyes, and blue lips. A few hours in a warm bed, with a good rubbing, however, brought back the circulation, and I was quite well again with the exception of the nervous shock.

The boat which brought us returned for others, but was capsized and broken ; several of the unfortunate ones being swept into the sea, and rescued only by the utmost endeavors of the brave boatmen. The increasing violence of the sea made it impracticable to use boats any longer, and the rest of the passengers and the crew were brought ashore one by one, in a rope chair drawn over the cable, the last one being rescued at about three o'clock in the afternoon.

There were said to be about one hundred and fifty people on board, including the officers and crew. The next day the sea was calmer, and the



SULEIMAN GIRBY.

greater part of the baggage was recovered, but in a most wretched condition. There were our clothing, books, and papers, curios gathered in Japan, China, India, and Egypt, many of them ruined; but when we were inclined to sigh, we were reminded that life preserved was better than all, and that it was our part to return thanks, which we did not fail to do most heartily.

The people in Jaffa of every name were ready to do all in their power for us. The governor, the chief of police with four officers, and an officer with soldiers, all planned with the boatmen, encouraged them and maintained order. The Greek, Italian, Russian, English, and American consuls were present; also people from the hospitals, the physicians, French nuns, ministers of the Armenian and Greek convents with cordials; Jews, Mohammedans, and Christians,—all anxious to do what they could for the sufferers. The governor and chief of police deserve much praise for their noble work; so, also, do Bernhard Heilpern, Cook's agent, and Shukri Moussa, his messenger, but the men who won the laurels of that day were the boatmen, and especially Suleiman Girby, the chief boatman. Five times he swam between the rocks and the ship, being in the water much of the time from half past five in the morning to three in the afternoon. He directed the fastening of the cable to the yard-arm, swam ashore with it in his hands, directed the management of affairs upon the ship and also upon the rocks; being ably sustained by his three brothers and six other boatmen, notable among them a very large Nubian, black as night. We owe our rescue to this man; there was nobody else who could do what he did; and had he failed, got discouraged, or met with an accident, we must have been left to our fate.

Suleiman is twenty-six years old, having a magnificent physique and great endurance. His unselfish and wonderful work opened his heart toward us as well as ours toward him. The next day I grasped his hand, and offered him a token of my appreciation, which he declined, saying: "I cannot take your money; you have lost everything. I would rather loan you money, if you need it. People on the ship offered me money to save them yesterday, but I told them I would do my best without their money. Let me be your friend; friendship is better than gold."

What words these were to come from a Syrian boatman! Do they not

suggest the character that made the man so brave? No wonder that his old father's eyes sparkled as we congratulated him upon having such a son; but his only reply was, as he laid his hand reverently upon his heart, "Thank God, your lives were saved!"

We felt that the brave service of these boatmen should be rewarded; consequently we laid the facts before Mr. Blaine, Secretary of State; and the consul at Jerusalem and some others did the same. In response, our government ordered suitable testimonials for the rescuing party; a gold medal and a gold watch and chain were sent to Suleiman, silver medals to his brothers and the Nubian, and twenty-five dollars in money to each of the seven assistants. The emperor of Russia conferred silver medals upon Suleiman and three of his assistants; the steamship company sent to him the Anchor Medal.

Not long after this a French man-of-war went ashore in a heavy gale, and again Suleiman was the hero, swimming to the ship and back in the night,—the feat occupying two hours,—and bringing the captain's wife safe to land upon his shoulders, the sea being so rough that she dared not trust the lighter. For this act of heroism the French government sent him a gold medal, and the sultan sent to him and six assistants a silver medal each. The English government conferred a silver medal, and Cook's Company a gold medal, upon the hero.

The story of our wreck and rescue preceded us to Jerusalem; and after we replied to a request to relate the facts at tiffin one day, the company present offered ten pounds, with a hearty cheer, and sent it to Suleiman to replace his broken boat. So has honor been bestowed where honor was due. I am grateful to our own government for its recognition of manly courage. Our rescuer is very dear to me; and were it my privilege to visit the sacred land again, nothing there would be more grateful to my eyes than the sight of Suleiman Girby.

There were different reports as to the cause of the wreck. One was that the machinery gave out, and the vessel became unmanageable; another was that she struck an unknown rock, miles out, and was hurried to the rocks of the nearest shore before she sunk. Both stories are absurd. The second-class passengers said that the officers on duty at the time were intoxicated and engaged in the vilest revelry, and scamped their duty. I

believe this to be true. Lust and liquor were the cause of our disaster; and as usual with these things, the innocent suffered with the guilty. The investigation was carried on before the Russian consul, but none of the passengers were troubled with questions.

In this connection I cannot forget to speak of what a blessing it is to have a Saviour, one who has not only *risked* but *given* his life for us, and who saves unto the uttermost all who come to God by him. Out of him our position is unsafe; we are driven upon the sea or against the biting rocks; we cry out, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" to which the word itself replies, "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." All honor and praise to Him who hath redeemed us, and put into our hearts songs of rejoicing.

JAFFA.

Yafeh, meaning beautiful, commonly called by the people of Syria, Jaffa, and better known to us as Joppa, is renowned in history both secular and ecclesiastical. In Solomon's time Hiram, king of Tyre, sent cedar and pine wood out of Lebanon for the temple by way of Joppa. Materials for rebuilding the temple under Zerubbabel were brought from Lebanon by Joppa. When Jonah fled from God, he shipped here



ARAB STREET, JAFFA.

for Tarsish. Here Dorcas was raised to life, and Peter had the vision which prepared him to preach to the Gentiles: Here Pompey, Herod the Great, and Archelaus made conquests; and from this point the

Crusaders set their faces directly toward the Holy City. Here, in 1797, the French landed, and Napoleon won an unenviable fame by shooting four thousand surrendered Albanians and by poisoning five hundred sick soldiers.

From the sea, Jaffa is beautiful; but when one passes through the dirty streets, narrow and crooked, filled with a motley crowd of camels and donkeys and their drivers, groups of turbaned Turks, Syrians, Arabs, and Jewish pilgrims, it puts on a different aspect. However, we made ourselves at home amidst all.

The Tabitha Mission, under the superintendence of Miss Walker-Arnott, greatly interested us. How could we feel otherwise when they found a place for our half-ruined baggage, assisted us in renovating it, and gave to us a Christian welcome! The school is for girls; and we noticed many bright faces among those then in attendance, and heard of many others who had gone out from the school with a love for Christ, and well fitted for life's duties.

Miss Arnott began her work here in 1863, and has had excellent success. In 1890, the number of pupils reached one hundred and fifty. The school is the result of Miss Arnott's individual exertions, and is supported by personal offerings. From the top of the school building we get a good view of Joppa, including the site of the house where Dorcas was raised to life by Peter, and also of the cave where her body is said to have been finally laid to rest.

We could not leave Jaffa without visiting the spot where "the house of Simon the tanner" stood. We were led through a squalid street, a



HOUSE OF "SIMON THE TANNER."

part of which is made damp and dingy by the shadows of a stone archway, down to a stone building, at whose doorway a blind old man was sitting. As we came nearer, he arose, saying, "Yes, this is the house of Simon, the tanner," and then held out his bony hand, saying, "Backshish." We had heard the word before, and knew its meaning; so giving the old man a few piasters, we passed on. A fig-tree rests against the wall, and here is an old well and a cistern, and a flight of scarred and broken stone steps by which we ascended to the housetop and gazed in silence upon the scene about us. Behind us rose the flat-roofed houses, block on block, toward the sky; below us they descended in the same manner to the edge of the sea, here and there broken by a narrow street through which camels and donkeys were carrying their burdens.

To right and left beyond the town, tawny sand stretched away to the sky; before us was a pile of rocks, with a ship breaking up under the lash of incoming waves; and farther out, the sea, unbroken until it kissed the clouds. This seemed truly a spot where one could sleep and dream, and be taught by whispering angels. It was here that Peter learned a great lesson, and was prepared for a great work. Thank God for it! and that while the Jews have turned away from Christ, the Gentiles have had the gospel preached to them, and many have believed.

The outskirts of Jaffa toward the country are as attractive as the seaward side, especially among the gardens, of which there are many, containing pomegranates, citrons, almonds, apricots, peaches, lemons, and oranges. The last two named fruits were in their prime at the time of our visit; and when I had enjoyed a feast of Jaffa oranges, it seemed as though I had never eaten oranges before. There are three hundred orchards of this luscious fruit close by.

Rough weather and the wreck had delayed us nearly a week, and taken some of the precious time that we had allotted to the land which we longed to see most of all. But God never allows anything to happen by chance; he knows why so much of our time was better spent in getting to Palestine than in visiting there. How much, after all, we had to be thankful for! and when we had hung the last remnant of our soaked luggage out to dry, parted almost tearfully with our ruined camera, and collected what we should need for our journey through Palestine, we went to bed that night saying with abundant joy, "Jerusalem to-morrow!"

ON THE WAY.

We started for Jerusalem at about noon on Saturday, going by Ramleh direct. One may take horse, donkey, camel, or carriage for the journey. We chose the latter, for times enough would the others be our means of locomotion from necessity. The engine that whistled every morning, and ran out over the completed mile of track in process of construction, toward Jerusalem, seemed altogether out of place; but we could endure a carriage. The distance is put down at forty miles, and ten hours should be sufficient for the journey. Our way led out through groves of oranges and lemons. From some trees the fruit had been gathered, but for the most part they were heavily laden. The groves are hedged in with prickly pear cacti, the trunk of which becomes like that of a large tree.



RAMLEH.

Leaving the groves and the fountain, with the sycamores which indicate the spot where Dorcas was raised from the dead, we entered the plain of Sharon, over which we journeyed to Ramleh, which has a population of about four thousand, nearly a third of whom are Christians. Traditionally this town corresponds with the Arimathæa of the New Testament, the home of Joseph, who put the body of Jesus into his new tomb. Here is a Latin convent. As we halted for an hour to rest our beasts, we hastened out to the great tower a short distance from the town. This structure is square, and quite beautiful in design, although it has begun to crumble. Some think it, together with the surrounding ruined buildings, was once a mosque; others, that it was a *khân*; and still others, that it was a Christian church built by the Crusaders. The architecture is Saracenic.

Near by is the ruin of what was doubtless once a chapel. Some holes are also found in the ground which lead down over piles of débris into immense, vaulted rooms, the ceilings of which are supported by stone pillars. Evidently this was once an underground chapel used for secluded worship.

We ascend to the top of the tower, by a spiral staircase composed of one hundred and twenty well-worn stone steps; once at the top, we are paid for our exertion. The air, laden with the fragrance of almond blossoms and springing grass, is fresh and sweet, like that of New England in the middle of May. Song-birds flit by, welcoming the spring. In different directions men are plowing with their one-handed plows, and occasionally I hear the dreamy song of a farmer. The entire plain of Sharon, extending from Jaffa to Cæsarea, and from the Judean hills to the sea, stretches out before us. It has been celebrated for its fertility, and looks as if it still bore out its reputation. It is a sea of green grass and springing grain, spangled now and then with white and gold, but most of all with scarlet, the flowers sometimes growing in such masses as to look like pools of blood. This is the flower from which our Lord was named "the Rose of Sharon."

Toward the north the minarets of Lydda rise above one of the many olive groves which are all about us. It was here that Peter raised Eneas from his sick-bed. Far away, Ashdod, where the god Dagon fell, and where Philip was found after the eunuch's conversion, is seen; also the ruins of Askelon, and of Gath, the frequent refuge of David, with Gaza, down by the sea. Men and boys are in the field plowing, sometimes with a camel, and again with a bullock and a donkey. Being "unevenly yoked together" is in harmony with what we frequently see in Palestine.

But we hasten back to our carriage, and continue our journey. Passing two small villages, we come to the valley of Ajalon, where the sun and moon obeyed Joshua as he gave the command: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." My companion was under the impression that it was here that David slew Goliath, and he climbed over the rocks and around the hills to see the exact spot where the duel occurred. He came back flushed with enthusiasm, declaring that he could almost see the transaction. It afterward turned out that tradition locates the place of that scene much nearer Jerusalem.

Beyond Ajalon, to the northeast, and on the left, are the two Beth-Horons ; and on the right is Gezer, the city given to the Kohathite Levites, invaded by David, captured and burned by Pharaoh, and given by him to his daughter, Solomon's wife. Further on we come to Latrûn, the traditional native place of Dimas, the penitent thief ; then to Kirjath-jearim, where the ark of the Lord rested for twenty years. Who could pass this spot without being thrilled with some sense of what the glory of Israel was when "David gathered all Israel together, from Shihor of Egypt even unto the entering of Hemath to bring the ark of God to Kirjath-jearim !"

We are now traversing the mountains, having entered them at Babel-Wady, where we changed our beasts and drivers, and got a lunch of boiled eggs and very tough, hard bread. We reach Kolonieh after dark, coming over a zigzag road. This little place, nestled among the



NEBY-SAMWÎL.

hills, has orchards, groves, and gardens, and is thought by some to be the Emmaus of Christ's time ; but it is not "three-score furlongs from Jerusalem." The valley here is thought by some to be the place where the conflict occurred between David and Goliath ; and many gather pebbles from the brook in memory of it, — or perhaps to slay some modern Goliath with, — but a place in the valley of Elah, to the southeast of this, corresponds better with the Scriptural narrative.

Our road now becomes very mountainous ; and whichever way the sacred city is approached, we find that it is literally "going up to Jerusa-

lem." We walk a good deal, both to keep warm and to get a view of the country as the bright moon reveals the mountain tops and ravines with great distinctness. Sometimes fifteen and even eighteen mountain summits, silvered by the soft light, are in view at once; often from the side of our road ravines slip away into deep gorges hundreds of feet below us, darkened by the distance, piles of rock, and olive groves. Against the sky to the left rises the solitary and mosque-crowned mountain peak of Neby-Samwil, the traditional burial-place of the prophet Samuel and the ancient Mizpah.



JAFFA GATE.

From the minaret of this mosque can be seen the Holy Land, from the Mediterranean on the west to the mountains beyond Jordan on the east; from Carmel, stretching its arm over the sea on the north, nearly to Hebron on the south. From this summit thousands of pilgrims have looked upon Jerusalem for the first time.

At twelve minutes before ten, we reach the Jaffa Gate. All that we can see is a bit of the city outside the walls, and that indistinctly. This was our good fortune, for Jerusalem cannot truly be seen until viewed as we looked upon it the next day, from the side of Olivet. Nevertheless, a peculiar thrill passed through us when we realized that we were looking upon the spot to which our thoughts had turned with longing from childhood,—the spot full of sacred history; the spot where our Lord had experienced so much during his public work. Tasso says of the emotions of the Crusaders when they saw Jerusalem for the first time : —

“With holy zeal their swelling breasts abound,
And their winged footsteps scarcely print the ground.

Behold, Jerusalem salutes their eyes!”

And our emotions were much the same as in silence we approached the gate, passed through, went to the hotel and to our room to be alone with God. To be there was enough ; to talk about it was to detract from the reality. It should indeed be to us “the city of peace.”

JERUSALEM.

Morning in Jerusalem, and Lord's day ! This was the waking thought that thrilled me. What influences had gone out from this place ! How many hearts daily turn toward Zion, the city of God, with her Calvary, where hung our bleeding, dying Lord ; her tomb made radiant with immortality because he lay there ; her mountain top where Abraham piled the faggots and placed his son, and where the temple stood ; her Olivet, with its garden of tears and agony, its sacred spot where the Saviour turned with tearful face and cried, “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered thee !” its spot more sacred still from which he ascended in shining clouds ! But why had we come ? To worship in the “church of the Holy Sepulcher ?” To be baptized in Jordan ? O no, we had come, that much which had entered into our religious life through the avenues of literature might be made more real by personal contact.

Jerusalem is a city renowned for historical associations. She lifted her towers before Thebes, Athens, or Rome had an existence. Her wealth and power made her the “joy of the whole earth” in Solomon's time. Her temple, which was the first ever erected to the true God, was unexcelled. We had come here to get nearer the heart of our Lord by getting nearer to the scenes of his ministry ; and although a Turkish mosque stands upon the spot where the temple was ; although Mount Zion is turned into a burial ground, and the valley of the beautiful Kidron filled with loose stones and dry bones ; although poverty and squalor abound, and the Jerusalem of Christ is largely subterranean, yet we know that there are paths about here which felt the pressure of his feet, and scenery which his eyes beheld. Yes, this is the city of the great King, and in the fullness of time he will stand here again.

In the forenoon we attended divine service at the mission, conducted by Rev. A. Ben-Oliel, who is a missionary to the Hebrews, and who speaks their language fluently. He gave a very instructive discourse from John



THE "NEW TOMB."

11:55-57, and our interest was deepened from the fact that we were at the place where the events referred to had occurred. In the evening I spoke to the people at the same place, and assisted in the administration of the Lord's supper, this being the first communion service since this new mission had been started.

In the afternoon having a desire to be

near to my Lord in a quiet way, I walked out to the tomb near the old Damascus Gate, believed by some to be the veritable "new tomb" of Joseph of Arimathea into which our Lord was placed. It is evidently a family tomb, the groove at the doorway into which the stone was rolled, worn by time and use, can still be seen; and on one corner a stone slab, moldy and marred, forming the compartment for a body, is in its place.

What thoughts swept through the mind as we opened the Book and read John 20:1-19! Is this the place to which Peter and the beloved disciple hastened? Was it before this very doorway that Mary wept, and inquired for the body of her Redeemer? Did the napkin and the linen clothes lie here? Had this little tomb held my crucified Lord? Did he go forth from this seal-broken doorway a victor over sin and death and the grave forever? Content in believing this to be true I went forth, not only with a deep consciousness of what it meant to be there, but also with such

a realization of what it signified to enter into that victory as I never had before.

Only a few steps away is the hill thought by General Gordon to be the veritable Golgotha. The side next to the city wall has been cut off, and the ragged rocks and receding caves, with the general contour of the hill, all give it the perfect resemblance to a human skull. From its summit a bit of the city within the walls can be seen, but we found enough in this spot to interest us; and sitting down upon one of the piles of gravestones so plenty here, we read the nineteenth chapter of John. Again we saw Jesus coming with the cross, again lifted up between the thieves, again mocked and jeered at by the mob, again crying, "Father, forgive them," and in the midst of the throng dying for the sins of the world. Could I ever again be heedless of the sufferings of my Lord? My whole being answered, "No."

Beyond the winding road, and just across the Kidron, the sides of Olivet begin to rise.

The bed of the brooklet wanders through a deep ravine, from which the hill and northeast corner of the city wall rise abruptly. It was spring-time, and heavy rains had fallen, but there was no running water in the brook. Remembering that Jesus must often have passed this way, we stopped for a moment's reverie. Sad mistake! The

crowd which gathered about us brought the assurance that "the beggars have come to town," aye, and the lepers, sufficient in number and opportunity to exhaust both pocket-book and patience. Poor creatures! Their only cry was, "Backshish."



MOUNT OF OLIVES, GETHSEMANE IN FOREGROUND.

Gethsemane is just beyond, and where we began to ascend the mount of Olives. The space inclosed is about one third of an acre, and is surrounded by a wall covered with stucco. It looks small but is doubtless a portion at least of the original garden. Matthew and Mark speak of the place: "Jesus went over the brook Kidron with his disciples, where there was a garden into which he entered." Eusebius and Jerome speak of the garden as well known. Several large olive trees here must be very old, and may have sprung from those under which Jesus agonized; flowers are growing about the trees, carefully cultivated. A reservoir supplies water for the garden. The place is in charge of the Franciscans who point out the "chapel of the agony," the rocky place where the disciples slept, and the spot where Judas gave his betraying kiss. A marble relief, representing an angel ministering to Christ is very beautiful, but the whole is surrounded with pictures setting forth the trial and crucifixion scenes according to the Catholic idea, which were to me very repulsive. I was disappointed to find a place with which I had associated loneliness and soul agony, so much fixed up for exhibition; but every spot about here, which with any degree of certainty can be identified with any special act of Jesus, is occupied with picture or shrine or chapel.

Three pathways traverse Mount Olivet, and probably it was the same in Christ's time,—one a hard rocky way going over the northern shoulder, another a steep foot-path going over the summit, while a third winds over the southern side, leading round to Bethany. Without doubt the last is the road taken by Jesus as he came from Jericho to Jerusalem, when the people threw before him their palm branches and olive boughs. He was doubtless going this way when he looked upon the city and wept over it saying, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." We ascended by the northern path, and came back over the summit of the mountain; half way up we turned and got our first true view of Jerusalem.

In the southeast corner of the city is the Mosque of Omar, standing upon a raised platform where Solomon's Temple once stood. Beyond it is the church El Aksa, built by Justinian. Northwest of the mosque, and not far from it are the Turkish barracks, where the castle of Antonia stood;

a lofty tower now stands in the corner of the barracks. North of the mosque is the hill Bezetha, with the church of St. Anne upon it near St. Stephen's Gate. West of Bezetha is the hill of Akra, on whose eastern slope stands the church of the Holy Sepulcher; Mount Zion stands in the southwest part of the city. To the right and near the Jaffa Gate, is the tower of David, or Hippicus. Southeast of the tower is the English church, and south of that the Armenian convent; east of the convent is the Jewish quarter. In a southwest direction, on Mount Zion and beyond the wall, a cluster of buildings with a dark dome marks the tomb of David. To the left and over the Judean hills, may be seen the mountains of Moab and Gilead, beyond the Jordan Valley. To the south lies the Frank Mountain, and nearer, the Hill of Evil Counsel. To the west of it is the valley of Rephaim, near the northwest corner, and outside the walls, are the Russian buildings; beyond them, on the summit of a high and conical hill, are clustered the buildings of Neby-Samwil (Mizpah).



HOME OF LAZARUS, BETHANY.

The northern ridge of Olivet is Scopus, beyond which is a village called Shafat. To the right of it is the ancient Nob, and two miles beyond, Gibeah, the home of Saul; three miles farther north is Ramah, Samuel's birthplace, and three miles farther on, the ancient Beeroth. This enumerates a part of the beautiful views from Olivet, and all except the five last named places may be seen from our half-way resting-place. Upon the top of the mountain is a tower owned by the Russians, which commands a

very extensive view from the mountains of Moab to the sea. Near it is a small village, very dirty.

Upon the spot from which it is claimed that our Lord ascended, stands a large building belonging to the Mohammedans. A courtyard connected



TOMB OF LAZARUS.

contains an octagonal chapel, with a footprint in stone said to be that of Christ.

Further east, the Greeks have a chapel upon the spot where they claimed that Christ ascended; but by comparing Acts 1:12 with Luke 24:50, I am led to think that the spot is farther east than either of these. The Greek Chapel is near to Bethphage. Further east still, and

upon the slope of the hill, is Bethany. Low, dingy houses; crooked, narrow, filthy streets; poor, sullen-looking people make the Bethany of to-day a dismal place. They point out an old ruin which they claim was once the house of Mary and Martha. They take the traveler through an opening in a stone wall, lead him down a winding stairway into what is claimed by some to be the tomb of Lazarus. All this may be true; at least it is a blessing to be near the place where Jesus came for rest, and where he so wonderfully revealed the power of God, in the resurrection of his dead friend.

We must confess to a feeling of disappointment as we wound about on horseback through the narrow, filthy streets of Bethany and the hamlet on Olivet one day on returning from Jericho. These places so dear to our Lord would seem dearer to us if they were clean. But it occurred to me

that God permitted them to be as they are, so that people might not worship the places instead of himself; for the same reason, doubtless, there is uncertainty concerning the exact spot where certain important events occurred. Great changes have been wrought in these sacred spots since Christ walked here in the flesh, but it was delightful to know that he had walked these same ways, looked upon these same hills and valleys, and that his real life was not marred or ended by his enemies; that while men and things have changed upon these much-contested grounds, Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

Let us "walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof." The town covers an area of over two hundred and nine acres, thirty-five of which are occupied by the Haram-esh-Sherif. This contains the site of the old temple, now occupied by the mosque of Omar, the mosque El-Aksa, and other objects of interest. It is inclosed by a wall thirty-five feet high, not very substantial; and there are thirty-four towers and eight gates in the wall. The Jaffa Gate, on the west, leading to Jaffa, Bethlehem, and Hebron is most in use. Both on the outside and inside there are usually plenty of camels, donkeys, and dogs; with men and women interspersed, trading and gossiping. On the north side, looking toward Samaria and Damascus, opens the Damascus Gate, which is much frequented; between this and the Jaffa Gate, a gate called the "New Gate" was opened in 1889. St. Stephen's Gate leads to Olivet and Bethany, the



STREET IN JERUSALEM.

Dung Gate to Siloam ; while on the ridge of Zion is Zion's Gate. The Gate of Herod is closed most of the time ; the Golden Gate, sometimes called the "Gate Beautiful," is always closed. The Mohammedans have a tradi-



MOSQUE OF OMAR.

tion that when the Gate Beautiful is opened, they will lose Jerusalem. It is in the east wall of the temple area. At this point Peter and John are said to have healed the lame man ; this also was the point of entrance by Jesus on Palm Sunday, and tradition further declares that when Jesus returns, he will enter Jerusalem through this gate. Near this are two small but richly ornamented chambers, where the Moslems say the golden throne of Solomon is hidden.

There are many winding ways and dark and slippery alleys ; but a few somewhat pretentious streets intersect one another among the group of quarternian hills separated by deep valleys, and crowned with domes and minarets. One leads from the Jaffa Gate to the Haram ; another, from the Damascus Gate to the street of the Gate of the Prophet David, under which name it continues to Zion's Gate. Christian street takes one from

the street of David to the church of the Holy Sepulcher, and the Via Dolorosa, which runs between St. Stephen's Gate and the Latin convent.

I can speak but briefly of the many places of interest which attracted us. Our opportunity to see and learn was an unusually good one, as we visited many places in company with the United States consul-general to Turkey, and Rev. A. Ben-Oliel, who was very familiar with all the places: conducted by a special *kawasse* of the American consul at Jerusalem. We were kindly received at the mosque of Omar, and shown the points of interest.

This beautiful structure is octagonal in form, and is five hundred and thirty-six feet in circumference, surmounted by a dome which is supported by twelve columns of antique marble and porphyry. The outside is of colored marble and encaustic tiling, while within, the walls are adorned with rich mosaics, gilded arabesques, and many quotations from the Koran. Some of the pillars are pointed out as having been in Solomon's temple, which is doubtless true. The rays of sunshine never fail to add beauty to this interior when the sun shines, for there are fifty-six windows, some on every side. The most attractive object of all is the naked stone under the dome, surrounded by an iron fence. It is held so sacred by the Mohammedans that they will not allow a Christian to stand



INTERIOR OF MOSQUE, WITH BARE SUMMIT OF MT. MORIAH.

upon it, but we thrust our hands between the iron rods, and felt that we had touched a holy object. The rock has been chiseled in places, indicating that it has been adapted to various purposes, but its general appearance is rugged and unhewn.



TOMB OF ABSALOM.

On this spot Abraham offered Isaac as a sacrifice ; here the ark of the covenant stood, and here was the holy of holies. How many times God has spoken in this place ! How his glory has emanated from this center, as though his throne stood here ! Omar is none too beautiful a shrine for the spot where God loved to dwell when *his* temple stood here.

Underneath the mosque is a cave, connected with which are many traditions. In the center of its floor a slab covers the "Well of Spirits," into which, the Moslems allege, all spirits descend, and from which they will be lifted at last by the hair on the top of their heads. This, if nothing else, might well discourage some of us from accepting the Moslem faith, as

there would be nothing to lift us up by.

The mosque El-Aksa, close by, comes in for a share of attention. Its seven-arched porch leads into the seven aisles of the Basilica. Inside, the pillars are of four different styles. Most of the building is covered with whitewash, but the pulpit is of itself a thing of beauty and merit, being carved in wood, and inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. Two pillars quite close together stand near by ; and every pilgrim is supposed to try to squeeze through between them. Those who succeed are sure of a place in heaven, but it is doubtful about those who fail. Leaving the mosque and our boots, we descend by thirty-two steps to a vaulted chamber called the "Cradle of Christ;" here they tell us that Christ was circumcised, and here Simeon dwelt.

From here we still go down, down, through vaulted avenues to Solomon's stables, where it is seen how the valleys were built up for the temple platform. We are told that Solomon had forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots. It seems probable that they may have been here. Men are at work here excavating; at the north end we find a window in the wall which looks out over the valley of the Kidron, toward the tombs of Saint James and Zechariah, and the pillar of David's rebellious son Absalom, which is filled with stones thrown in by uncharitable Jews, who hiss at his memory.

Near by is a small mosque called the "throne of Solomon." A breach in the wall gives us a glimpse of the pool of Bethesda. There is the site of the fortress of Antonia, and of a structure called the "tribunal of David," where tradition says a chain was suspended from heaven; and that when two disputants could not settle their quarrel, they were placed beneath this chain, which always swung toward the one who was in the right. No wonder Robinson says that the traditions of the Holy Land are unreliable!

A visit to the Jews' wailing-place served both to satisfy our curiosity and touch our hearts. Upon one side is a low wall; upon the other are several courses of huge marble blocks, fifteen feet long and three feet deep, with smaller blocks higher up. In the intervening crevices, which have not been stuffed with Hebrew prayers, grass and swaying vines are growing. Friday finds the Jews, resident and pilgrim, collected here to face the stones of the original temple—as they believe—to bewail the desolation of Zion, and to pray for her restoration. Many of them read from sacred books, swaying back and forth in true Oriental style.



WAILING PLACE.

On our way to the tomb of David, we passed the tower which bears his name, now used as a Turkish barracks. All the stones look old and worn, our dragoman told us that probably Christ beheld some of these with his own eyes. How the thought thrilled us! We stopped and gazed again at the huge pile. Near the tomb is an old ruin, with here and there beautiful mosaic walks, and architecture which indicates an elegant structure. It is called the "Palace of Caiaphas,"—the place where our Lord was tried,



TOMB OF DAVID.

condemned, and imprisoned, and where Peter denied him.

But we are at Neby Dâūd. There is scarcely any doubt that the tombs of the kings were in this vicinity. In 1 Kings 11: 43, we read, "And Solomon slept with his fathers, and was buried in the city of David;" and in the fourteenth chapter and thirty-first verse, it says, "And Rehoboam slept with

his fathers, and was buried with his fathers in the city of David." Nehemiah speaks of a place by the pool which was over against the sepulcher of David: this tomb stands exactly opposite lower Gihon. The apostle says: "His (David's) sepulcher is with us unto this day." Mohammedans and Eastern Christians regard this as David's burial-place.

Entering a large room, we ascend some stone steps, and look through a grated wall to the tomb. It appears to be an immense sarcophagus, covered with richly embroidered drapery. Before a doorway leading to a cave beneath are silver candlesticks, while a lamp, always kept lighted, hangs by a window close by. They tell us that in an adjoining



TOWER OF DAVID.

room Christ partook of the last supper with his disciples, and that there the Holy Ghost came upon the disciples at Pentecost. Upon the walls everywhere are written the prayers of pilgrims, asking David to pray for their souls. All these things made us feel that we were upon consecrated ground. What a privilege to stand where the bodies of David and the ancient kings had found their last resting-place, deposited by magnificent funeral trains; where Christ instituted the memorial supper; and where the Holy Ghost inaugurated the mighty work of the present dispensation! The church of St. James, opposite Zion's Gate, marks the spot where this disciple was beheaded.

SUBTERRANEAN QUARRIES.

Near the Jaffa Gate our guide leads us to a hole among the rocks just large enough to creep through. Each one is given a long candle, and it is needed; for with the light of many candles, darkness shrouds us on all sides. We are in the quarries under the city. After proceeding a little way the paths seem to branch out in all directions; cavern opens into cavern, aisle into aisle; abyss reaches to abyss. Now the vault rises high, now we must bend low to pass; here a huge pillar lies prone, ready for its place in some building; there is one, partially detached from the solid stone. The stone is a soft light lime-stone, easily cut in the quarry, but hardening when exposed to the atmosphere. No doubt the stones for the temple were cut and fashioned here.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER.

It is a good plan to take the Via Dolorosa, and note all the points of interest which culminate at the church. "Pilate's Judgment Hall," or rather its site, receives attention first; next, the spot where the *Scala Santa*, or holy steps, now in Rome, stood; then the spot where the cross was bound upon Christ's shoulders; and in their order the Ecce Homo Arch, connected with the judgment hall; the place where the Saviour sunk under the cross; where he said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and your children;" where he met his mother; and where he leaned against the wall. All these scenes are pointed out to us. Upon this street also are shown the houses of Dives, the rich man; and of Lazarus the beggar

The claims for the "Church of the Holy Sepulcher" would make it the most interesting spot in the world, aside perhaps from Bethlehem. The church is really a series of chapels over the places where are supposed to have occurred the many incidents connected with the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord. They show us where Mary stood before the tomb weeping ; where the Saviour was imprisoned ; where the crown of



THRONE OF THE PATRIARCH, CHURCH OF HOLY SEPULCHRE.

thorns was platted ; where the three crosses stood, and the holes in the rock where they were set up ; the spot where Mary the mother of Jesus remained during the crucifixion ; the stone upon which his body was anointed when taken down from the cross ; the rent in the rock made by the earthquake ; and the scenes of various other events which occurred during the last days of our Lord's life. These chapels, controlled respectively, by Greeks, Latins, Armenians, and Copts, are beautiful in architecture. Groined arches and pillars are numerous ; lanterns drop from ceiling

and rafter ; paintings and draperies appear in abundance. In the "chapel of Golgotha" is a picture of the virgin Mary, set in diamonds.

Our deepest interest centered in what is claimed to be the holy sepulcher. It lies within a small chapel, built of Santa Croce marble, and is reached by a long, low passage. The sepulcher is small, being only six feet by seven, and almost half the space is occupied by the marble slab shown as the tomb of the Lord. The slab is cracked, and much worn by the kisses of pilgrims. There are two chambers in the sepulcher, the first

containing the stone which the angels rolled away from the opening of the tomb, while the sepulcher itself is beyond. However incredulous one may be, he cannot fail to be moved as he stands on the spot which has been so venerated by thousands, for ages, and notes in pilgrim worshipers the quivering lip and tearful eye, betokening hearts full of tender adoration.

The scene here on Easter Eve is said to be exceedingly thrilling. Thousands of Greek worshipers are then gathered from all points of the world. A patriarch enters the sepulcher to light his taper with fire from heaven; bundles of tapers are held by the priests; thousands of worshipers with tapers in hand press eagerly forward to get the first light from the fire thrust through an opening in the sepulcher; hastily it is passed from one to another, until the church, the court in front, and indeed the entire city is lurid with the flame. In this eager, surging throng many have lost their lives, and for some years Turkish soldiers have carefully guarded this service; while the officials of the city have held the custody of the keys to the sepulcher, to keep peace between the contending sects.

One Lord's day we visited the American colony, located on the wall by the Damascus Gate; we appreciated their unpretentious hospitality, and especially enjoyed an hour of devotions, when many — strangers before — found the oneness which Christ's Spirit gives. I find that the people of Jerusalem have much respect for this home. A visit to the Misses Robinson and Dunn, missionaries of the Christian Alliance, deepened our interest in their work. They had rooms at the English hospital, and, filled with faith, were expecting great things of the Lord. A season of devotion with them brought hope and comfort to all our hearts.

BETHLEHEM.

Six miles south of Jerusalem is the little city of David. We asked our dragoman the distance, and he replied, "One hour by carriage and an hour and a half on horseback;" and still we were at a loss to know how far it really was. But most of the tour through Palestine must be made on horseback, and having had some experience in India with the saddle, we concluded to make the journey by the "one hour" method. We passed out of the Jaffa Gate, along the valley of Gihon, where Solomon was pro-

claimed king and crowned. As this valley turns eastward, it becomes Hinnom, or Gehenna, which, with its burnings, was made by Christ the symbol of torment ; upon the left is the traditional "field of blood " bought with the thirty pieces of silver, and in which Judas hung himself. Just beyond is the Hill of Evil Counsel, where Caiaphas's country-house stood,

and where the Jews met to plot against Jesus. As we begin a long ascent, we are shown the "Well of the Magi," where tradition says the thirsty wise men stopped for water when they had lost sight of the star, and saw it reflected there. How often God would teach by reflecting the light of heaven through human instrumentalities !



WOMAN OF BETHLEHEM.

Rachel's Tomb is before us, close to the road. A feeling of deep sadness came over us at the sight, perhaps because Rachel died in this lonely spot when Benjamin was born ; perhaps because she was buried away from all the rest of the family. When her soul was departing, she said, "Call him Ben-oni," but his father said, "Let his name be Benjamin, the son of my right hand." Jacob's love for Rachel was rare ; his seven years' service for her seemed only a few days. He placed a pillar upon

her grave, and long years afterward, on nearing the spot, he repeated the story of his loss. A turn to the left, and fifteen minutes will take us to Bethlehem. Had we looked to the right over Rachel's Tomb, we might have seen the place where Saul was met by the messengers of Samuel, but we turn to scenes which suggest no less interesting memories. We see Naomi returning from

Moab with faithful Ruth, who becomes a gleaner, then the wife of Boaz, and the ancestress of David and Christ. Little did she know what would be the reward of her faithfulness to the true God, or what possibilities are before every obedient one. Here Saul was anointed first king over Israel. Westminster is renowned as the crowning place of all the rulers of England since Harold ; and there is shown the chair of coronation scarred with age, and the Scone Stone upon which Scotland's rulers were crowned before England's were, also her own — and why should we not notice the spot where Israel's first king was anointed ?

Again the funeral procession for Asahel seems to pass before us. Asahel, "light of foot as a wild roe," but who, like many another young man, died on account of his rashness. Here too is the well of Bethlehem, from which David longed to drink when a fugitive hiding in caves, and in order to bring him water from which, three brave soldiers broke through the enemies' lines, just as Christ has broken through the walls of sin for us.

But the scene which presents itself most vividly to the mind at this place is that which transpired over yonder pastures, with their flocks. Yes, these are the same hills overlapping each other, and slipping into the glen. Again I see the flocks upon their sides, the shepherds lying drowsily upon the ground ; then a sudden light flashing upon the scene, and an angel saying, "Fear not : for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day, in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord ;" and then the heavenly host singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." These hills have been made sacred by the echo of angels' songs ; but has not every place been redeemed and made sacred by the work of Jesus ? Ah yes ; and this song was sung nearly nineteen hundred years ago, and yet to-day two thirds of the human race do not know that a Redeemer has come. Is it because we are such poor mediums of sound and light ? God knows !

But we, like the shepherds, would see the place where the young child lay. A church was built over the spot by the empress Helena in 327 A. D. It is a fine building, with five rows of marble columns, each a monolith with Corinthian capitals, some of them doubtless having come from

Solomon's temple. The rafters are the original timbers—cedars of Lebanon. Beyond the screen, Greek priests are chanting hymns, and swinging lighted censers; close by, a Turkish soldier stands to keep the peace, for only a few days before our visit, Greek and Latin priests had a falling out near the altar, and came to blows. We pass down the stairway under the altar, to the cave, which is thirty-three by eleven feet, en-

cased with Italian marble, and lighted by ever-burning lamps. On one side of the grotto is a small low recess, in the bottom of which is placed a silver star, surrounded by the sentence, "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*" (Here of the Virgin Mary Jesus Christ was born.) Mohammedans, Jews, Christians, all agree that this was the place of Christ's birth.



CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY—NAVE.

No words can express the emotions which fill me as I stand here. My mind runs back through history; it suggests what Christ's advent meant to himself, to the world, and to me. To attempt to take in the significance of it all is almost overwhelming. Pilgrims beside me kneel in adoration, wiping the tears from their faces, while one very humble man falls upon his face, and crawling into the recess, presses his lips against the star. Damp and chilly is the place, but not so cold as when our Lord was born here. Jesus was born in Bethlehem because its people were humble, and he continues to enter only humble lives.

The "Chapel of the Manger," the "Altar of the Magi," and even the "Altar of the Innocents," where thousands of the children of Herod's massacre are said to have been buried, claimed but little of our attention after standing in the cave of the nativity. Convents belonging to the

Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, respectively, are connected with this church. Bethlehem is called the most Christian town in Palestine. Her streets are narrow, crooked, and filthy. She has a population of about eight thousand, living in five hundred houses, their chief business being the manufacture of souvenirs from mother-of-pearl, olive, and Dead Sea wood.

SOLOMON'S POOLS AND HEBRON.

About six miles beyond Bethlehem we come to Solomon's Pools; they are three in number, arranged on terraces one above another. The marble masonry is strong, looking as though it might be no more than a century old. The lower pool is 582 feet long, 207 wide at one end, and 148 at the other, and at the east end fifty feet deep; the middle pool is 423 feet long, 250 feet wide on one side, and 160 on the other; the upper pool is 380 feet long, and 236 and 229 feet wide at the respective sides. These immense reservoirs supplied the water for Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and Solomon's gardens, just below the pools in the valley where his summer palace doubtless was. Here he made great works, builded houses, made his heart glad with pleasant fruits, spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, myrrh and aloes, fountains and drives. A small colony of Europeans live here, and find the soil very fertile.

To reach Hebron we continue our journey beyond the pools. The greater part of the way is through a rocky, barren country, indeed the greater part of Palestine is desolate; evidently the "*abomination of desolation*" is everywhere. The people are poor, ignorant, and filthy; the villages mud-walled, straw-thatched, and vermin-infested. On the hillside the Bedouin spreads his black tent, just as he did in Abraham's time. Arabs stalk through the valleys, with long brass-mounted flint-lock and dagger. Caravans from Damascus and Gaza pass each other west of Hebron and Jerusalem. We see camels blinking at the light as though stalking out of a past age, and donkeys looking as though they might be just getting up from a third attack of *la grippe*.

There are very comfortable quarters in some of the large cities for travelers, while the tenting outfit is usually arranged to furnish a supply for every need. There are evidences that the fertility of the country is

returning ; this is brought about by a much larger fall of water than formerly. The Jews are rapidly returning ; of the sixty thousand inhabitants of Jerusalem, over half are Jews, and some of the fertile plains have been turned over to them by the sultan. The Turkish government is bankrupt ; and it would not be surprising if an unlimited amount of the Holy Land were yielded to the Jews for a consideration.

But here we are at Hebron, having come over the way trod by Abraham when he went to Moriah with Isaac, and by David's army when he went to capture Zion. This is said to be the oldest town in Palestine, and one of the oldest in the world. It was known in Abraham's time as Mamre ; it is now divided into six or seven hamlets. Here Abraham, the father of his people, lived, and walked these paths ; and when Sarah died, looked up through bitter tears to the countless stars, the prophecy of his posterity. Hither came Joshua and Caleb, and from this valley of Eshcol carried back rich fruit. Here Absalom was born, and here Abner was treacherously murdered. Here was the patriarchal burial-place. When Jacob lay dying in Egypt, he charged those about him to bring his body hither. Here were buried Abraham and Sarah, and Isaac and Rebecca, in the cave of Machpelah, which is no longer in the midst of a field, but under a mosque.

We could walk around this mosque, ascend the hill behind, and look down upon it, stand on a certain number of steps at the foot of the flight, but no farther could we go. The Moslems regard this as a very sacred building, and aside from a few notable exceptions, Christian visitors have not been allowed to enter it. Both Jews and Christians always go as far as they are allowed to, and feel with the Moslem, that this is a spot for reverence and affection ; not because a great king lies here, but because four thousand years ago a humble shepherd, known as El-Khalil, "the friend"—the friend of God and of nations—pitched his tent in yonder field, lived for all succeeding generations in this land, and was buried in the cave now under the mosque.

A half hour's ride over a slippery path, on a stubborn donkey, will bring one to "Abraham's oak," which everybody wants to see. Near by is pointed out the site of the patriarch's dwelling-place, a spot sacred in-

deed ; for “here the Lord appeared to him in the plains of Mamre,” here “the friend” pleaded for Sodom and Gomorrah.

Evidences are all about us that the fruitfulness of Eshcol remains ; over the rock-terraced hillsides and among the deep gorges, grape-vines and fig-trees abound. While we remember the past, the sigh for the present is relieved by the promise of the future, for “the seed shall be prosperous ; the vine shall give her fruit . . . and I will cause the remnant of this people to possess all these things” saith the Lord.

THE JORDAN VALLEY.

On Feb. 24, 1891, it stormed in Jerusalem, but we had planned to see Jericho that day ; and, hoping that the rain would soon cease, we started at 9.30 A. M. Our party consisted of five,—Mr. Sandford and myself ; Assad Jamal, our dragoman ; Omar Salah, the muleteer ; and Ali Mahamud, who joined us beyond Bethany, as our protector.

We passed through the Jaffa Gate, turned westward and ascended the hill to the corner of the city wall ; then took a northerly course, past the Damascus Gate, leaving the “new tomb” and Calvary upon the left ; then, turning to the east, went over the Kidron, across the Valley of Jehoshaphat, past Gethsemane ; then over the eastern shoulder of Olivet, coming soon to Bethany ; after which we crossed another ravine, ascended another hill, and found ourselves on the rugged road to Jericho. Here the bleak wind seemed to have free wing from the far-off sea ; the needly hail stung us at every stroke, causing our horses to plunge and rear. Add to this the fact that horses in Palestine are driven by the feet and voice of the rider, and not by the rein ; and that a pull of the rein means just opposite to what



ASSAD JAMAL.

it does in America; and that we were learning this in a windy hail-storm, upon a road whose unprotected sides often slipped away into precipitous gorges; and you can easily imagine our circumstances on this morning. But anticipations of what awaited us urged us on. We were to pass over the way traveled by Christ and his disciples as they journeyed between the Jordan and the holy city; and to behold the ruins of the first city taken by Joshua this side the Jordan; the site of Reha, the Jericho of Christ's time; the Jordan; the Dead Sea; the mountains of Moab and Benjamin.

Our first stopping-place was near the "Apostles' Fountain." They called it an inn, but it was only a wretched *khân*—a stone wall surrounding three sides; pieces of camel's-hair cloth, through which the rain dropped, forming the roof; an iron brasier, with hardly fire enough to roast chestnuts, the only heater which the place afforded; a few Arabs huddled together in a corner about a *hooka*, which they smoked in turn, now stopping their smoking and their jabber to stare at us for a moment, and then resuming their preferable avocation of smoking and talking; an attendant to sell coffee and curios,—this was "the inn." At yonder spring, across the path, no doubt Jesus and his disciples often drank; many a traveler has quenched his thirst there too, and has thirsted again. Thank God there is a standing invitation from Jesus, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink!" What a multitude can say:—

"I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and lone and sad;
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad."

Two hours' travel beyond here brings us to the traditional scene of the events brought out in the parable of the good Samaritan. We enter the *khân*, which is large enough to accommodate a caravan. Upon the left is a sheepfold, where we spread our rugs and partake of a refreshing lunch. Upon the right, in the corner of a cattle pen, a group of natives try to warm themselves by a flashy fire of grass and briars, and they kindly welcome me to a seat beside them, and make a place for my wet feet. I could not understand their language, but they taught me, better than I ever understood before, who my neighbor is.

The end of our journey is reached by a ride of three hours beyond this spot. The road is rough and mountainous, along which are deep ravines intersecting each other, through one of which the brook Cherith runs, six hundred feet below us. Somewhere in this locality, the prophet Elijah was hid, and fed by the ravens. Even while thinking of this, a raven circles over our heads, and we learn for the first time that the ravens of Palestine are about twice the size of the American crow. Our zigzag way ends abruptly; for one last, long, deep descent takes us to a plain of grass and



JERICO—MOUNTAIN OF THE TEMPTATION.

flowers and a forest of thorn bushes; but before we descend, we must look at the scene spread out before us.

The mountains upon which we stand — the mountains of Judah — roll away to north and south. In front of us is the Jordan valley, six miles wide, with the ruins of Jericho and the site of Gilgal, the Jordan itself flowing through the midst and pouring into the Dead Sea, which seems close at hand, but which is really six miles distant. On the other side are Bashan and Gilead, crested with recently fallen snow, and cleft with low-hanging clouds. Below is Nebo, with Pisgah in the center, bearing upon its seaward side the ruins of Machærus and Zoar. This scene, almost un-

surpassed for beauty, is greatly enhanced as we repeople it, and see enacted again the events of the past, from the times of Abraham and Lot, Joshua and Elijah, down to John the Baptist and Christ. After fording



DEAD SEA.

the Cherith and galloping over the plain, we find comfortable lodgings at the Jerusalem Hotel, where we dry our wet limbs over a brasier, refresh ourselves with a well-served dinner, and then sleep sweetly.

The next morning is sunny and warm in the Jordan valley. As we canter across the plain to the Dead Sea, we get a glimpse of Olivet, white with snow that fell yesterday, while with us the air is springlike, and flowers are blooming everywhere. There are a great variety, but the golden camomile and scarlet rose of Sharon predominate. The sea has a gloomy, leaden look, and the shore is strewn with rubbish. The water is bitter to the taste, but soft and delightful to the touch, and very buoyant to the swimmer. It has an area of 250 geographical miles, a mean depth of 1080 feet, and is the most depressed body of water on the globe, being 1300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. Its bitter and malignant character is due to the large amount of mineral salt held in solution.

It was here that Lot chose for himself a home; the battle of the four kings against five took place "in the vale of Siddim, which is the salt sea

. . . and the vale of Siddim was full of slime-pits ; and the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled, and fell there." Here were the wicked cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, upon which the Lord rained fire and brimstone ; fleeing this place, Lot's wife looked back, and became a pillar of salt. What terrible convulsions have occurred here, both in nature and among humanity ! Yet Christ declared that in the day of judgment it would be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for those who refuse the gospel.

It is an hour's ride from the sea to that part of the Jordan that we especially desire to visit ; and when we halt upon its overflowing banks, a longing of childhood's days is gratified. Here Lot lifted up his eyes to behold "the well watered plain ;" here the people passed over, right against Jericho ; hither came Elijah and Elisha, as the elder prophet was about to



JORDAN, OPPOSITE GILGAL.

be taken up in a chariot of fire ; here rang out the "voice of one crying in the wilderness ;" and here another voice said, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him." All about is verdant foliage ;

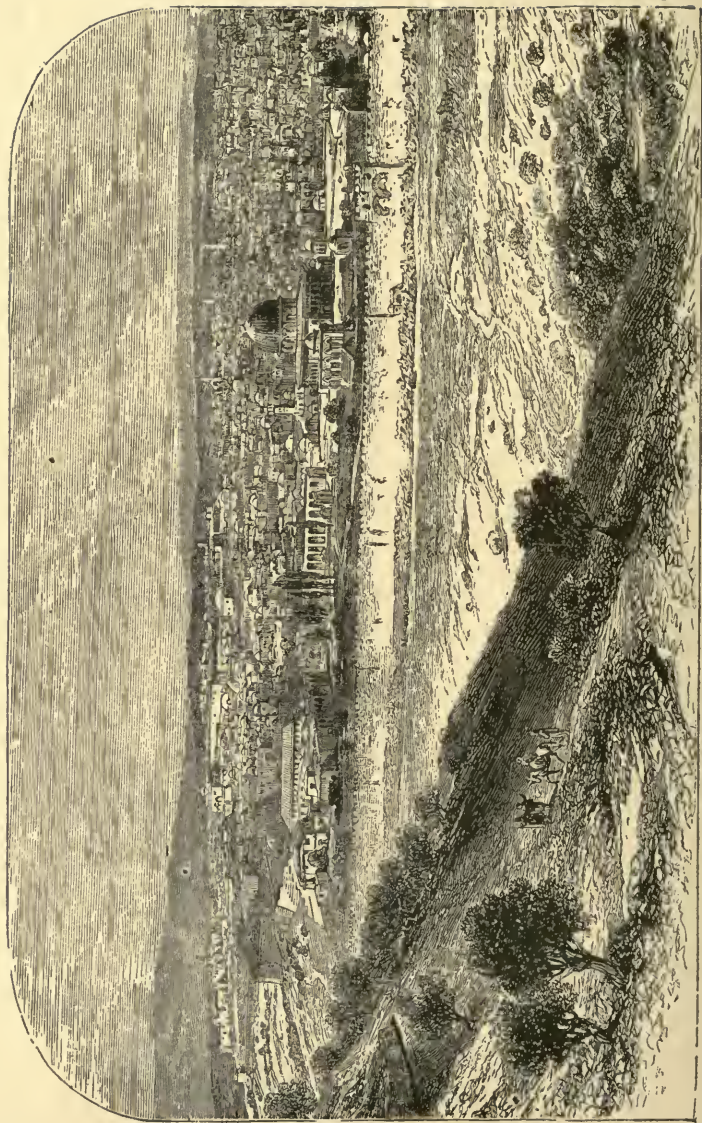
willow, oleander, loranthus, jujube-tree, wild olive, and many other trees and shrubs grow along the river banks.

Beside the turbulent river we have our lunch of sardines, chicken, beef, bread, cheese, oranges, nuts, and raisins, together with a beverage very rare. We directed Assad to exchange his wine for lemons, and now we drink lemonade made from Jaffa lemons and Jordan water. The yellow water has to settle after being snatched from the turbulent breast of its mother, and the bottoms of our glasses are covered with the sands of Anti-Libanus, nevertheless, our thirst is quenched. The Jordan is sacred not only to Jew and Christian but also to the Mussulman; and while we eat, our Mohammedan protector spreads his rug upon the shore, and goes through with his devotions.

Returning, we ford the Cherith; pass the site of ancient Gilgal; go through Riha, the present Jericho; follow a rough, thorn-hedged, winding path to "Elisha's Fountain," supposed to be the spot where he sweetened the bitter-waters. The ruins of the city of palm-trees and the scene of Joshua's victories are close by; hither also the spies came; here was Rahab's house; here Elijah spent his last days, and here lived Zacchæus.

Standing upon the ruins of old Jericho, the history of past events which have transpired within the radius of the eye's vision passes before us, and we live it over again. To the north and west are the mountains of Judah, among them is Quarantania (Forty Days), the traditional scene of the Lord's temptation. The side facing the plain is precipitous, naked, and chalky; half way up may be seen the caves where the hermits have retired for fasting and prayer. Spread out like a prairie, between us and the Judæan hills, is the valley of Achor, where Achan was stoned for betraying Israel. To-day its waste is broken only by a small herd of horses and a flock of sheep, the latter having the long ears and heavy tail peculiar to the Orient. From Elishah's spring at our feet the eye sweeps over the valley to Mounts Ephraim and Benjamin, to the Dead Sea, and to Nebo, where Moses stood and "viewed the landscape o'er." We are led to recall the beginning of a certain poem which reads:—

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave."



JERUSALEM FROM SCOPUS.

But we also remember the closing stanza of the same, which says :—

“God has his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell ;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him he loved so well.”

SAMARIA FROM JERUSALEM.

After another Lord's day in the holy city — which was to me a day of real rest, although I preached again at the Presbyterian Mission—we start for Samaria. We pass through the Jaffa Gate, and proceed over the hills to the northwest. The way is mostly a mass of stones and ledge-rock, with here and there a pool of mud or a stream to ford, which has been increased by the recent rain. Passing the tombs of the kings, and ascending a hill, we wheel our horses for our last look upon the city. Peacefully it lies, cleaving the sky between Olivet and Moab. “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem,” city of peace, hadst thou known the things which made for thy peace! Under thy domes and minarets, antichrist holds undisputed sway, but the feet of the King shall stand there again, and his glory shall be revealed.

Near to us, on the left, is the village of Shafat, site of the ancient Nob ; farther away, and to the right, is the Gibeah of Saul. It was here that his seven descendants were hanged by the Amorites, and where Rizpah showed her mother-love, by defending their bodies through six long summer months. The hill of Mizpah, crowned by Neby-Samwil, seems not far away ; and near to that are the Beth-Horons and Ajalon where Joshua defeated the Amorites. Continuing our journey, we pass ruins and squalid villages, among them that of El-Bireh, the traditional place where the parents of Jesus missed their boy and turned back to find him in the temple disputing with the teachers.

At 6 : 20 P. M. we reached Ram Alleh, nine miles from Jerusalem, where we spent the night in a convent, the place having no hotel. We are tired and muddy ; and after going up to the housetop for a view, taking a glimpse at the chapel, which the monks had endeavored to decorate with miserable frescoes, and which is under the same roof with domicile and stable, we warm our feet over a scantily supplied brasier, leap into our couch from the stone floor, cold and clammy, and try to sleep. We con-

sider the damp bed as another one of the "all things," and a rat which gnaws at our food all night, another.

Assad knocked on our door at six o'clock in the morning, and we reluctantly arose, although we had as reluctantly lain in our bed. The Rubicon was passed, however, when the soles of our shoes were between us and the stone floor.

Resuming our journey, half an hour brings us to Bethel, now a wretched village of about five hundred inhabitants, though remains of cisterns, towers, and solid masonry point to other days. Here Abraham lifted an altar and "called on the name of the Lord ;" Jacob halted here, weary with his forty miles' journey, and making a stone his pillow, lay down to sleep. Here upon a ladder of light, angels ascended and descended in his dreams, and awaking, he said, "This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." The "house of God" was changed into Bethaven, the "house of idols," and thus was fulfilled the prophecy of Hosea which says: "The high places also of Aven, the sin of Israel, shall be destroyed; the thorn and the thistle shall come up on their altars; and they shall say to the mountains, Cover us; and to the hills, Fall on us." Amos says: "For thus saith the Lord unto the house of Israel, Seek ye me and ye shall live: but seek not Bethel, nor enter into Gilgal, and pass not to Beer-sheba, for Gilgal shall surely go into captivity, and Bethel shall come to naught. To-day Bethel is only a ruin, with nothing attractive about it, save the memory of some of its former days.

A little farther on is Ai, where Joshua by strategy accomplished a great victory. Shiloh comes next, a mountain of ruins, by which every traveler can see what God did on account of the wickedness of his people Israel. Here the land was divided among the tribes, and here the tabernacle was reared. Eli and Ahijah dwelt here; while to this place Hannah came yearly with the "little coat" for the child Samuel. Beyond this a little distance is the Lebonah spoken of in Judges 21:19, and then the vision of Gerizim and Ebal, with snow-crowned Hermon far beyond; while close at hand the broad field where Joseph's brethren tended their flocks, stretches away for many square miles.

Our horses are remarkably sure-footed; sometimes our way leads over a bed of loose stones, then we have to climb steep, ledgy mountains, and

descend the opposite side so precipitous that it is safest to dismount and walk down ; but they have never stumbled or staggered with us. Now we go over a marshy plain, now by the fertile valley of the "Robbers' Fountain," where cool water drips from the rock upon green maiden-hair ferns and varied flora ; and now we are at one of the most sacred spots in the land — Jacob's Well. It is a deep shaft cut into the rock about nine feet across, and now over seventy feet deep. It is thought that originally it was twice that depth, for a large lot of rubbish has fallen into and around it. Encouraged by a few piasters, a native descends through the funnel-shaped opening, and allows us to drink from his earthen jar. There is no doubt that this is the place where Jesus sat and talked with the woman about the water of life ; where he said, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of ;" and where, lifting up his eyes, he beheld a figure of the world's condition in the fields "white already to harvest."

We are to pass the night at Nâbulus, or Shechem, as it was formerly called, and wearily we wind our way past the Turkish barracks, through the gateway, and into the narrow, dark, crooked, and slippery streets of the quaint old Samaritan town, where we come at length to another Latin convent, the only place where we dare to ask for hospitality. The fat, good-natured priest and the bright schoolmaster both give us a cordial welcome, which is a relief from the stern and questioning gaze of the natives, who have watched us all along the streets. Assad tells us that Gaza, Hebron, and Nâbulus are the most inhospitable to foreigners of any cities in Palestine, and that Nâbulus is most dangerous of all, since a foreigner not long since accidentally killed a native there.

The end of our journey finds us mud-bespattered, lame, and weary, but after refreshments we seek the housetop to take a view of our surroundings. Upon the south, rising precipitously to the height of nearly three thousand feet above the sea, is Gerizim. On its summit are the thick walls of a ruin ; here the Samaritans say that Isaac was offered, and Jacob had his vision of the ascending and descending angels. Here they celebrate their feast of the Passover annually. Ebal rises to the north of the city, and affords a magnificent view. Fruit-trees and vines surround the base, but a forest of prickly pear completely covers its sides farther up ; a winding path leads to a chapel, half-way up, and goes on to the

summit. Upon these hillsides the children of Israel gathered, while the Levites lifted up their voices and pronounced blessings from Gerizim upon the obedient, and cursings upon the rebellious from Ebal. It is said that the mountains form a kind of sounding-board, and that persons in the valley can distinctly hear what is said upon either of them.

The scene is beautiful as one looks up these mountain-sides and down



DANCING GIRL.

upon the irregular town; for through the gap between Gerizim and Ebal a crimson flood of sunset smites the minarets and domes, falling upon buildings, vineyards, orchards, and rushing water; the muezzin comes out and cries that it is the hour to worship "Allah who is great;" then all is still; and in the stillness we find our convent chamber and refreshing sleep.

Morning finds us ready to resume our journey, and after breakfast, a look at the chapel and the school-rooms, and a kindly benediction from our hosts, we move on toward Jaffa by way of Samaria. We hasten through the town, anxious to get beyond it. At its limits, a swift-running, over-flowing stream of water impedes our way. It must be forded, and plunging in, all make it easily except the muleteer. Hearing a

struggle, and looking back, I see him clinging to the ears of his quadruped, whose body is entirely submerged in the flood. The beast has probably experienced harder difficulties, for he soon rights himself, and galloping off, keeps the lead during the most of the day. I do not think that he was at all injured, for while we were at lunch, he undertook the act of rolling over, panoplied with all our luggage.

SAMARIA.

As we proceed, the ruins of Samaria are plainly seen upon our right. Great stones, pieces of columns, lie about to tell of the past; and many interesting sites are pointed out, among them the old market, the lepers' gate, the temple of Herod, and the palace of Ahab. To this place Philip came to preach the gospel; here was the house of Baal which Ahab built and Jehu destroyed; and here John the Baptist was buried after being beheaded at Machærus, his tomb and also that of Obadiah being still pointed out.

After leaving Samaria we pass few places of special note, but the day is one of rural pastime. Stopping only for lunch, we keep in the saddle most of the time until dark. Now we skirt the side of a mountain; now go across a plain; now descend a hill to cross a fretting, babbling brook; then pick our way through a deep ravine, or wady, where hillside and glen are garnished with flowers, and where the partridge hurries her brood away, or drums for her mate. The floral season has just begun, but I count seventy-five different varieties of beautiful flowers during the day, the most numerous being the rose of Sharon, the Cyclamen, and a shrub having the appearance of a cloud of gold. While the rose was usually scarlet in the Sharon and Jordan valleys, here it is frequently lavender and buff; the Cyclamen, as abundant as wild violets in New England, is the largest in size and most beautiful in color that I ever saw.

It was after sunset when we reached a village with filthy environments and snarling dogs in abundance. Assad had a letter of introduction to the Sheik, which bespoke a welcome to shelter for the night, but the Sheik was away from home, and we must urge our tired steeds on two miles farther to find the circumstances repeated; but one of the natives was persuaded to take us in, and shelter us until morning. From the street we ascended to the housetop over a flight of rough stones, and there found the guest chamber, a small room, into which the late rain had found its way through the ragged ceiling. Two or three barred apertures in the wall let in the light by day and the air by night; they were provided with swinging doors like those commonly seen in a horse-stable at home. Some women brought in chaff and scattered it upon the floor to absorb the moisture; then came

three mattresses, and a quantity of puffs and pillows, which were spread upon matting that covered the chaff. Surely we should rest delightfully!

After supper some men came in, drank coffee with us, smoked their cigarettes, chatted, and said their prayers, no doubt asking God to protect us through the night. One of them asked our dragoman where we lived; he replied, "In America." "Where is America?" they asked. "Beyond Constantinople," was the reply. "O, it's in England," they said; "England is beyond Constantinople." We cheerfully bade our hosts "good night," and composed ourselves, three in a row, to sleep, we having insisted that Assad remain with us. I removed my boots only. My two companions, however, laid off considerable superfluous apparel. Mr. Sandford was anxious to have our lantern light extinguished, fearing it would attract unwelcome neighbors from without, but I felt safer with it than without it, especially when I found unwelcome neighbors within the walls.

The stillness which comes on as sleep begins to settle down upon tired nature was of short duration,—Slap! Dig! Kick! Crawl! "Ugh! what is it?" Well, number one was a mouse or rat that stole out from my pillow and scampered off to the lunch-bags in the corner by Assad. Number two was all the way from two to ten thousand, ascending and descending the wall beside me. It wasn't a dream like Jacob's; it was a living reality, and these moving creatures were of the genus *Cimex lectularius*, commonly called bedbug. Number three was anywhere from four to four millions of fleas. How they hopped! Of course, when you put your finger on one, he wasn't there; but several others were. How they stung and bit! It was too much for me, and arising, I put on my boots, pulled my waterproof hood over my face, and sat on a stool, sleeping a little between bites.

My companions twisted and turned all night, as the enemy marched, countermarched, and charged over their mattresses; Mr. Sandford was confident in the morning that those bloodthirsty creatures had stabbed him somewhere from five hundred to a thousand times.

When we remonstrated with our host in the morning, he declared that the insects must have been brought in with the chaff; but I assured him that I was confident of his mistake, because there were not more than six quarts of chaff scattered over the floor. This was one of the most wretched

nights that I ever passed, and we hurried away from Kalkilieh before breakfast, being obliged to decline a peace-offering of sheep's milk. It was a frowzy place, but our only help was treacle.

The remainder of our journey to Jaffa was through varied and pleasant scenes. Now we stop in some welcome shade to lunch, now to watch the shepherds lead their flocks through a deep river, and then stand off and sound their peculiar call to gather the scattered flock. Now we meet long lines of camels and donkeys, burdened with goods and people; now pass



MOUNT CARMEL

Mohammedans, saying their prayers by the river bank; now we are at the German colony where some Americans started out to reside several years ago; and now at Jaffa, where we must part with our faithful dragoman Assad, who has been very kind to us, and gained our confidence through his Christian courtesy.

Another night in Jaffa, where we slept in Dan instead of Ephraim, as before (the rooms in the hotel are all named); then, gathering up the presentable part of our baggage, and taking pains to part with the last flea brought from Kalkilieh, because we did not wish to take anything away from Palestine which did not belong to us, we were ready to sail.

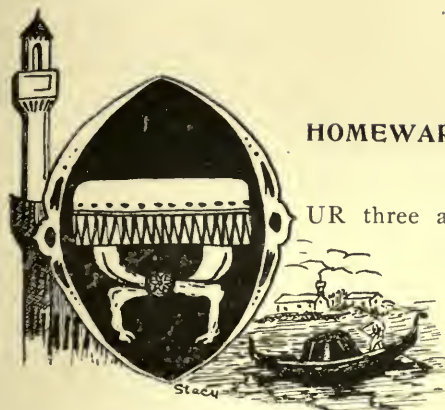
The dread of reëmbarking upon a ship was overcome by the longing for

home, and self-abandonment to the care of God. We sailed on the "Minerva," of the Austrian-Lloyd line. Our faithful Suleiman met us with a crate apiece of delicious Jaffa oranges, and when he took us to the ship, he was in his glory. The sea was strong, and once our boat grazed a rock; but with him at the helm, his next older brother stroke oarsman, and nine other brave fellows, all under the direction of Moussa, the messenger, we had no fears. All the boatmen came up on the hurricane-deck of the "Minerva," where we had a few parting words (our real feelings were inexpressible); then wishing it were a gold medal, I pinned to the shirt of the brave fellow who had rescued us, the little silk American flag which my child had given me on leaving home,—the same that adorned our Christmas "tower of Babel" on the Bay of Bengal.

This was one of the most painful farewells of my life; but when it was said, the men climbed into their boat and rowed back to Jaffa, cheering and dipping their flag all the way, we responding with our handkerchiefs, sometimes at our eyes and sometimes tossed to the breeze. A few weeks before, these men had been strangers to us; now we were friends forever. Long we looked toward the shore, even after their boat disappeared among the dhows of the jetty; after the stars came out and the smoke-stack and fragments of the wreck, so rapidly breaking up, were no longer discernible; and when the "Minerva" had turned her prow westward and begun her one-hundred-and-fifty-mile run to Port Said, and we could trace only the dim outlines of the city upon the hill, still we gazed toward the land of God's peculiar love, and with heartfelt *salaams*, thanked him not only for what it had been, but also, and more, for what it is yet to be.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOMEWARD THROUGH ITALY, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND.



OUR three and one half days whiled away at Port Said was not from choice, but we put in our time profitably in writing and in the companionship of Dr. Mabie, of the Baptist Union, and his traveling associate, Dr. Waterman, whom we had met

in Bombay, again in Jerusalem, and with whom we were to continue our journey to New York.

When it was announced that our ship, the "Ganges," had entered the canal, we were also informed that the second-class was crowded, and that if we took passage, we must make an exchange of our second-class for first-class tickets and pay three pounds extra. We preferred this to waiting six days longer for the next ship, although we had to occupy the post-office. The Duke of Cambridge, with his suite, and several lords and ladies were aboard, together with a large number of persons of various vocations and avocations. Captain Alderton kept his ship in first-class order.

We left Port Said at about two o'clock on the morning of the eleventh day of March, and finished our voyage of nine hundred and thirty miles early in the forenoon of the fourteenth. One day the mountains of Candia or Crète, and another, those of Greece were in sight, all of which were covered with snow; then we passed through the Ionian Sea and the Strait of Otranto, into the waters of the Adriatic, where, in the midst of a storm which flooded our decks, we waited through the last part of the night for

daybreak. When it came, we started again, and soon reached the port of Brindisi.

There was little to wait for here, except to pass the customs, send some of our baggage in bond to London, and get aboard the train; but this was not so easily accomplished as might be imagined. The "backshish" demands of the Orient are bad enough, but Italy surpasses in this respect every place that we have visited; they charged upon us singly, then in squads, then in organized companies. We determined in the beginning to let their suavity go *de bene esse*, but even this course had its cost, for when we did not hand over our pocket-books to these highway robbers, they seized some of our hand-luggage, declaring that it was heavier than allowable, and must be registered; then they held down the sole-leather trunk,—Mr. Sandford's pride,—saying that it was not in condition to go. He left it in the hands of a transfer-agent, who has not seen fit to forward it yet; probably the contents, carefully culled from Oriental shops, have been handed over to the opera-singer and organ-grinder, as fate decreed.

NAPLES.

We went direct to Naples, one hundred and sixty-four miles from Brindisi. The way was through sunny Southern Italy, among level fields of starting grain, orchards of peach- and almond-trees in full bloom, and orange-trees golden with fruit; and across the Apennines, deep-set and somber.

Even in Catholic Italy we begin to feel some of the warmth of Occidental life,—the ripple of the sea in front of the Royal Hotel, the click of hoofs upon the pavements, the march of the soldiers down the hill behind us, the stir of the people all about seemed so different from what we had seen for months. Although Italy is still under a mighty cloud of ecclesiastical bigotry and superstition, we thank God that the light of His word has been pouring in since 1870.

Our stay was necessarily brief, and we had but little time to locate Puteoli, where Paul stopped on his way to Rome; the promontory of Minerva, with the island of Capri opposite; Misenum; Lake Avernus in an extinct volcano not far away, where, among gloomy ravines and sun-



NAPLES AND VESUVIUS.

less caverns, the Cimmerii dwelt, and whence Æneas, led by the Sibyl, passed to the abodes of the spirits ("Odyssey," book XI). Climbing a steep hill among vines and lemon-orchards, we found Virgil's tomb—a plain marble block under a stone canopy. The spot is picturesque, looking out as it does upon the city, the unresting bay, and toward Vesuvius, giving vent to its pent-up-fires, with the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii near its base.

No one should fail to visit the public library and museum of Naples. The work in painting, marble, bronze, terra-cotta, glass, gold and silver,



ROME.

representing different renowned schools; rooms of Correggio and Raphael individuality; works rescued from Herculaneum and Pompeii, largely copied by artists of the present time, are worthy of days of careful study. A look into the "Reserved Cabinet" reveals very forcibly the immorality of some past ages.

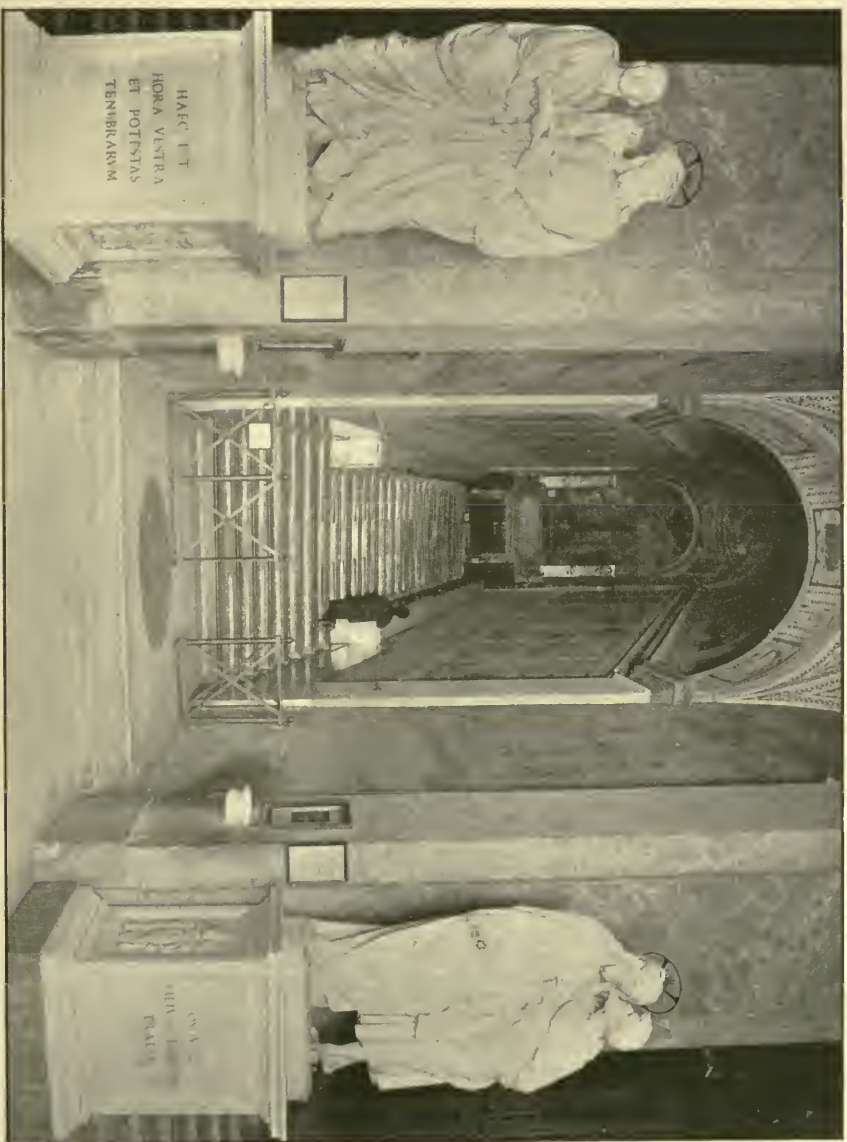
ROME.

A five hours' ride in the train brings us to Rome. The way is through scenes of historic interest; we passed farms, vineyards, glens, villages nestling beside rollicking brooks; rugged hills crowned with castles and monasteries; and the Apennines on either side of us.

Rome, the old city of the old gods who are dead and always have been so, has some repulsions, but many attractions. Who can describe St. Peter's and the Vatican? Our best effort would be but a failure. It is quite a journey around the buildings, and a longer one through them. What a collection the Vatican museum has! What a representation of genius, skill, age, value, and beauty! And *what for?* Halls open into halls filled with statuary, among which are represented the rulers, warriors, and writers of ancient Greece and Rome; gods and goddesses, and mythological heroes; the Apollo Belvidere, at once strong and graceful, the torso of Hercules, which Michael Angelo loved to move his hands over after he was blind; the famous Laocoon group struggling with the pithon, and others too numerous to mention. In the new wing are the magnificent gifts to the popes, from kings, queens, emperors, and presidents; the jubilee gifts; ancient relics; candelabra from Napoleon I; the basin from which Napoleon III was christened; the Vatican manuscript; and other treasures of great value.

Hall after hall of paintings opens into numerous other halls. The subjects are for the most part taken from Scripture; among them the work of all the old masters is represented. With us this magnificence culminated in the Sistine Chapel, where Michael Angelo covered wall and ceiling with most interesting incidents of Old and New Testament life, and placed at one end his wonderful conception of the Last Judgment.

St. Peter's, the largest church in the world, stands upon the site of Nero's Circus where the early Christians were massacred, and over the tomb of the apostle whose name it bears. The Vatican is contiguous. This basilica is six hundred and nineteen feet long upon the inside, four hundred and forty-nine feet along the transepts; the nave crosses an arch seventy-nine feet wide, at a height of one hundred and forty-eight feet from the pavement; while from the ground to the summit of the cross on the cupola it is four hundred and seventy feet, ten feet more than the height of the pyramid Cheops as it now stands. It covers a space of eight acres, and fifty thousand people can find standing-room within its walls. Everything within is upon the heroic scale; columns, statues, sepulchers, frescoes, all are grand in proportion and elegant in detail. The statue of St. Peter in bronze, with uplifted hand and extended foot, sits as it has for



SCALA SANTA.

fourteen centuries, the great toe of the projecting foot being worn very much by the lips that have constantly kissed it.

Let the churches that make themselves an end of things and not a means, that emulate each other in soft cushions, organs, choirs, and spires visit St. Peter's, look upon the piles of money lying "in state," helping nobody; and they may get a better idea of what the church is to accomplish.

The church of St. John the Lateran, though smaller and of different style from St. Peter's, impressed me almost as much. Here all the popes



ST. PETER'S—INTERIOR.

have been crowned. The baptistry in which Constantine was baptized interested us, also the *Scala Santa*, or Holy Steps, which were brought from Jerusalem, and said to be the stairs over which Christ ascended to Pilate's judgment chamber. Every votary goes up this stairway upon his knees. Martin Luther was engaged in this act of devotion when the words, "The just shall live by faith," came to his remembrance; and he arose, and went forth to champion the Reformation.

How much it meant to me to be in Rome,—to look upon the yellow Tiber; the Forum, again uncovered, and showing where Cicero poured forth his eloquence; the Arch of Titus, still picturing his triumphal pro-



ST. PAUL'S, ROME — INTERIOR.

cession, holding aloft the sacred vessels of the temple; the Arch of Constantine, even more beautiful; the Colosseum, where thousands of Christians were martyred. It is said that this immense amphitheater seated eighty-seven thousand people, and that it would contain fifteen thousand more.

We saw the Pantheon, erected B. C. 27, by Agrippa; the tomb of the Scipios; the Palatine Hill; the Palace of the Cæsars; the Tarpeian Rock; rode out the Via Appia as far as the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, where, on this March day, we gathered a handful of English violets; passed the Catacombs, the field of Mars, the old wall and aqueduct; looked out upon the Sabine Mountains, the Alban Hills, remembering in the midst of all that Rome is a great volume of history.

PARIS.

We spent two nights and one day on the way to Paris, passing through a delightful country. Now the hillsides are covered with vintages, now castles and villas attract the attention, now glimpses of the sea, with terraces, walks, arbors, balconies, and beautiful residences. Pisa, Genoa, the native place of Columbus, and Turin, each come in turn. Between Pisa and Genoa our train passed through one hundred and thirty-two tunnels, and a larger number on this side of Genoa, but the great tunnel of Mont Cenis is most interesting of all; it takes twenty-six minutes to penetrate this great underground gallery, with the train most of the time running rapidly. The towering Alps, the tumbling waterfalls, the rock-roofed houses, all give attractiveness to the journey.

The few days spent in Paris gave us only a glimpse of what we wanted



ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

to study. The Arc de Triomphe standing at the top of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, was erected to commemorate the campaign of the Grand Army in Russia; it was thirty years in building, and cost ten million

francs. It is one hundred and fifty-two feet high, and besides having two colossal groups in full relief, concerning one of which I wrote in my note-book, "Dark, hateful, stirring, strong," it has two large bas-reliefs; a magnificent frieze, running all around the arch; thirty bucklers, each having the name of a victory; the names of three hundred and eighty-four marshals, generals, and lieutenant-generals; and smaller bas-reliefs. The corner-stone was laid on the anniversary of Napoleon's birthday, Aug. 15, 1806.

The Hôtel des Invalides, which stands between the Esplanade des Invalides and the Place Vauban, contains in the crypt of one of its churches, or chapels, the remains of Napoleon I. Over a marble balcony we looked down upon the great sarcophagus of Finland polished stone—a monolith. On the Mosaic pavement are inscribed the names of eight victorious battles; while twelve figures representing victories stand against the surrounding pillars, with palms in their hands.

Opposite to the entrance, upon the altar, there is a large baldachin, resting upon four marble columns. Upon the sides of a bronze door are two caryatides, one holding the imperial scepter and crown, and the other a heraldic globe. The white marble in such abundance makes the place appear cold; perhaps the lavender light of the delicate glass adds to this, while the golden reflection from the dome seems glaring instead of warming.

Over the doorway one reads these words, taken from the emperor's will: "*Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Français que j'ai tant aimé.*" (I desire that my ashes shall repose on the banks of the Seine, among the French people that I have loved so much.)

Notre Dame is beautiful without, covered with reliefs, statues, and griffins; and elegant within, with its groined arches and heavy pillars, which wheel grandly about the altar under the light of magnificent rose windows. The Church of the Madeleine, with its wonderful relief representing the last Judgment, placed over the pillared portico, which is lighted only from the top, detained our hastening feet for some time, but the interior is somber.

The Pantheon, where the statesmen of France are buried; the Louvre Galleries, with the works of Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio,

Andrea del Sarto, Van Dyck, Poussin, Philippe de Champaigne, Lorraine, Rubens and others, where the "Venus de Milo" and the "St. Michael and the Dragon" by Raphael and the "Assumption of the Virgin" by Murillo, alone, are sufficient to hold the visitors for hours; the Place de la Concorde, where the guillotine stood during the Reign of Terror; the Eiffel Tower, from the top of which a view is had for nearly one hundred and thirty kilometers;¹ the Louvre Palace; the Church of St. Germaine, whose bells gave the signal for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew (Aug. 24, 1572),—all these and other things deeply interested us.

Not all our time in Paris was spent in sightseeing, however; a little Baptist Mission, an offshoot of the Mc Call work, received us cordially, and welcomed us to participation in the services and communion.

ENGLAND.

The journey of two hundred miles from Paris to London was delightful, except that portion of it between Calais and Dover. The English Channel, like a corkscrew, not only twists, but it draws the cork. The chalky cliffs of Dover were hailed with joy.

The Lord's day in London was profitably spent. In the morning we listened to Mr. Spurgeon in a simple but powerful sermon; the tabernacle was crowded. We lunched with Hon. W. S. Caine, M. P., and spoke in the afternoon at the mission which he supports. In the evening we heard Joseph Parker preach at the City Temple to a large congregation, on the forbearance of God.

St. Paul's is spacious, but not so grand as St. Peter's; its monuments to dead generals, naval officers, and writers are thought by some to add no

¹ Eighty miles.



THE PANTHEON.

beauty to the place. The Artists' Corner rivals the Poets' Corner of Westminster. Westminster Abbey is in every way grand. The present abbey is at least nine hundred and fifty years old. William the Conqueror was



WARWICK CASTLE.

crowned here, and since that time all the English sovereigns have received their coronation, and many of them their burial, in this grand mausoleum. The many styles of architecture and the elaborate monuments to the dead unite in a unique harmony; the fruits of genius, wisdom, passion, and skill find their counterpart on every hand. Here is the famous coronation chair, in which so many sovereigns have been crowned; the Scone stone of Scotland, upon which Scotland's rulers were crowned before England's were also her own; the magnificent tombs of the Henrys; the sarcophagi of Mary and Elizabeth; epitaphs for royalty, greatness, and goodness, which I have not space to enumerate.

The Parliament buildings very near Westminster, are worthy of the great country whose representatives meet there to make her laws. London Tower, erected by William the Conqueror, as early as 1078, and

occupied as a palace by all the sovereigns down to Charles II, is still a substantial building. In this enclosure royalty has been imprisoned and met death. Here Richard and Edward were murdered by their uncle ; the two queens, Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard, were beheaded ; Elizabeth was imprisoned ; and Henry VIII was found dead in his bed. The crown jewels, guarded day and night, the royal chapel of St. John, the tower armory, the council chamber, ancient firearms and captured cannon, the executioner's axe and block, halberds and pikes, the cloak worn by General Wolfe when killed, the Duke of Wellington's regimentals — these are only a few of the many things of interest in this historic place.

We spent one night at Stratford-on-Avon, stopping at the Red Horse Inn,—locally called “Red 'Orse ;” went into the room occupied for a time by Washington Irving ; then visited the house in which Shakespeare was



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

born ; Ann Hathaway's Cottage, where the poet did his courting ; the little church where he is buried, and which has a tablet over his resting-place bearing these words : —

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
 To digg the dust enclosed heare.
 Bleaste be ye man yt spares thes stones
 And curst be he yt moves my bones."

It is believed that Shakespeare never wrote such doggerel; however, these lines have doubtless prevented the removal of his dust to Westminster Abbey.

A visit to Warwick Castle, with its enchanting grounds—also on the Avon—and its grim Cæsar's Tower, its portcullis, dungeon, and keep, its



GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE.—CHESTER.

suites of rooms; elegant in furnishings, pictures, and armor, its great hall, from whose windows one sees the Avon, the old and new bridge, the old mill, the trees and shrubs of the park; a while at Kenilworth, beautiful but sad in its ruin: a short stay at Chester, and then we went on to Liverpool, where we had engaged passage to New York on the "Teutonic." We walked around Chester upon the wall, stopped in the tower from which Charles I saw his army defeated, got a glimpse of Hawarden, eight miles away (the summer home of W. E. Gladstone), then visited the famous "God's Providence" house. They tell us that in 1652 a terrible plague visited Chester, which entered every house but this one, which was occupied by some very devoted women. The words, "God's providence

is mine inheritance," were placed over the entrance to the house, and remain there still. What a precious motto to take into every home! Chester is said to be one of the best types of an old English city.

Liverpool had few attractions for us when we were only three thousand miles from home, and we needed no second invitation to take the "Snow-drop," in which we were to steam out to our ocean racer. The "Teutonic"

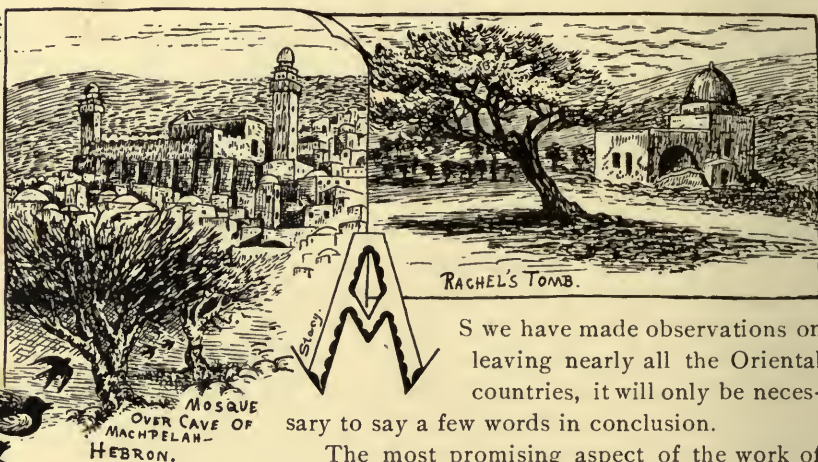
is a magnificent ship of ten thousand tons burden. Through rough seas, severe storms, dense fogs, she pushed her way, and brought us in sight of "Liberty Enlightening the World" on the evening of the first day of April. It was a welcome vision. The next morning we went ashore, feeling grateful that we had been enabled to keep our promise as to the time of returning.

Just six months before, to a day, we had started out. Since then we had traveled from twenty-seven to twenty-nine thousand miles, and in spite of dangers and delays, had reached home at the appointed time. All the way God had been with us, blessed us, and permitted us to tell of his blessings. We had visited lands which we would gladly claim for Christ; but we felt, as never before, to claim America for Christ. Certainly Christ is for America; there is no land under the sun so highly blessed in point of privilege as this one. Will not God make her responsibility proportionate?

The hearty greeting of friends awaited us on all sides as with unspeakable joy we came again to family, parish, and that particular part of mission work which was temporarily laid aside for a look at the field. Sincerely did we thank God for his care for us and for those left behind during our absence; for the prayers daily offered for us; for the larger outlook permitted to us "in the path of light around the world;" and sincerely did we pray that we might do more for those in heathenism than ever before; and this continues to be our prayer.

CHAPTER XVII.

FINALLY.



S we have made observations on leaving nearly all the Oriental countries, it will only be necessary to say a few words in conclusion.

The most promising aspect of the work of the Christian church to-day is her manifest interest in missions. Her previous work has been largely preparatory for this; sometimes we have wondered that the world has not been evangelized before, but we may well consider whether the time had fully come for this great movement. It is evidently true that the time has now come, and that every church in Christendom is called upon to take its place in the onmoving ranks, and help to carry the gospel to every creature. The church is coming to see that no longer is she the end of grace, but that she must be the means of diffusing it.

The reluctance with which the multitudes in Christian lands hear and accept the gospel, the barrenness and decay of those churches lacking the

missionary spirit; the substitution of criticism and doubt for faith in God's word, even by religious teachers in Christian pulpits, with many other things, indicate that the prime work of the church to-day is to send the gospel to the heathen. Doors have been opening, and more has been accomplished during the present century than in all previous centuries, since the days of the apostles.

THE SITUATION.

Between twelve and fourteen million dollars are annually devoted to foreign mission work by the Christian church; 280 societies are organized and engaged; nearly 9000 missionaries have gone into the field, and these are aided by 50,000 native preachers, teachers, and workers; probably 10,000,000 natives are under the direct influence of the gospel; and from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 have been converted to Christ from heathenism, Mohammedanism, and Judaism. The Scriptures have been translated into about 225 different languages.

Israel is fast returning to Palestine; and the increasing fertility of the soil, the introduction of public conveniences, and the indifference of the Turkish government are all inviting their return. The Hebrew New Testament is being circulated, and is having its effect among them.

The transformation of some of the Pacific islands, some portions of Africa, India, especially in the north, and among the Telugus, also of localities in central China, has been a marvel of God's grace. All this is hopeful, but we have to face a reality which is darker.

Mohammedanism, so cold, so barren, so bitter toward Christianity, has an iron grip upon Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt. Central Africa has at least one hundred million inhabitants, the most of whom have never been brought into contact with Christianity. India is wonderfully quickened under the hand of the missionary, aided by the English government, but she is still under the heel of caste, and the nameless pollutions of idolatry. China's four hundred millions have been moved only slightly, so far, but without doubt God intends through her present struggle with Japan to shake open her bolted doors, and set her prisoners free as he freed Paul and Silas from their prison. Up to the time of her recent treaty, Japan has allowed the missionary to preach in none but open ports; and the

most that Christianity can claim of her forty million people is forty thousand. Her future career, and that of little Korea also, depends largely upon how graciously she is able to wear her laurels of victory.

During the time that from three to five million have been won from heathenism, their ranks have been increased by two hundred million. Christian nations have prospered in the mean time, yet sin and worldliness have increased in proportion to the increase in wealth and power.

OUR DUTY.

It is plainly our duty to carry out the injunction of Jesus, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations." Both the individual, and the church, would like to claim the promise attached to that command; but they are joined together, and he who disobeys the command has no claim upon the promise. It is evident to the careful observer that many individuals and churches are dying spiritually; that some are already dead, because they are not obeying this command. Christ is not with them; the temple once dedicated to him is deserted,—it is no longer used for God, but for selfish purposes,—and Christ will say to such, as he said to the rejecting Jews of the temple once called "the house of God,"—"Your house is left unto you desolate."

There are three ways in which we can go to labor for those in foreign lands:—

1. We can go personally. All through the ages God has worked through individuals who have yielded themselves to him for service. In multitudes of lives He has been thus manifest, and at work in the flesh. In these days we must believe that "many are called," and that if God could place people where he wants them, instead of having nine thousand in the foreign field, he would have at least one hundred thousand; and then there would be fourteen thousand for each parish. In the United States, were its eighty thousand ministers settled over equally divided parishes, each one would have only seven hundred and fifty people to care for.

Many people expect "some one" to go, and they ask for volunteers when they would not be willing to go themselves or to have their children go. I have been told of a minister who pleaded eloquently at one time for missionaries, and said he felt that somebody in his audience ought to vol-

unteer. At length a young lady arose and walked slowly toward the preacher, saying, "I will go." He turned pale, and with emotion said, "Ah—I—did not mean you, my child." It was not somebody else's child! As faithful stewards, we must hold our own and ourselves in readiness to respond to God's call. Such a lack of consecration as that just noticed hinders the foreign work, and brings death to the work at home, as we have all observed in individual cases.

2. We can go in our money. Evidently God does not want everybody to go personally; some must "stay by the stuff"—they must support those who do go. The means are abundant. I have no right to presume how much of the four hundred million dollars spent annually in the United States for amusements, and of the one billion five hundred million dollars spent for liquor and tobacco, is laid upon this altar of Moloch by Christians; but we are told that the estimated wealth of America's church members is thirteen billion dollars, and that the actual annual increase of their money over all living expenses is five hundred million dollars. It is not because Christians have not the means, that no more than six million dollars go from our churches annually for the support of foreign missions; there is no way to account for what is so foreign to the spirit of our Master, but on the ground of selfishness and disloyalty. For America to support fifty thousand missionaries, it would require—not sacrifice, but honesty in stewardship.

There are different ways of giving,—the careless way, the impulsive way, the lazy way; but the best way is the systematic way. The Jews were required to devote a tenth of their income unto the Lord; then they made special thank-offerings for restoration from sickness, for the birth of a child, and when sin had been committed, so that their gifts frequently amounted to one fifth of their income. In the twenty-seventh chapter of Leviticus we are told that all the tithe of the land, of seed, fruit, and flocks, should be holy unto the Lord. In the third chapter of Malachi we are shown that spiritual blessings are dependent upon faithful tithing. Paul says in his epistle to the Corinthians, "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." He further declares that "he that soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully;" and that

"God loveth a cheerful giver." Who can consider the faithful proverb, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty," without determining that he must be a faithful steward over what God has intrusted to him? One church in Germany is supporting one hundred and fifty workers in the field. Do not other churches hear the injunction, "Go thou and do likewise?"

3. We can go in our prayers. Let not the efficiency of prayer be overlooked,—the prayer of faith, the outbreathing of what God has breathed into the soul, accompanied with a personal claim for the answer. The life of God's people all through their history has been bound to him by communion and prayer. Jesus taught his disciples to pray, and said, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." In answer to prayer, the hungry have been fed; obstacles have been removed, souls have been touched by God that the words of man could not reach; laborers have been raised up and sent forth; and work, thousands of miles from the suppliant, has been blessed. I might relate many incidents which have come under my observation and into my own experience to prove this. I will venture to speak of one.

It was laid upon my heart to pray for a young man whom I had never seen, and who lived some miles away. At first my earnest, unselfish desire went out to God; then I was led to claim the soul, and in quiet assurance, every day to remind God of his promise. One day when holding before the throne the subjects of my prayers, on coming to this one I could no longer remind God of his promise, but was led to rejoice in the accomplished work instead. In a short time word came that on that day of conscious victory, the saving work was done. That young man went into the Master's service at once, and has led many souls into the fold.

The nearest way to those separated from us is through God. When the God who touches us touches them, we are together. God, who claims us as his servants, is just as willing to be our servant. Thus opportunity is not lessened by distance or difficulties; it is equally adapted to work for those far from or near to us. Jesus said, "Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." If we cannot go personally; if we have little or no money to devote to this work, we can pray for the heathen, for the la-

borers, and thus do much—God only knows how much—to make the work a success, and claim the promise of the Master—Lo, I am with you alway.

TWO FACTS.

1. To carry forward mission work most successfully, we must have a correct idea of God's plans for the evangelization of this world as set forth in the Scriptures; furthermore, we must recognize the efficiency of the Holy Spirit. Those who have done most in lifting men out of sin have done it through fidelity to God's word; positive convictions induced by the truth have made positive reforms. In proportion as the Scriptures are doubted, questioned, and mutilated, the real work of saving men is hindered.

We expect our missionaries to be eminently successful, and to surpass the home workers; but the stream cannot rise higher than its source; the home church is the source. The spirit, expectations, and faith of the home church characterize every mission in foreign lands. If the home church is to have positive, soul-winning missions,—missions of large faith and large works,—she must embody these characteristics in herself.

Again, if we believe that the world is to be converted in this dispensation through the work of the church, we shall do very differently from what we shall if we believe that our work is to publish the gospel to all nations as soon as possible, that Christ may gather out of them his elect, and thus the way be prepared for him to come and rebuild the tabernacle of David. If we accept the former idea, we shall put large means into educational institutions, and be quite content with seed-sowing. If we accept the latter, we shall turn our attention to reaching the whole world as soon as possible, and leave the Holy Spirit to indicate what next.

I do not find it stated anywhere in God's word that the church has assigned to her the task of converting the world in this dispensation. Nevertheless, while I do not find that the church is to bring the whole world to Christ, I do find that she is to carry Christ to the whole world,—purposes widely different, and which must induce processes differing as widely. Jesus says: "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." It is Jesus who says that this preaching is "*for a witness.*"

We believe in the conversion of the world ; we know that "it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills ; and all nations shall flow unto it." But "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled ;" and "after this I will return and build again the tabernacle of David which is fallen down ; and I will build again the ruins thereof." Many other passages might be cited which, together with these of the prophet Christ, and the apostle James, lead us to conclude that at the end of this dispensation Christ will come personally to inaugurate and consummate his universal reign ; and that for this end a witnessing people must be gathered out of all nations to become avenues of the Holy Spirit.

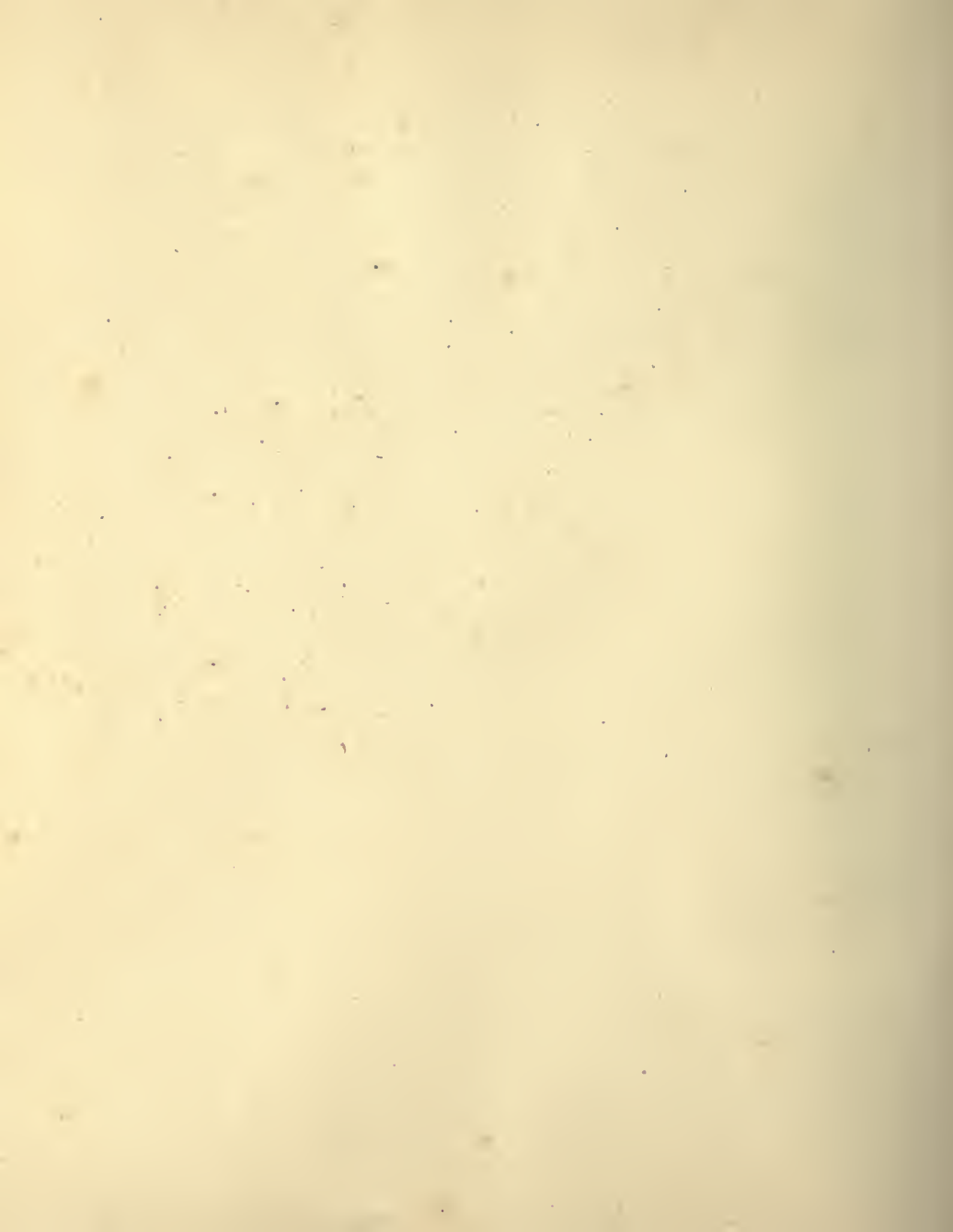
2. We must honor the Holy Spirit. He is the power that has called forth, sustained, and directed the mission enterprise. The pioneer missionaries had no society to call them out and support them, no secretaries to connect the home and foreign field ; their convictions came very directly from God. It was the Holy Spirit that called Jonah, and blessed his work in a wonderful manner after he went to Nineveh. It was the Holy Spirit who represented to Paul the man of Macedonia, saying, "Come over and help us." When Carey announced his convictions to become a missionary, he was told to sit down ; that if God wanted the heathen converted, he would find the way to do it. Some did not realize that this man was one of God's ways. William Milne was twice refused by examining boards, but was led of the Spirit to go to China as a servant ; and when there, became one of the most efficient missionaries of his time.

The Holy Spirit has closed some avenues and opened larger ones in this work. Carey was stirred to mission work, with Tahiti as his prospective field, but the Holy Spirit led him to India. Livingstone studied to be a medical missionary to China, but the Holy Spirit led him to Africa. Judson was largely the occasion of the organization of the American Board, the first society of missions organized in America ; but on his way to India his views upon the subject of baptism changed, and for two years he relied upon God for support. When these facts became known in this country, the Baptist Union was organized, and undertook

his support. Both societies have a grand record. Judson started out for India, but was driven out, and the Holy Spirit led him to Burmah. He was Burmah's pioneer missionary, and to-day there are more than thirty thousand Christians in that land, while many more have gone to their reward. Many other examples as remarkable as these might be mentioned where, when doors were closed, the Spirit has opened others wide.

While throughout the century the fulfillment of the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway," has been verified, there are many instances where God's presence has been wonderfully marked, and where "the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word." Such instances can be cited in the work of the Moravians, also among the Telugus, in the north of India, in Burmah, Africa, the Pacific islands, and even in China. It is a great thing for the bride to say, "Come:" but when "the Spirit and the bride say, Come," it is the strongest invitation that can be given.

Now "the Spirit and the bride say, *Come*. And let him that heareth say, *Come*. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Let the Spirit and the bride go forth together, giving this invitation. Let it sound from the highest mountain tops and be echoed from the lowest valleys. Let it penetrate the densest jungles, and traverse the widest seas. Let it hasten to the thronged cities, and fly across the arid deserts. Let it go quickly to every corner of the earth where man is found, for He has said, "Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be."



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